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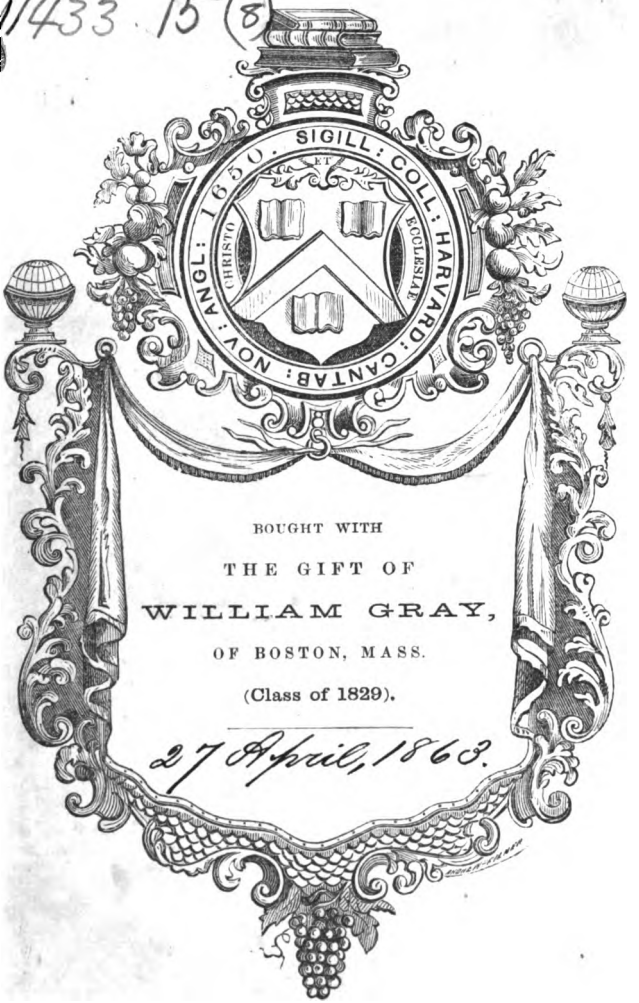

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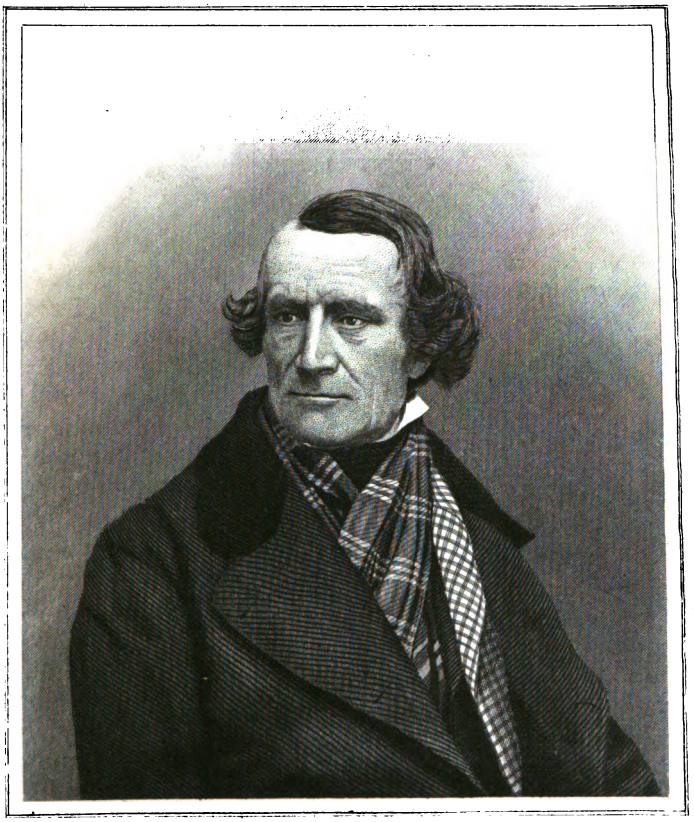

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MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

No. LVII.

THE APOSTATE.

A Tragedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY RICHARD LALOR SHIEL.

ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW-YORK:
WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO.,
No. 18 ANN-STREET.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

This once popular tragedy is the production of the celebrated Irish Barrister, Richard Lalor Shiel, the author of "Adelaide," "Evadne," and "Bellamira." Mr. Shiel appears to have imbibed his dramatic inspiration from the transcendant powers of Miss O'Neill; for the whole series of our author's dramas were written expressly for that highly gifted actress. "The Apostate" was produced at Covent Garden theatre, in 1816, and was the first original part Miss O'Neill appeared in on the London boards. The array of tragic talent combined in the original cast, embracing, as it did, young Charles Kemble, Macready, the veteran Murray, and Egerton, with the exquisitely beautiful and thrilling personation of the heroine by Miss O'Neill, secured for the play a success, which its intrinsic merits could not singly have produced.

It is a dramatic incident worthy of record, that to this play Mr. Macready is indebted for the first decided appreciation of his peculiar and fine talents, by a London audience. The part of *Pescara* had been assigned to Booth, then a member of the Covent Garden company, and in the zenith of his fame. The eccentric and irritable tragedian resigned the part after a few rehearsals, considering it inferior to Charles Kemble's part of *Hemeya*, and Mr. Macready, in the exigency of the case, was entrusted with *Pescara*. His success in the part was little inferior to Miss O'Neill in *Florinda*. Our recollections of the original cast of this play, are still vivid; it was, indeed, an exhibition of concentrated talent, then common at the two great theatres in London, on which the lover of the drama still dwells with many a lingering reminiscence of the bye-gone glories of histrionic excellence.

The author's preface to this play will show the source from which he obtained his materials for constructing his plot. It is as follows:—

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"Sismundi gives a detailed account of a tragedy by Calderon, called 'Love after Death; or the Mountains of Grenada,' and founded upon the revolt of the Moors against Philip the Second. It is an historical play, and embraces the principal events during a warfare of three years.

"The political condition of the Moors, as described by Calderon, appeared to the author to be highly dramatic. He has not consciously adopted a single incident in the plot, or line in the composition of the Spanish poet, but has endeavoured to catch his general tone and colouring in depicting the detestation which the cruelty of the Spaniards had naturally generated in the Moors. He mentions this to relieve himself from the imputation of having sought the illegitimate assistance of political allusion; and he hopes that, upon reflecting on the nature of the subject, the reader will consider the introduction of the Inquisition as unavoidable. It would be hard, indeed, to write a play upon *any* event in the reign of Philip the Second, without inveighing against the persecutor and the tyrant. It would be impossible in the *present* instance. If it be a fault, Schiller and Alfieri have fallen into it. It would be a very strange delicacy, indeed, were the author to spare the guilt, the ferocity, and the baseness of Philip, out of *respect* for such a man as the present king of Spain!"

That Shiel has skilfully availed himself of the hints which gave rise to "The Apostate," cannot be denied. The situation and incidents are strikingly dramatic in their character, and the leading personages in the drama are all sufficiently conspicuous, and contrasted enough to produce a well-concerted whole. As was usual with Shiel, his heroine is, perhaps, unduly prominent, but the powerfully drawn character of *Pescara*, as played by Macready, and subsequently with even greater effect by Booth, leaves an impression upon an audience fully equal to that produced by the woes and sufferings of *Florinda*.

The accumulation of intense suffering and overcharged horror with which this tragedy abounds, prevent it from sustaining its original position on the stage. From the London theatres it is entirely withdrawn; and in this country it only retains its place in the acting drama, from the superior powers of Booth, who occasionally "stars" it in *Pescara*. H.

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PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

VARIOUS the realms, and boundless are the views
Where fancy wanders with the Tragic muse.
What spot to-night, o'er that expansive sphere,
Wakes manhood's sympathy—asks woman's tear?
'Tis Spain—the land where oft, enthroned sublime,
Shone muse-loved chivalry in olden time!
'Tis Spain—where late Britannia's conquering hand
Unmanacled the genius of the land,
Glory's bright beacon lighted once again,
Bade prostrate Europe blush, and burst her chains;
And gave the world that noblest chivalry
Of reas'ning man—immortal liberty!
What time stern Philip's ruthless edict fell
With persecution, and her band of hell,
In frantic ruin o'er the Moorish race—
Our poet chose his fancied scene to trace.
He there presents, in virtue's bold relief,
A Moorish lover and a Moorish chief;
And shows a villain robed in guilt and shame,
Although the villain bear the Christian name;
Convinced, when man in virtue's light you view,
Alike the crescent or the cross to you!
But not alone those springs, whose strong control
With ruder force can wake and vex the soul,
He tries—but still, in softer strains, would prove
That dearer spell of mightier power to move—
A woman's sorrows, and a woman's love!
One praise at least he claims to bless his lays—
Nor scene immoral, nor offensive phrase,
Wounds the chaste ear of virgin modesty—
Quells the pure ardor of young beauty's eye,
Or spreads the crimson of ingenuous shame
On outraged innocence's cheek of flame!
Next—though a foreign land the scene supplied—
Think not he chose a foreign muse his guide:—
Spurning wild Germany's uncultured schools,
And self-pleased Gallia's boasted borrowed rules,
A native muse, to-night, by native arts,
Would please your judgments and subdue your hearts—
And this, her simple suit, by me she sends—
Give British justice!—Yet—as British friends!

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Park, 1836.	*Bowery*, 1847.
Pescara	Mr. M'Kinney	Mr Booth. Sen.
Hemeya	" Harrison.	" Clarke.
Malec	" Clark.	" Booth. Jr.
Hamet	" Keppell.	" Dennison.
Haley	" Nexsen.	" Venue.
Alvarez	" Blakely.	" Vache.
Gomez	" Collett.	" Milner.
Cadi	" Durie.	
Officer	" Harvey.	" Yeoman.
Spaniard	" Povey.	" Byrnes.
Moor	" Hayden.	" Rose.
Florinda	Mrs. Drake.	Miss Julia Dean

Moors, Spaniards, Guards, Monks.

Scene—Grenada.

COSTUMES.

PESCARA.—Light brown tight pantaloons, trimmed with gold down the sides, jacket of maroone and gold, same style as Iago's, trimmed with bright scarlet satin—round Spanish hat, white and scarlet plumes, sword, gauntlets, and russet boots.

HEMEYA.—Handsome Turkish fly of scarlet and gold, amber shirt of merino reaching below the knee, white merino Turkish trowsers, russet boots, scimitar scarlet turban, &c.

MALEC, HALY, ABDALLAH.—Turkish flys of different colours, moderately trimmed with silver and gold, breastplates underneath, plain white shirts, Turkish pantaloons, russet boots, white turbans, scimiters, &c.

ALVAREZ.—Black velvet jacket and trunks, puffed with yellow satin and gold, scarlet silk tights, russet shoes, red rosettes, gauntlets, Spanish hat, white plumes, lace collar, sword, &c.

GOMEZ.—Scarlet trunks and jacket, white puffs, lightly trimmed with gold, amber tights, russet boots, sword, hat, and gauntlets.

MOORS.—Similar to Malec's, &c., but perfectly plain.

INQUISITORS.—Long black gowns, Inquisitorial caps, black robes over the gowns.

SOLDIERS.—Steel breastplates, helmets, legs, and arms, russet boots, brown tights.

FLORINDA.—Scarlet velvet train, handsomely trimmed with gold, white satin petticoat, handsomely trimmed lace veil of Spanish shape, suspended from back of head.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; **L.** *Left*: **R. D.** *Right Door*; **L. D.** *Left Door*; **S. E.** *Second Entrance*; **U. E.** *Upper Entrance*; **M. D.** *Middle Door.*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; **L.**, *Left*; **C.**, *Centre*; **R. C.**, *Right of Centre*; **L. C.**, *Left of Centre.*

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THE APOSTATE.

ACT 1.

SCENE I.—*A Moorish Apartment in Grenada.*

Enter HALY, HEMEYA, *and* HAMET, L.

Hem. It is in vain—you talk to me in vain.
Ham. Have you forget that you are last of all
The race of famous kings who ruled Grenada
Before the Spaniard conquered? In their slavery,
The Moors still hold you for their righteous prince
And, in return for kingly reverence,
You owe them kingly care.
Hal. Once, I remember,
The wrongs our Christian tyrants heap upon us
Could fire your soul with rage.—Aloud you cried
Against the treacherous breach of every right
That Ferdinand secured; but now, when fame
Has told abroad, that Philip will blot out
The very name of Moor, and has decreed
To rob us of our faith, our nation's rites,
Our sacred usages, and all that men
Hold dearer far than life—this fatal passion
Has bound you like a spell.
Ham. This Spanish woman
Has banished from your soul each nobler care!—
The daughter of Alvarez! she alone
Possesses all your being! you can think
And speak but of Florinda—when the Moors
Weep o'er their cruel wrongs, Aben Hemeya
Amid the assembled council sits inwrapt,
And, in a lengthened sigh, breathes out, "Florinda!"
Hem. Oh! blame me not, it is my crue fate!
I feel this passion, like necessity,

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Rule my o'ermastered soul. What can you say?
Is there a power in eloquence or reason
To cure the heart's deep malady?—ha! tell me.
Have you e'er seen her face? have you beheld
That rare assemblage of all nature's beauties?
Ha! have you ever seen her? where is the remedy
For passion like to mine?

Hal. You should have found it,
If not in duty, in despair.—You know
Our Spanish tyrants spurn, as well as hate us—
Would not Alvarez deem it infamy
That e'en a Moorish prince should wed Florinda?
When you approach his palace, ev'ry slave,
The menials of his threshold cry, in scorn,
"Behold the Moor!" and e'en the fair Florinda
Has ne'er confessed she smiles upon your passion.
And yet you love—

Hem. And must love on forever.
Love is a fire self-fed, and does not need
Hope to preserve its flame. Full well I know
I must despair! and yet, when I behold her
And her blue eyes are lifted—

Ham. What avails it?
Even if she love, she never could be yours—
Is she not promised to Grenada's governor?

Hem. Kind heaven, let not that fell Pescara clasp
Those beauties to his bosom, and profane
An angel's form in his accursed embrace!
Oh, no! it will not be—for she abhors him!
She shudders when she sees that man of blood,
Whom Philip sends to crush us. Well she feels
That he was once the Inquisition's satellite,
Till Philip plucked the cowl from off his front,
To raise him to his councils. Oh! Florinda,
Before I see thee his, may heaven's swift fire
Fall on my head!

Hal. Weak and degenerate passion!
How it unmans your nature! I perceive
Malec alone can break this fatal charm.
Would that the agéd Moor, to whom your father
Upon his death bed gave you, had returned!
Too long amid the Moorish mountaineers

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He lingers from Grenada. Would he were here,
To wake your slumb'ring virtue!
Hem. [*Going.*] Fare you well! [*Crosses.* R.
Hal. Where wouldst thou go? 'tis midnight's silent hour.
Nightly you wander forth. No couch now strews
Repose and sleep for you; nor, till the morn,
Pale and aghast you come
Hem. This is my hour,
My only hour of joy. Haly, I go
To stand beside her lattice; there, sometimes,
I hear her distant voice, when up to heav'n
It goes in midnight melody. The moon
Throws sometimes, on her face, its tender beams;
And e'en when I no longer can behold her,
I see the light that from the casement shines,
And gaze upon it, as it were the star
Of lovers, till the morning. [*Shout,* R.] Hark!
Hal. A sound
Of far-off tumult murmurs on mine ear,
Like ocean's chafing surge—
Ham. Behold, the sky
Doth redden in the black horizon's verge;
A strong unnatural light streams o'er the dark,
And mocks the dawn of morn. [*Fire-bell heard.*

Enter a Moor, R.

Moor. My lord, the palace of Count Alvarez
Stands inwrapt in fire!
Hem. Florinda? speak!
Moor. She has not yet been seen.
Hem. Oh, heavens, Florinda! [*Exeunt,* R.

Scene II.—*A Street in Grenada.*

Enter Alvarez, L., *supported by two* Servants.

Alv. Where is my child? where is my child, Florinda?
Where do you drag me? let me go! unhand me!
Let me go back and die! unnatural men,
You should not force the father from the child.
1*st Ser.* The thought is frenzy! from the rolling smoke
You scarce were ta'en alive! and here we lead you

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To breathe the fresh'ning air; you shall not go
For, should you pass the flaming gates again,
They would swallow you forever. *Exit*, L.
Alv. Oh, my daughter!

Enter a SPANIARD, L.

Speak—tell me—speak!
Span. Your daughter has appeared
Amid the flames at last, and at her casement
Stands with her face and arms to heaven uplifted,
And seems a suff'ring angel—while below
The multitude in speechless horror stands.
Alv. [*Kneeling.*] Hear, and record my oath! he that shall bear
Florinda to my arms, shall win her hand,
And be inheritor of all my treasures;
And, if I break that oath, the heaviest curse
Fall on my head! [*A loud shout is heard*, L.
What's that I hear?

Enter a SPANIARD, L.—*after a short pause.*

Span. My lord, a desp'rate man with furious force
Bursts through the gathered thousands, scales the walls,
And plunges through the flame.
Alv. Oh, heaven reward him! [*Another shout*, L.
That sound sends life again through every vein,
And my heart bounds—
[*Voices without*, L.] She is saved! she is saved!
Alv O heaven!
Lead me from hence, and let me see my child.
[*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE III.—*A Garden adjoining the Palace of Alvarez part of which appears already consumed and blackened.*

Enter HEMEYA, L. U. E., *bearing Florinda in his arms.*

Hem. I feel thy pressure in my heart—I have thee—
I clasp thee here, while all my senses rush
In the full throb of rapture! all my being
Seems gathered in the pulse that beats to thee:
I am beloved, I am beloved!
Flor. Hemeya!
Heaven, let me thank thee, that this generous man

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Has saved me! I will look on thee, Hemeya!—
My eyes will tell thee;—I am very faint;—
I cannot speak;—but I am grateful to thee.
Hem. Florinda! my beloved!
Oh, pardon me,
If for one moment of delirious joy,
I held thee to my heart; but here, behold,
A slave before thy feet; all that I ask
Is to gaze long upon thee, till my soul
Forgets all earthly sorrow: oh, Florinda!
What sleepless nights, what days of desperation,
Since first thy form came on my raptured sight,
And rested in my heart!
I did not know you loved me.
Flor. I confess that I am grateful to thee.
Hem. Do not talk
Of chilling gratitude; in the dread moment
When death hung hov'ring o'er thee, I did hear—
Oh! I did hear thee say, that death itself
Was welcome here! was welcome in my arms.
Flor. Don't look upon me! for within thy gaze
I sink into the earth.
Hem. Why would Florinda,
She who is made of gentleness and pity,
Deny that beam of dawning happiness,
That glimpse of op'ning heaven?
Flor. Because Florinda
Scarce to her shuddering heart had dared to tell,
What she has told to thee! I ne'er can wed thee,
And what a pang it is to love thee still!
Dost thou not know my father frowns upon thee?
Dost thou not know I never can be thine?
Yet, wretched that I am, I have revealed
What I must blush to think of.—But he comes,
My father comes: oh! I must dry these tears;
Within his arms forget my ev'ry grief;
And feel I am a daughter.—My dear father!

Enter ALVAREZ, L., *crosses*, C.

Alv. My child!
Hem. Yes, take her, clasp her to your heart,
And as that heart beats with a father's transport,
Moor as I am, don't blame me that I love her.

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Alv. By heaven, I see thy mother in thy face!
Thou god-like man, what shall I say to thee?
Oh! let my tears fall on this noble hand,
And speak a burning soul!
Hem. I am rewarded.
Alv. Brave, generous man!
Hem. Nay, good my lord, you overpay
My poor desert, and grow my creditor:—
But you forget me—I am most unworthy—
I am the Moor.
Alv. No:—I remember well;
Thou art hateful to the Christian.—Yesterday
I did command Florinda, on the pain
Of heaviest imprecation, ne'er to gaze
Upon thy face again.
Flor. Oh, my dear father,
Florinda can be wretched, if you please,
But not ungrateful, too!
Alv. Give me thy hand:—you love the Moor?
Flor. My lord!
Alv. Come, you confess it;
Your looks reveal your heart: and Count Pescara
Interpreted the silent tear aright,
When first I bade you wed him.
Flor. Let my grave,
Oh! let a couch of lead, let the cold shroud,
And the earth's grass, be all my place of rest,
Ere Count Pescara, at heaven's awful shrine,
Claims from these lips the perjured oath to love
The man from whom my sinking heart recoils.
Hem. Howe'er you deal with me, let not
Florinda be wedded to that villain!—
Alv. Hear me, Moor!
Pescara is Grenada's governor,
And bears the sway of Philip;—long he loved
And wooed Florinda with her father's sanction.
Thou art a Moor—thy nation is a slave:
And, though from Moorish kings thou art descended,
The Christian spurns thee; yet it is to thee
I give Florinda's hand.
Flor. What do I hear?
Hem. Am I in heaven?—Oh, speak, speak, Count Alvarez.

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Speak it again!—let me be sure of it,
For I misdoubt my senses.
Alv. She is yours!
Hem. Which of you shall I kneel to? let me press
Your rev'rend knees within my straining arms—
I shall grow wild with rapture; men will say
The madd'ning planet smote me with its power.
Florinda, thou art mine! my wife! my joy!—
[*Crosses to* R.
Thou exquisite perfection!—thou fair creature!
Who now shall part us?

As he embraces her, PESCARA *enters,* L.

Pes. I!—speak, Count Alvarez.
What is it I behold?—don't look upon me
As if you never had beheld my face.
I am Pescara—you have not to learn
What Count Pescara is?—who ever wronged me
That did not perish? I had come to greet you,
And, as I passed, the rascal rabble talked
Of some wild dotard vow, some graybeard's folly;—
I seized a wretch that dared to slander you,
And dashed him to the earth for the vile falsehood.
Alv. If gratitude be crime—
Pes. What do I hear?
Hem. What you shall hear again. [*Crosses to Pescara.*
Pes. Moor, not from thee;—
I would not let thee speak a Spaniard's shame.
[*Crosses to Florinda.*] You, madam, will inform me; you, whose eyes
Are bent upon the ground—whose yielding form
Doth seem like sculptured modesty; nay, tell me,
For I have tidings for *your* ear.
Flor. My lord, I do confess, my father's will
Unites me to the Moor.
Pes. And you obey him;
For here obedience is an easy virtue.
Flor. Yes; where my heart swells with the glowing sense
Of tender, thrilling gratitude!—my being
Owns in its deep recess the consciousness
That it is all his own: nay, think, my lord,

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Can I behold his face, and not exclaim,
"This is the man who saved me!" can I feel
The pleasures of existence—can I breathe
The morning air, or see the dying day
Sink in the western sky—can I inhale
The rose's perfume, or behold the lights
That shine forever in yon infinite heaven—
Or can I taste one joy that nature gives
To this, our earthly tarrying-place—nor think
That 'tis to him I owe each little flower
I tread on in life's bleakness?
E'en now I place my hand upon my heart,
And, as it throbs, there is a voice within
That tells this throbbing heart it would be still,
Were not Hemeya brave.—This is my father—
[*Crosses to Alvarez*
He gave that life Hemeya did preserve;
And when he gives my hand in recompense,
I cannot but obey.

Pes. I thank you, madam;—
And, since it seems that gratitude's the fashion,
Your pains shall be requited.—Know, fair maid,
The daughter of Alvarez never shall
Be wedded to a Moor; nay, do not start—
Never!

Hem. My lord!

Pes. No!—never!

Alv. Count Pescara! what is it that you mean?

Pes. I mean, my lord,
That others have more care of your nobility
Than you have ta'en yourself.—Ha! ha! a Moor!
One of that race that we have trodden down
From empire's height, and crushed—a damned Morisco,
Accursed of the church, and by the laws
Proscribed and branded.—What, you choose a Moor
To swell the stream of your nobility
With his polluted blood?—in sooth, 'tis pleasant!

Hem. You have forgot me; you forget yourself.—
Through centuries of glory, on the heads
Of my great ancestors, the diadem
Shone through the world, and from each royal brow
Came down with gath'ring splendour;—and if here

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It shines no more—'tis fate! but what art thou?
[*Crosses to Pescara.*
The frown of fortune could not make me base;
The smile of fortune could not make thee noble.—
Who knows not that Pescara once, within
The Inquisition's dungeons, toiled at torture?—
There Philip found you, and his kindred soul
Owned the soft sympathy.

Pes. My birth!—confusion—
And must I ever feel the reptile crawl,
And see it pointed at?—what if I rush,
And with a blow strike life from out his heart?
No—no! my dagger is my last resource.
[*Draws a roll of parchment from his bosom.*
Here, Moor, within thy grasp I plant a serpent,
And, as it stings, think 'tis Pescara's answer—
This very night it reached me from Madrid,
And thou art first to hear it. Look you here:
If Caucasus were heaped between you both,
With all his snows—his snows have not the pow'r
To freeze your amorous passion half so soon
As Philip's will.—Farewell—but not forever!
[*Gives the parchment to Hemeya, and exit,* L.

Alv. As Philip's will!—rumour went late abroad,
Spain's gloomy sovereign had decreed to crush
[illegible] race to deeper servitude.—Florinda,
Be not so terrified.

Flor. Can I behold
The quick convulsive passions o'er his face,
And read his soul's deep agony, nor feel
A terror in my heart? [*Crosses to Hemeya.*] Tell me, Hemeya,
What heavy blow relentless fortune strikes—
What other misery is still in store
To fall upon our heads.

Hem. A Christian!—no!

Flor. Wilt thou not speak to me? wilt thou not chase
The dreadful fears that throng about my soul?—
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Hem. Accursed tyrant!
Florinda, wilt thou leave me?—can my fate—
Can kings and priests—e'er pluck thee from my soul?

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Flor. No!
Hem. Then, Florinda, thus I spurn the tyrant!
They'd make a Christian of me—Philip proscribes
My nation and my creed; and on the pain
Of instant death, unless he publicly
Abjure his prophet's law, no Moor can wed
A Christian woman.
Flor. Well, dost thou renounce me?
Alv. Hear me, Hemeya!—will you yield obodience
To Philip's will, and swear yourself a Christian?
Hem. A Christian!
Alv. Ay! it is the law.
Hem. The law!
What law can teach me to renounce my country?
Alv. Then choose between your prophet and Florinda.
Hem. Wilt thou abandon me? [*To Florinda.*
Alv. Let my deep curse fall on her head—
Flor. Don't breathe those dreadful words—
Do I deserve that you should doubt me?—no!
In infancy I gazed upon your face
With an instinctive reverence, that grew
To reason's tender dictate: never yet
Have I offended you; and let me say,
My tears may flow from eyes long used to weeping—
My form may wither in the gripe of grief—
My heart may break indeed; love can do this;
But never can it teach Florinda's hand
To draw down sorrows on a father's age,
Or to deserve his curse.
Hem. This, this from thee?
Flor. You've found the dreadful secret of my soul!
But hold—what am I doing?—pride, where art thou?
Am I so fallen in passion?—oh, my father,
Lead me from hence!
Hem. Florinda, stay one moment—
Don't leave me—don't abandon me.
Flor. My father, lead me hence!
Alv. [*To Hemeya.*] You have heard Alvarez' will—
Take one day for decision: if to-morrow
You do not, in the face of heav'n, renounce
The faith of Mahomet, renounce Florinda! [*Exit,* R.
Hem. Oh, misery!—my Florinda, look upon me!

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Flor. Yes, I will look upon thee, and perhaps
Shall never look again—for, from this hour,
You never may behold or hear me more.
Hem. Then let me die!
Flor. Hemeya, listen to me!
My heart has owned its weakness: yet, thank heav'n,
With all my sex's folly, still I bear
My sex's dignity: I've not the pow'r
To crush the fatal passion in my breast,
But I can bury it: yes, yes, Hemeya,
I feel my blood is noble, and Florinda
Shall never stoop before thee: from the world
I'll fly, from thee forever!—tears may fall,
But none shall see the blushes where they hang!—
Thou shalt not see me weep—thou shalt not have
The cruel pleasure; in religion's cells
I'll hide my wretchedness!—Farewell, Hemeya!
And, heaven, if I may dare to lift to thee
A pray'r of earthly passion, touch his heart,
Fill it with holy light, and make him thine:—
And, howsoe'er thou shalt decide my doom,
On him pour down thy blessings!
[*As she goes out, she looks back for an instant.*
Oh, Hemeya! [*Exit*, R.
Hem. She blest me as she parted; yet I feel
A curse fall on my heart! I am doomed to choose
Between despair and crime! my fate cries out,
Be wretched or be guilty; but, Florinda,
How could I live without thee?—can I see
That form, to which I stretched my desp'rate arms
In the wild dream of passion and despair,
Brought to my bosom in assured reality,
Nor rush to clasp it here?—would the faint traveller,
Who long hath toiled through Afric's sultry sands,
Droop o'er the fount that mid the desert gushed,
Even from the burning rock, and die with thirst,
While its clear freshness wooed him to be blest?—
No! he would drink, though there were poison in it.
[*Exit*, L.

END OF ACT I.

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ACT II.

Scene I.—*The Exterior of the Inquisition.*

Enter Malec *and* Haly, l.

Mal. Renounce his people! Haly, I did not think,
As here I journeyed from yon ragged cliffs,
To hear these fatal tidings. Oh, Hemeya!
Hal. After long struggles of reluctant honour,
He promised to abjure his nation's creed.
To-day the public rite of abjuration
Is to be solemnized.
Mal. I have heard enough.
Hal. But when you tell what you had come to teach him;
And he has heard that on his brows shall shine
The crown his fathers wore; when you have told him—
Mal. I will not tell him, till he has deserved
He shall not wear a crown. A diadem
Shall never call him back to honour's road,
If honour could not do it. But I'll try
My wonted power upon him; from its ashes
'Twill not be hard to wake the expiring flame
That once burnt bright within him. Thou, meanwhile,
Call at the Cadi's house the noblest Moors,
That to their secret ears I may unfold
The cause of my return. [*Exit Haly,* l.
Renounce the faith
That suffering had endeared, when twenty thousand
Of his brave countrymen are leagued together,
To break the bonds of Philip's tyranny!
When freedom's flame from yonder mountain tops
Will blaze through Spain's wide realm, he basely falls
Before the tyrant's edict, and obeys!
But hold! he comes! there was a time, Hemeya,
When I had rushed to catch thee in my arms!

Enter Hemeya, r.

I charge thee not to touch my garment's edge!
Hem. Oh, Malec, this from thee! when I behold thee,
After long months of absence, dost thou scorn me?

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Mal. Dost thou not scorn thyself? I know it all;
Fame has not kept thy baseness from mine ears.
What, for a wanton!—
Hem. Wanton!
Mal. Ay, a Spanish wanton!
Is she not one of those same melting dames,
Unlike the prophet's virgin votaries,
That let men's eyes blaze on unveiléd charms,
And are themselves the wooers? 'tis for a wanton
You choose to be a villain.
Hem. I permit you
To rail against myself; heap on my head
Your heaviest curse, your blackest reprobation:
Open my heart, and stab; drive in more deep
The arrow of remorse; but do not dare,
Though you're my father's friend—
Mal. What should I fear?
Away, slight boy! and speak not of thy father.
I'm glad he sleeps in unattesting marble,
Else hadst thou been a parricide.
Hem. I am guilty; I confess that I am guilty.
But if you felt what youth and passion feel—
If those soft eyes had ever beamed upon thee;
If long, like me, thou'dst withered in despair,
Till fresh'ning hope rose in this desert heart:
Oh, if, like me, thou'dst borne her in thy bosom,
While ruin flamed above—
Mal. Forbear, fond youth! my eyes are palled already
Rein in thy wanton fancy; dost thou think
That I am made to hear a lover's follies?
Go, tell them to the moon, and howl with dogs!
Did she possess the charms of her who sleeps
Within the prophet's bosom, I would spurn
The man who had renounced, for her embrace,
His country and himself.
Hem. We have no country!
Mal. Thou hast, indeed, no country?
Hem. Are we not bound to earth? the lording Spaniard
Treads on our heads! we groan beneath the yoke
That, shaken, gores more deeply!
Resistance will but ope new founts of blood

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To gush in foaming torrents. Dost thou forget
The Spaniard lifts the sword, and almost wishes
That we should give pretence to tyranny?
Look on yon gloomy towers; e'en now we stand
Within the shadows of the Inquisition.
Mal. Art thou afraid? look at yon gloomy towers!
Has thy fair union told thee to beware
Of damps and rheums, caught in the dungeon's vapours?
Or has she said those dainty limbs of thine
Were only made for love? Look on yon towers!
Ay, I will look upon them; not to fear,
But deeply curse them! There ye stand aloft,
Frowning in all your black and dreary pride,
Monastic monuments of human misery,
Houses of torment, palaces of horror!
Oft have you echoed to the lengthened shriek
Of midnight murder; often have you heard
The deep-choked groan of stifled agony
Burst in its dying whisper; curses on ye!
Curse on the tyrant that sustains you, too!
Oh! may ye one day, from your tow'ring height
Fall on the wretches that uphold your domes,
And crush them in your ruins! Oh, Hemeya!
Look there, Hemeya! think how many Moors,
How many of our wretched countrymen,
Are doomed to perish there, unless—
Hem. By heavens!
Thy burning front, thy flaming eyes, proclaim it!
Some glorious thought is lab'ring:—speak!—what mean'st thou?
I feel thy spirit's mastery; my soul
Fires in the glowing contact! Malec, speak!
Tell me, what can we do?
Mal. What can men do
Who groan beneath the lash of tyranny,
And feel the strength of madness? Have we not cimeters?
'Twas not in vain I sought those rugged heights
Nor vainly do I now again return;
Amid the Alpuxerra's cragged cliffs,
Are there not myriads of high-hearted Moors,
That only need a leader to be free?

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Thy voice would be a trumpet in the mountains,
That from their snow-crowned tops and hollow vales,
Would echo back the blast of liberty!
Dost thou not understand me?
Hem. Speak! can I free my people? can I rend
Our shameful bonds asunder, and revenge?
Mal. Canst thou?
Hem. Do not command me not to love;
But, if there be a road to liberty,
Provided death, with his uplifted dart,
Stand at its entrance—speak! is there a way?
Mal. And, were there not a way,
We'd hew one in the rock!—there is a way. [*Crosses*, L.
Hem. My soul hangs in thy lips—
Mal. I fear thee still. I fear thy wav'ring nature.
Hem. No, you wrong me; by heaven, you wrong me!
Mal. Fall upon the earth,
And by thy father's sacred memory—
By all thy people's wrongs—by Allah's name—
Swear—

Enter Florinda, R.

Flor. [*Interrupting him.*] Hold! what is it that I see!
Hem. A wretch!
Mal. Swear! quickly swear, before a woman's art
Turns thee to that a woman's self should spurn.
Flor. What should he swear?
Mal. Forever to renounce thee!
Flor. Ay! let him, if he will; let him renounce me.
I will not say that I am hardly used,
Nor load him with my love! I can bear all,
Except to see him perish.
Mal. Swear, Hemeya, never to be a Christian!
Flor. Hold, for heaven's mercy!
Hem. Bright angel, art thou come to save, or damn me?
Flor. I'm come to tell the perils that surround thee.
Cruel, unkind Hemeya! I perceive
The power that Malec holds upon thy soul.
But yesterday, e'en at the cloister's gates,
You vowed you would renounce the world for me.
Mal. Ay! what is worth much more than all the world
More than the crescent diadem that shines
On Selim's turbaned brow! more than the heaven

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The prophet's eye beheld; nay, more th
His honour and his truth! Rightly thou
'Tis I who snatch him from thee.
Flor. Not from me—
It is from life you snatch him! Let him ea
Never behold me more!
Hem. Can I do that?
Flor. Do anything but perish.
I reck not of myself; but I have heard,
Since last we parted, more than first I feared;
The King's decree hath armed Pescara's hand
With power omnipotent against the Moors.
Death hovers over thy head! Gomez, Pescara,
Are crouched to leap upon thee.
Hemeya, be a Christian, or you perish!
Hem. It is not hard to die; thou, thou alone
Art all that makes life worth the keeping to me.
Mal. I will not think a well-wrought tear or twe
Can make thee base again.
Hem. [*To Malec.*] Within thy bosom
I'll bury all my face; for, if I dare
To gaze upon her charms, they will unman me.
Flor. And dost thou scorn to look upon Florinda
And am I spurned so far? once 'twas otherwise;
Now I am fit for scorn!
Hem. Florinda!
Mal. Hold!
Weigh not your country with a woman's tears.
Flor. I am, indeed, a woman; and I feel
My sex's cruel portion, to be wooed,
And flattered, and adored, until at last
We own our nature's folly;—then you spurn,
Who wept and sighed before. You then pull down
The idol that you worshipped, and you deem,
Because a woman loves, she should be scorned!
I should not weep, and you would not despise me!
Hem. Malec!
Mal. Are you a man? are you his son
Whose heart ne'er felt a throb but for his country?
Hem. Look here, and pity me! behold this face,
Where shines a soul so pure, so sweet a spirit—
Can I renounce her? tell me if I can!

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Look on him, my Florinda! lift those eyes,
So full of light, and purity, and love;
Look on him, and he'll pity me.
Flor. Hemeya,
Art thou so kind again, and wilt thou live?
Hem. Stay near my heart, and, as I press thee thus,
I shall no longer feel this agony:
I never can resign thee.
Mal. Worthless Moor!
Why does my poniard tremble in my grasp?
Woman!
Flor. You shall not tear him into death. [*Crosses*, c.
Mal. [*Aside.*] I cannot do it—yet, must I behold
The son of Moorish kings a woman's slave?
I'll try to rouse him still. Perfidious traitor!
Hem. Traitor!
Mal. Traitor! and, if there be a name more foul,
Apostate!
Flor. Spare him, spare him! dost thou see
How his frame trembles, and what agony
Is stamped upon his face? Oh, pity him!
Mal. I do, indeed, I spurn him for his weakness;
But, woman, have a care—leave him, renounce him,
Or else—
Flor. I can resign Hemeya's heart,
But cannot give his life; nay, tell me, Malec,
You who have loved him, watched his tenderest youth,
And hold him in your heart—would you consent
To yield him up to burning martyrdom,
And cast him in the raging furnace
That persecution lights with blasts of hell?
Mal. Better that he should perish—
Flor. Dost thou say so?
Wouldst plunge him in destruction? wouldst thou see him
In all the torments of a ling'ring death,
While Gomez and Pescara stood beside,
To glut themselves upon his agonies?
Mal. Woman, thou hast employed thy sex's cunning,
To make my friend a villain; but beware,
Else I will break thy spells; I will unloose
The charméd threads thou wind'st around his soul.

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Flor. I will renounce him! you, perchance, desire,
That from your prophet's votaries he should choose
One fairer and more happy than Florinda!
Let him but speak it, and a cloister's cell
Shall be the refuge of her misery.
I ask for nothing but Hemeya's safety,
And that's too dear to part with.

Hem. Leave me! never!

Mal. [*Draws his dagger.*] Then it is done! prophet, behold the deed!
Strengthen my trembling hand; it is for freedom,
It is for Heaven I strike!

[*He pauses for an instant, and, after a struggle, exclaims,*
I cannot do it!
I am myself a coward.

[*Lets the dagger fall.—Hemeya and Florinda start.*

Hem. Abhorred, detested villain! [*Crosses, c.*

Mal. Call me coward,
For that I feel I am; 'twas Heaven itself
That bade me strike, and nature conquered me.

Hem. Cursed be the creed that can make murder holy!—
Thee! thee! Florinda—here, within my arms!
Ha! was it here thou would'st have plunged the poniard?
Fear not, sweet trembler! Shelter thee, my love!
Harm shall ne'er reach thee here. Avoid my sight!
Fanatic, hence! in him I once revered,
I see the reeking murderer—

Mal. Do not think
The blow was destined for her heart alone—
If, in obedience to the prophet's law,
I had been brave enough to do the deed
That Mahomet had sanctioned, from her heart
I would have drawn the steel to plunge it here,
And, as the life flowed forth, have told thee that
Which thou shalt never hear. I leave thee now,
But thou art sunk so deep, that 'twere in vain
To pluck thee from thy shame. I go to seek
Grenada's Moors, met for a noble purpose.
Know, thou hast lost a crown! Farewell forever!
Hemeya! Oh, Hemeya! [*Exit, L.*

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Hem. I heed not what he says; I can but think
His curséd steel was aimed against thy life.
Flor. And that alone could blot thine image here.
Hem. But Murder trembled as it gazed upon thee;—
He could not strike; thy beauty, like a charm,
Unnerved his grasp! Heaven sets its seal upon thee,
And consecrates thy form! Oh! what bright wonders
Are gathered in thy face, when e'en the Prophet
Could not compel him to the bloody deed,
And Malec's hand could shudder!
Flor. Thou then wilt ne'er
Renounce Florinda for the cruel faith
That would have pierced a heart that beats for thee?
That look! I'm blest!—and see, my father comes,
To be the witness of Florinda's bliss.

Enter ALVAREZ, R.

Alv. [*To Hemeya.*] I come to seek you, for the gorgeous temple
Is kindled with the church's brightest pomp;
And thousands wait your presence, to begin
The rite of adjuration.
Hem. Is my fate so near its hard completion?
Alv. It is well
Thou hast consented, else the fiercest fires
The Inquisition kindles for the Moors,
Had been thy portion.
Flor. Then lose not an instant;
Take him, my father, else he will go back.
[*Crosses him over to Alvarez.*
Alv. To-night a priest shall join your wedded hands.
Hem. And let that thought alone possess my soul!
Upon the verge of ruin I will gaze
On the bright vision that allures me on,
And leads me to the gulf; I'll turn my eyes
Tow'rds the star-studded heaven, where still it shines
While I am sinking. Yes, when I behold thee,
Conscience is scarce a rebel to thy charms.
I go, Florinda; do not forget
That, if I dare be guilty, 'tis for thee!
[*Exeunt Alvarez and Hemeya,* R.
Flor. I am happy now—

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A beam of angel-bliss falls on my heart,
And spreads Heaven's light about it.
[*The gates of the Inquisition open—the bell tells twice.*
What do I see?

Enter GOMEZ, PESCARA, *and* INQUISITORS, *from the interior of the edifice*, U. E.

The Inquisition's servants—Gomez, Pescara!
[*Rushes up wildly and exultingly to the Inquisitors.*
He is a Christian! he has 'scaped your toils,
Heaven watches o'er his safety! you are foiled!
Stir not another step; back, back again—
Back to your cells and caverns. Do you not see
Faith, like an angel, hov'ring o'er his head?
Back, back, he is a Christian!

Gom. [*Advancing towards her.*] Who art thou,
That with loud adjuration has presumed
To interrupt the servants of the church?

Pes. Forgive her, holy father, for she seems
Touched with inspiring power.
[*Goes up to her.*] The fair Florinda!
I cry you mercy, madam.

Flor. Pardon me, I know not what I said.

Pes. Ay, but I know it. Stay, stay, fair maid!
[*To Gomez.*] Speed, Gomez, strike the blow,
Strike it at once! And, hark ye, as you go,
Think that Pescara will not be ungrateful.
[*Exeunt Gomez and Inquisitors*, R.

Flor. He sends him forth
Upon some dreadful purpose.

Pes. Do you deign
To look upon the wretch from whom your eyes
Were ever turned with loathing? but 'tis merciful.
This sun-set beam of hope—nay, do not tremble;
You should not fear the man that you despise.

Flor. My lord, 'tis not my purpose to offend you:
One poor request is all that I intreat;
Tell me, what cause has called these men of death
Forth from their dread abodes? whom do they seek?
What is their dread intent? teach me, my lord;
I do conjure you, teach me.

Pes. Ay, 'tis your sex's vice; when curiosity

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Once stings a woman's heart, scorn will turn supp liant,
And hate itself will almost learn to woo.
Flor. Not against him?
Pes. Who is it that you mean?
I do not understand you?
Flor. His dark eye
Glitters with horrid meaning—"like the glass,
"Within whose orb the voice of magic calls
"The fiends from hell, within its fiery globe
"The demon passions rise!"
My lord, forgive me
That I have dared to ask: I take my leave.
Pes. [*Stopping her.*] Nay, do not go; although I am forbid
To tell the secrets of the Inquisition,
Yet something can I tell you.
Flor. Well, my lord?
Pes. 'Tis but a dream.
Flor. You mock me.
Pes. Do not think it;
You are a pious and believing maid,
And long within a convent's holy cells
Communed with Heaven's pure votaries.—I remember
When you did marvel what young virgins meant,
When all their talk was love; for on your heart
It fell like moonlight on a frozen fountain.
That heart has melted since;—but you, perchance,
Have still retained enough of true belief
Not to despise a vision! On my couch,
Last night, I long lay sleepless; I revolved
The scorns, the contumelies I have suffered
But will not brook; at last, sleep closed my eyelids,
And then methought I saw the am'rous Moor
In all the transports of exulting passion,
And I stood by, chained to a fiery pillar,
Condemned to gaze forever; while two fiends
Did grin and mow upon me.
Senseless I fell with rage. As thus I lay,
Forth from the yawning earth a figure rose,
Whose stature reached to Heaven; his robes appeared
Woven out of solid fire! around his head
A serpent twined his huge gigantic folds;

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And on his front, in burning characters,
Was written "vengeance!"
Flor. Vengeance! oh, my lord,
You fright me! but I ne'er offended you;
What crime have I committed?
Pes. Listen to me:
He cried, "do not despair!" and bade me follow.
Flor. Let me depart— [*Crosses*, L.
Pes. I followed—
He led me to a bower of Paradise,
And held a cup of joy, which, he exclaimed,
Was mingled by himself;—I quaffed: twas nectar,
And thrilled within my heart—then, then, Florinda!—
Flor. Let me implore you— [*Struggling.*
Pes. Then, within my arms methought I pressed thee,
Flor. Hold! this violence—
Pes. Nay, do not talk of violence;
You seemed a willing and a tender bride,
And rushed into my bosom!
Flor. Count Pescara,
I must not hear this mockery! do not speak
Of what you should not think! this very day
Shall bind me, with an everlasting vow
To him!—ay, him! I do not fear to tell it,
To him my heart adores. 'Tis not to me
You should unfold your horrid fancies.
Pes. Mark me! there's oft a prophecy in dreams.
[*Exit*, R.
Flor. [*Alone.*] Ha! this means something. Well I know Pescara:
His voice doth sound like fate within my soul,
That answers back in faint and trembling echoes.
This horrid band of death, his fell commands,
The terrors of his eye, his looks of destiny,
All, all affright me! if I must be wretched,
O Heaven, don't let me know it; leave me still
The bliss of ignorance! What if Pescara,
Before Hemeya has adjured his creed,
Should treacherously seize him?
Would that the rite were done!
[*A distant symphony is heard.*
What seraph music floats upon my soul?

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Methinks it is the organ's solemn swell,
That from the church's aisles ascends to heaven.
The holy rite proceeds! sweet sounds, awake!
Awake again upon my raptured soul!

[*A distant chorus sings.*

CHORUS.

The mystic light
Has dawned upon his sight:
He sees, and he believes. Rejoice, rejoice,
With one acclaiming voice!
Strike, seraphs! strike your harps, and through the sky
Swell the full tide of rapturous melody!

[*The Curtain falls, while Florinda kneels.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A magnificent Apartment in the House of the Cadi of Grenada.*

A number of MOORS *are assembled together—the* CADI, HALY, HAMET, *&c.*

Cadi. Haly, the noblest of Grenada's Moors,
Within the sacred walls where we are wont
To celebrate the Prophet's holy name,
Meet at your bidding.

Hal. You are called together
By the command of Malec; he returns
From the Alpuxerras, fraught with some great tidings,
And bade me summon you.

Cadi. We need his counsel
In this our hour of sorrow; when our prince
Turns recreant from his people, it is well
Malec is left us still; for his great soul,
Firm to the prophet, lifts its stubborn height,
And, by the storms of fate, more deeply still
Is rooted in his country.

Ham. See—he comes!—
But with disturbéd step.—

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Enter MALEC, L.

Mal. He is a Christian!
Lend me thy aid, good Hamet!—ha! I am old—
What! do I weep?—dry—dry my tears in rage;
Do not despise me, Moors!—I am a man—
I am again a man; no more of him!
Moors, fellow countrymen—
Cadi. Speak, thou brave man! we wait the voice of Heaven—
Mal. The voice of Heaven
First waked the great design. Amid the mountains
I sought those untamed Moors, whose fathers fled
To nature's fortresses, and left their sons
Their freedom and their faith!—the Prophet smiled,
And gave me power to light within their breasts
The fire that glowed in mine!—Moors! if your souls
Are noble as the rugged mountaineers,
You will not brook to see your sacred rights
Robbed by the tyrant.—Philip's law proscribes
Our creed, our rites, our sacred usages;
Plucks off our silken garments from our limbs,
And clothes us in our slavery. If he could,
He'd blot the burning sunbeam from our faces,
And wash us into white and pallid Christians!
Would you not rather die?
Moors. We will die before it.
Mal. No, you shall live in freedom!
Know that already twenty thousand Moors
Are leagued by direst oaths;—[*Moors touch swords.*] ha! I am glad
Your hands are laid upon your cimeters;—
Draw, draw them forth; and, as they blaze aloft,
Swear that you will be free!
Moors. We swear!
Mal. Then learn,
Through the Morisco towns a wide conspiracy
Has long been formed to raise on high
The standard of the Prophet;—the first blow
Shall be Grenada's capture!—be prepared
To join your countrymen. This very night
Their marshalled numbers, 'neath the auspicious moon,

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Shall move upon the glorious enterprise!
And, ere the morn, the crescent shall be fixed
High on the Alhambra's towers!
Moors. We shall be free! [*They brandish their cimeters.*
Mal. God and the Prophet grant it!
Oh, Mahomet! look down from Paradise,—
Pity thy suffering people; raise again
Amid the land where once our fathers ruled,
Thine empire and thy faith!—kneel, fellow Moors,
For 'tis the hour of prayer; and tow'rds the east,
As low you bend, from 'mid the sacred shrine
Arise the hymn of holy melody,
For 'tis in heaven we trust! [*The Moors kneel.*

CHANT.

Allah! hear thy people's pray'r,
And lift thy votries from despair!
On empire's mountain-height replace
The children of a noble race!
And set us free!
Prophet of God! restore
The conqu'ring days of yore,
And set us free! [*A step is heard without.*

Cadi. Suspend your holy rite; let your hymns cease!
Behold a Spaniard with profaning step
Comes rushing tow'rds the shrine!
Mal. An infidel
Presumes to break on our solemnity!

Enter HEMEYA, L., *in precipitation, and in Spanish garments—the Moors all rise.*

What do I see? ha! does he come to blast me?
Hem. I know you wonder that I dare approach
This consecrated spot—but when you hear—
[*Moors turn away.*
Ha! now I feel my guilt.
Mal. Speak, noble Christian!
How are we honoured with your gracious presence?
Hem. Oh! hear my prayer—
Mal. You mean your high commands—
I am a Moor, a vile ignoble slave—
You are a Christian!
These costly garments that adorn your body
Proclaim your lordly rule:—What is your pleasure?

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If you would buffet me, as many a time
I've seen it done, I'll bear it patiently.
Employ the privilege of your religion,
Right worthy, true, and honourable Christian!
Hem. Your ev'ry word stings like an aspic here!
But do not think, that, with remorseless soul,
I dare to come where ev'ry voiceless thing
Proclaims my guilt aloud; it is your safety
That leads me here before thee; Malec, fly!—
The Inquisition—
Mal. Ha! the Inquisition—
Hem. Prepare to drag thee to their cells of death!
Mal. Are we betrayed? hast *thou* betrayed *us* too!
Traitor! accursed traitor! [*Seizes him—after a pause.*] I had forgot!—
'Tis well—I had forgot; I did not tell thee.—
Hem. Oh, use me as thou wilt; I will not pause
To search thy meaning:—hear me!—'twas e'en now
I met Pescara; with a face of smile
He came to greet me, and, with outstretched arm,
He grasped my hand in his; with that exclaimed,
"Here let our discord end: thou'st gained Florinda:
A generous mind towers o'er its enmities!"
And then, in pledge of friendship, bade me seek thee.
He bade me tell thee that the Inquisition
Had marked thee for their victim: I had doubted him,
And would have turned with scorn, but that I saw
Their bands of death move o'er Grenada's streets.
E'en now they come.
Mal. Why, let them come; I'm glad
They choose me for the torture! let them come,
And I will brave them:—[*Knock*, c.] Ha! I know you well—
The knock of death is there! [*A loud knocking.*
Hem. He is lost forever!
[*The Moors draw their cimeters.*
Mal. Let your cimeters
Shrink back within their sheaths. Put up your weapons.
Moors. They're drawn but to defend you.
Mal. Put them up!
Rumour, perchance, has reached their watchful ears,
And, doubtless, they are come, in hope to force

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Confession from my lips; but I will brave them.
Another, in their tort'ring wheel, might speak
What all their engines ne'er shall tear from me.
Nay, I command you hence!—put up your weapons
Resistance now were vain; they would seize us all,
They'd put a hundred of us to the torture.
Fly hence! begone!

[*Knock—the Moors retire.—Hem. and Malec remain*
—Chain falls.

They burst the gates: I am prepared to meet them.

Enter Gomez *at the head of the* Inquisitors, L. 3*d* E.

Gom. You stand the Inquisition's prisoner!
Invet'rate infidel, by thy example
The Moors shall learn—

Mal. That I'm beyond your power.

Gom. Beyond our power?

Mal. These old and palsied limbs indeed are yours,
But my eternal spirit is my own!
Then hear! I spurn as well as curse your power,
And the vile tyrant that upholds you!

Gom. Bear witness that he utters blasphemy
Against the anointed king.

Mal. Against the king! against the anointed king!
Oh, you profane that name, when thus you call
The villain who has shamed the diadem
On his perfidious brows; his gloomy throne
Is palled with black, and stained with martyr blood,
While superstition, with a torch of hell,
Stands its fierce guardian! monks, with holy rage,
Rule every council, prompt each barb'rous impulse,
And light their own ferocity within him!
Such is the monarch of your wretched Spain,
Abhorred in his unhappy realm, and spurned
By all the world beside.

Gom. Hold! or yon roof
Will topple on our heads! you have confirmed
The deadly guilt that you are charged withal,
And added heavier crime. You are accused
Of foul endeavour to seduce a Moor
Back to your cursed faith.

Hem. A Moor! what Moor?

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Gom. Thyself!
Hem. Me!
Gom. And Grenada's governor.
The Count Pescara, at our dread tribunal,
Stands his accuser.
Hem. What! Pescara? ha!
A light from hell flares o'er my yawning ruin!
My horrors break upon me! what! Pescara!
Gom. And gave in proof, that in this place of sacrilege
You would be found.
Hem. Why does the earth not burst?
Why do I live?—villain, abhorréd villain!
Caught in thy snares, and wrung within thy grasp!
Ingenious reptile, under friendship's shade
Who spun his toils, and from his poisoned heart
Wrought out the thread to catch me; here I stand,
Abused and fooled to ruin.
Mal. Lead me hence!
Hem. [*To Gomez.*] 'Tis false! 'tis false! there is not in the catalogue
Of all hell's crimes, a name to speak its falsehood!
'Twas he himself who sent me! [*Gomez smiles.*] What avails it?
I see the mockery grin upon thy brow:
Well may'st thou look upon me as a fiend
Glares on the damned below.
Gom. With proof before our eyes, one way alone
Remains to prove him guiltless.
Hem. Say, what means?
Show me one ray of hope.
Gom. 'Tis thy example—
He must renounce his prophet!
Mal. Lead me hence! [*Crosses,* L.
Hem. Oh, Malec!
Mal. Well!
Hem. Say, shall the fatal blow
Fall from my innocent hand?
Mal. It will but perfect
What thou hast done already. Well, speak on!
What wouldst thou ask? Why dost thou stand aghast?
Hem. From ravenous fires to save thy reverend head,
To save me from that horror—

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Mal. What! have I struck thee dumb?—thou didst not dare—
By heavens! thou didst not dare to ask it of me!
Christian was in thy lip, but back again
I frighted the base word within thy heart.
There let it rankle—there let it be an adder,
And breed a thousand other reptiles there—
It was enough to come before my face,
Fresh from the mould of shame, just stamped with 'villain!'
Now get thee gone!
Hem. Must I behold thee—and I the cursed cause!
Mal. May'st thou behold me?—
Methinks I'll feel a joy in all my tortures,
Till they can tear thee, too:—ha! have I rooted thee?
There stand forever!

[*Exeunt Malec and Inquisitors*, L. U. E.

Enter PESCARA, L. S. E.

Pes. Now is he fit to gaze on,
And I am half revenged!—this is the time
To sink him deeper into desperation.—
Most noble Moor—Christian, I should have said!
Hem. Ha! villain, art thou here?
Pes. The Count Pescara,
Grenada's governor, your friend, is here.
Hem. We are alone; thou art come to give me vengeance!
Perfidious fiend!—nay, do not look astonished;
This is no time for mockery.
Pes. Mockery! those alone
Who feel the poignant consciousness of shame,
Should fear its chastisement; who is compelled
To spurn himself, will, in an idiot's eyes,
Seek the strong flashes of maliguity,
And find scorn's fingers in an infant's hand!
You need not fear it; but I cry you mercy—
Moor sounded harshly in converted ears;
But I'll repair the wrong, and call you Christian,
And sure you are one.
Hem. Ay, I am, thank heav'n,

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This sword proclaims it; once the cimeter
Hung idly at my side, and I was forced
To gnash a choked revenge; but now I am
A Spaniard, and your peer!—thou damnéd villain,
Whose baseness is but equalled by thy guilt—
If I did not abhor, I'd pity thee!

Pes. You'd pity me!—it is a kind return
For admiration. Sure those virtues most
Command our wonder, that we ne'er can reach,
And I confess I ne'er could win the top
Of wisdom thou hast gained!—On Afric's shore,
Were I thy pirate brethren's wretched slave,
I would not be a curséd renegade!
I would not be what thou art!

Hem. I confess
That I am fallen, since e'en a wretch like thee
Can tell it to me, too; and yet, Pescara,
One thing at least I've gained; the right of vengeance,
As thou shalt sorely feel! come on, Pescara.

Pes. I marvel at your wrath—what is my crime?
Indeed you wrong me.

Hem. Do not feign to wonder.—
Did not thy treach'rous falsehood win me here?
Didst thou not bid me fly to save my friend?
And then—

Pes. I did, but 'twas in kindness to thee.
This day I mean to celebrate your marriage
With a most new and curious spectacle—
There shall be music, too.

Hem. What dev'lish purpose
Lurks in thy words, and shows but half the fiend?

Pes. I tell thee, music; thou shalt have the groans
Of gray-haired Malec ringing in thy ears!
The crackling flames in which he perishes
Shall hiss upon thee when thou art softly laid
Within the bosom of the amorous fair!
Nay, put thy sword within its sheath again;
Grenada's governor will never stoop
Down to thy wretched level!

Hem. Stay, Pescara!
And take the recompense of cowardice! [*Strikes him.*

Pes. A blow from thee! my furious soul breaks loose,

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And rushes on thee—I intended vengeance
More desperate and sweet;—but thou hast forced me
To shed thy life too soon. [*They fight.*

Enter Florinda, l. u. e., *and rushes between them.*

Flor. Forbear! forbear! or in Florinda's blood
Let fury quench her fires!
Pes. Fool that I was!
The sudden phrensy hurried me away—
I might have slain him, and a single blow
Had burst the complicated toils I weave.
[*Aloud.*] A woman's bosom be thy shield—he 'scapes
Pescara's arm to goad Pescara's vengeance. [*Exit,* l.
Hem. He goes, and bears life with him; fall to ashes,
Thou recreant hand, that did not pierce his heart!
[*Florinda stops Hemeya from going,* l.
Thou, too, Florinda, hast conspired against me—
See what I am for thy sake!
Flor. Oh, Hemeya!
Speak as thou wilt, thou canst not take away
The tender pleasure of beholding thee.—
E'en now 'twas rumoured that the Inquisition
Had seized and borne thee to the dread tribunal—
The sound was terrible; fear winged my steps;
I flew to find thee, and I find thee safe.—
E'en as I passed I saw that aged Moor
Dragged pitiless along; and oh, Hemeya!
I own a throb of joy, of fearful joy,
Burst here as I beheld it.
Hem. Joy, Florinda!
Flor. On thee they would have cast the clodden earth—
On thee they would have thrown opprobrium's stain—
On thee they would have trampled;—ev'ry blow
That fell on Malec's face would have been thine.
And, oh! to see what thou hast 'scaped—to feel,
To clasp the certainty within my heart—
Hem. The earth was cast upon his reverend face?
Flor. It had been cast in thine.
Hem. The populace?
Flor. They would have scoffed at thee, too.
Hem. Now, perhaps,
From their infernal caverns they bring forth

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The glitt'ring engines of ingenious agony;
The fires—
Flor. The fires were thine;—his groans and tortures,
Their engines and their racks,—all, all were thine;
And I must have beheld it!
Hem. Coward! slave!
Thou traitor to thy people, with a lie
Stuck quiv'ring in thy heart!—here, here I stand,
Fest'ring in Christian garments, with my shame,
Like an envenomed robe, to scorch my limbs.
I dare lift up my brow, and mock the man!
Here is the place for me; here, on the earth,
Let ev'ry wretch tread on me as he passes! [*Falls.*
Flor. This is too much for any mortal creature!
But, since I am doomed to more than human wo,
Give me, just heaven, much more than human patience!
Hemeya! dear as thou art cruel to me!
I can bear all my sorrow; but to see thee
Phrensied in agony—think every pang
That breaks within thy heart must burst in mine.
Hem. Hark thee, Florinda! I am not so vile—
I'm not the very villain that you think me.
Now, by my natal star in yonder heav'n,
He shall not perish!
Flor. Speak—what wouldst thou do?
Hem. Where are you, Moors?—it is Hemeya calls!
Where are you? I would kindle in your souls
The brave and fierce despair that rages here,—
Or, if you dread to follow me, alone
I'll save or die with him!
Flor. You shall not rush on death!
Hem. The voice of heav'n cries out within my soul;
A power invincible swells in my arm;
Nothing can stay me now!—I'll save my friend;
And, when 'tis done, I've done with living, too.
Flor. Why is it that I live, then? oh, Hemeya!
Why did you save me from the kinder flames,
To make me curse the blessèd light of heaven,
And call on death?—but I shall call in vain,
When they have dragged me shrieking to the altar,
And fell Pescara—
Hem. Ha, the curséd name

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That rakes up hell within me!—'tis Pescara—
Flor. Yes, 'tis Pescara that will tear me, too,
To his accursed embrace.
Hem. Show not that image
To my distracted thought.
Flor. When thou art gone,
What will become of me! who then will hear
My phrensied shrieks for death, for help, for mercy?
Who then will hear me? who will help me then?
Thou wilt not! no, thou wilt abandon me.—
"Oh! they will ring the marriage bell for me,
"And, mid their frantic merriment, I'll hear
"The toll of death for thee."
Hem. What shall I do?
Malec, can I desert thee?—and Florinda!—
Flor. Is he to be my husband? am I to be
The victim of his execrable love?
Hem. Thy husband! fall before the face of heaven,
And bid it witness, that, whate'er befalls me—
Flor. Behold me, then! before the face of heaven—
That heaven that does not pity me, I swear,
If I must choose between Pescara's love
And death's eternal bed, I will prefer
Death for my horrid bridegroom.
Now, then, tell me,
Am I to die? for Heaven, if thou forsake me,
Death only can preserve me.
Hem. No! this arm,
When I have done the deed, shall bear thee hence,
Far from Grenada's towers.

Enter HALY, L.

Hal. My lord! my lord!
Hem. Speak!—
Hal. Malec—
Hem. Malec!
Hal. Is condemned!
Hem. Condemned?
Hal. Already has the toll of death pealed out
Its dreadful notice; ere the sun descend,
In all the pomp of martyrdom he dies.
Hem. Where are the Moors? where are my countrymen?

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Hal. Before the Inquisition's gate they stand,
And say he should not perish, if their prince—
Hem. Tell them he shall not perish!—from the pile
Of blazing fires I'll tear him. [*Draws his sword*
Flor. Oh, Hemeya!
I see the fate that wings thee to perdition.
Hem. Wilt thou not follow me?
Flor. Throughout the world!
I'll fasten to thy fate, I'll perish with thee.
I stand upon the brink of destiny,
And see the deep descent that gapes beneath:—
Oh! since I cannot save thee from the gulf,
From the steep verge I'll leap with thee along—
Cling to thy heart, and grasp thee with my ruin!
[*Throws herself into his arms—he bears her off*, L.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street—Bell tolls*, R.—*Procession of the Inquisition.*

MALEC, GOMEZ, HEMEYA, HAMET, *and* HALY, *in disguise*, U. E.

Gom. Here pause, and give his feeble frame repose,
Else, ere we gain the place of execution,
His aged limbs will sink upon the earth.
Mal. [*Very weak.*] Monks, have I reached your faggots?
Gom. Scarce ten paces
Divide thee from the bourne of earthly pain.
If thou hast power, look forth, and hence behold
The Villarambla, where ascends the pile,
Upon whose burning top thou'rt doomed to die.
Mal. [*Looking off.*] Let me behold!
Hem. Oh, Haly, look upon him!
Hal. Hold, my lord,
Or you create suspicion—all bespeaks
The prosp'rous issue of our enterprise.
I have disposed the bravest of the Moors

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Around the pile of death.
Hem. Be it thy care
To lead him to the eastern gate; meanwhile
I fly to bear Florinda from the spot
Of safety, where I left her; then we mount
Our Arab steeds, and speed us to the mountains.
Gom. Fear shakes your frame—you seem to gaze appalled
On yonder glittering scene, where all Grenada
Has poured her thousands to behold thee die.
Mal. It is a spectacle that fills my heart
With terror for mankind,—not for myself.
Unhappy country! land of monks and martyrs!
Women, and men, and children; young and old;
The beggar and the noble,—all are there
To view the spectacle of human pain,
In laughing, horrid merriment! The mother
Comes with her little children, to behold—
Nay, some, perhaps, bear life within their bosoms,
Yet gaze without a shudder! there, young maids,
Who would have shrieked to see a spider crawl,
Are met to see a fellow creature burn!
And this you call religion! but your faith,
Spaniards! your faith doth tell you otherwise;
For He, who taught you, taught you mercy, too.
But, one day, Heaven will vindicate itself.
The blood of millions, that has drenched your earth,
In a red cloud doth gather round his throne,
Charged with the lightnings of eternal wrath,
To burst, at last, upon your guilty heads.
Peru shall be revenged, and Mexico
Shall be revenged, and I shall be revenged.
Gom. Perverse and hardened sinner, I intended,
When here we paused, that thou shouldst give the Moors
Example of repentance.
Mal. Prithee, monk,
Do not disturb me now; I am not worth it.
Grant me one poor request—
Gom. What wouldst thou ask?
Mal. Tell me, where is my friend?
Gom. I cannot tell thee.
Mal. I thought he would not have abandoned me
In my last hour. When I am dead, perhaps—

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Hem. Oh, Hamet!
Ham. Hold, or you'll ruin all!
Mal. If there's a Spaniard here, to whom his creed
Does not forbid compassion, I intreat
That he approach, and bear a legacy
To one that still I love.
Hem. [*To Gomez.*] Let me approach him.
Gom. Then speed thee, for the hour of death draws on.—
Hem. I cannot speak.
[*He goes up to Malec, whose weakness prevents him from distinctly seeing him.*
Mal. Whoe'er thou art, I thank thee.
I have a friend, sir; you, perchance, have heard it:
He left his faith and he abandoned me;
E'en now, when you yourself have pity on me,
Hemeya left his friend; and yet I charge thee
To bear him my forgiveness; tell him, sir,
Tell him I love him still! wilt thou do this?
Hem. I'll tell him to revenge thee!
Mal. Hold! that voice!
Hem. Malec, no more! you wronged me.—Ha! he faints.
Gom. Come, let us on; support his feebleness.
Mal. You need not lend your aid,—a passing trance
Came sudden on me,—I shall die contented.
[*Bell tolls,* R.—*they move slowly out.*

Scene II.—*A Street.*

Enter Pescara *and an* Officer, R.

Pes. Have you disposed the chosen band of troops
Where I commanded?
Off. In a narrow street,
That from the Villarambla eastward runs,
The bravest soldiers of the garrison
Await your orders.
Pes. It is well. [*Exit Officer,* R.] Oh, fortune,
Thy smile still follows me, and each event
Swells the deep rush of fate, in whose swift tide
I'll plunge the man I loathe. And did he think
The Argus Hate would close his hundred eyes,

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And that he could deceive me?
[*A shout is heard, and drums beat,* R.
Ha! that shout
Halloos me on, and seems as if my fortune
Cried "triumph" from afar. Come forth, my sword!
Be true as fate to me. [*Shout.*] Again! [*Another shout,* R.]
I come!
Rise, Spaniards, rise! like crouchéd tigers start!
Rush on the slaves, and revel in their blood! [*Exit,* R.

Scene III.—*A Street.*

Enter Hamet *and* Haly, *supporting* Malec, *and other* Moors, R.

Mal. Give me a cimeter! let me go back,
Let me behold my brave, heroic Moor.
Hal. Soon as he plucked you from the raging flames,
He gave us orders to conduct you here;
This is the way to safety.
Mal. That to glory!
Let me go back, and fight till all my life
Flows from my swelling veins! shall I stand here,
While he confronts the fiery face of battle?
Hal. Your safety is our nation's common weal—
Ham. Behold, he sinks
Beneath the pow'r of torture; it is well!
Or back he would have rushed. To the eastern gate
Bear him with swiftest speed, while we return,
And share our prince's perils. [*Exit Malec,* L.] Come, my friends,
And plunge amid the tumult—that afar
Rolls like the mutt'ring thunder.
Hal. Hold! he comes—
And bears no happy presage.

Enter Hemeya, R.

Hem. All is lost!
Fly—all is lost!
Ham. What means my glorious prince?
Hem. Pescara has foreseen our enterprise:
With all his veterans he falls upon us—
And piles up heaps of carnage. Fly! away! [*Drums.*

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Hark—there! again! one moment, and my friend
Is drawn within my fate. Fly, follow him!
Preserve him, Hamet! and I charge thee, Hamet,
Watch o'er Florinda's safety—even now
To yonder gate a faithful Moor conducts her:
I will endeavour to defend this pass,
And gain some precious instants.

Ham. Shall we leave you
To perish here alone?

Hem. Ay, let me perish—
No matter what befalls me! here, alone,
I'll stem the tumbling torrent: hence, away!
See where it falls upon us; be it thy care,
Hamet, to save Florinda and my friend!

[*Exeunt Moors*, L.

Thou evil genius of my natal hour,
Thou dark presiding spirit of my fortunes,
Who madest me slave, then traitor; and at last
Hast made me wretch! here, here I bare my bosom:
Try if in all thy quiver there be left
Another shaft to pierce it. Ha, he comes!
Well, hast thou gorged thyself with blood enough?
Art satisfied with murder?

Enter PESCARA, R.

Pes. Yield thee, slave!
Yield, traitor and apostate! traitor Christian,
Apostate Moor! thy coward countrymen
Are scattered and dispersed—and not a hope
Is left thee now.

Hem. Thou liest! there is hope
To shed thy heart's black venom ere I fall. [*They fight.*

Enter SPANISH SOLDIERS, *who rush upon Hemeya*, L.

Pes. Alive! seize him alive!
My foe! the man I hate! and in my grasp!
I have thee.

Hem. Ay! thou seest me here before thee,
Surrounded by thy blood-hounds! Yet, Pescara,
E'en here, encompassed by thy power, Pescara,
I can defy thee still.

Pes. Defy me! dost thou?

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Enter a SPANIARD, L.

My lord, the daughter of the Count Alvarez,
With Malec, borne on steeds of Arab race,
Fly through the eastern gate.

Pes. Perdition!

Hem. Destiny,
Art thou not powerless now? and thou, Pescara,
Speak! may I not defy thee? well may'st thou stand
As if the lightning rived thee! Now, Pescara,
I brave—I tread upon thee!

Pes. Fury! despair!
Love, rage, and madness seize upon my heart!
Fight for your prey, and rend it! Now revenge!
Revenge, where art thou? hast thou held thy cup
High to my burning lip, to mock my thirst?
Then, as I clutched, to dash it from my grasp?
Traitors and slaves! gone! fled are all my hopes!
Thus withered in an instant! tumbled down!
Hurled headlong from the height to which I toiled!
Do you stand here to gape upon my tortures,
And blast me with his sight? away with him!
Hence! let me not behold him! to the rack!
That joy is left me still! [*Crosses*, L.

Hem. Bind me upon your beds of burning pain,
Here on my limbs waste all your arts of agony,
And try some new experiment in torture—
Yet, even then, the pangs that rend my body
Will be heaven's bliss to torment such as thine.
Guilt's poisoned shaft shall quiver in thy heart!
And in remorse's fires thy scorpion soul
Shall writhe and sting itself!

Pes. Hence! from my sight!
This instant let him die!

Hem. And may'st thou live,
With thy eternal hell within thee—live,
And to be fully damnéd, be immortal!
[*Exit Hemeya, guarded*, R.

Enter GOMEZ, L.

Gom. My lord, I give you joy.

Pes. No, give me all the torments

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That teem within thy brain: am I not foiled,
Dashed from my purpose, thrown upon the ground?
When I had hovered long, and pounced upon her,
She 'scapes me—she is gone!

Gom. She is o'ertaken:
The Moor has 'scaped—but she is yours again.

Pes. Mine! in my clutch! within my hate again!
Mine! vengeance! all thy joys have burst within me.
And detestation triumphs in my soul—
Mine! mine again! my friend, let me embrace thee.
What hoa! who waits there? ha! methinks I have her
Clasped in my arms already! on the wheel
Methinks I see him heave! what hoa? who waits there?
My star shall never set!—mine! mine again!

Enter a SPANIARD, R.

To that famed chamber in the Alhambra palace,
Where Moorish kings were wont to be confined,
Conduct the traitor. [*Exit Spaniard*, R.] Mine, indeed, again!
Gomez, she shall be mine!
You shall behold Pescara's master-piece.

Gom. You would not spare him?

Pes. Spare him! but hold, she comes to meet my purpose—
Let us retire, and, unobserved, I'll tell thee
The thought that labours here—

Enter FLORINDA, L.

Flor. Will none in pity teach me if he lives,
And pluck the frantic agonies of hope
From out my tortured heart?
Ha! here is one [*Gomez approaches her.*
That death has sent to tell me—

Gom. What wouldst thou learn?

Flor. No! I would still hope on;
Don't tell me: even now I would have given
The world to hear he lived; but do not speak,
Lest thou shouldst tell me that he breathes no more!
The sound would blast me!

Gom. He has passed the bounds
That limit earthly pardon—

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Flor. He is dead!
Gom. 'Twere too much mercy
That he had perished in his impious deed;
Do not deceive yourself;
With its short glimmer hope deludes the heart,
Plays for a moment on the clouds of fate,
And leaves behind a blacker desolation.
No mortal arm can aid him!
Flor. Then you killed him—
You killed him in your dungeons—
You plunged your cruel hands within his breast.
Gom. Let not your fears thus hurry you away—
By Count Pescara's order he was led
To the Alhambra's palace: but I deem
That in the Inquisition's deepest cells,
Reserved for every torment—
Flor. Does he live?
Pes. [*From behind.*] He lives, and shall not die!
Flor. Thrice blessed sound!
Hope! thou art here! and never mother yet
Hugged her dear child with half the tenderness!
I feel thee here, and clasp thee to my heart!
He shall not die!
Pes. [*Advancing, after dismissing Gomez,* R. U. E.]
He shall not!
Flor. Let me see thee!
Let me behold the man who bids me hope!
And, though thy words be false, still speak them o'er,
And say he shall not die! [*Suddenly recognizes him.*
Pescara!
Pes. Yes!
Don't gaze upon me with misdoubting fears;
I know you marvel that Pescara's breast
Should own a single touch of pity's weakness;
But you mistake me:—nature did me wrong,
When on my face she laid her ruder hand,
And seemed to make me pitiless:—my heart
Is rich in tenderness; the Moor shall live—
I pardon him!
Flor. Heaven! is it possible?
Or has grief wrought upon my tortured brain
Until it grew to wild delirious joy,

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And madness made me blest? It is, indeed!
It is Pescara! oh, my lord! once more
Tell me that he shall live—
Pes. He shall!
Flor. Let me embrace your feet, here let me fall,
And drop in helpless, clinging gratitude!
Oh! let me look upon you: gracious heaven!
I now no longer see the man I feared;
No! mercy sheds its light about thy head!
A glory beams around thee: oh, Pescara,
Art thou so great, so god-like, to forgive?
Pes. Hemeya shall be free! I spare my foe
To win Florinda's gratitude; to win
That look that melts me, and that smile that burns—
Flor. Once—will you not forget me when I tell it?
I shuddered when I looked upon your face,
And shrunk at your approach; I feared your eye;
But now you have compelled me to esteem you,
And with the gentlest, dearest violence,
Have won my admiration!
Pes. Once you hated me.
Flor. I did not know your virtue.
Pes. 'Tis in you;
'Tis in your heart I seek my recompense.
Flor. Your own heart will reward you. When you see
The man you spared—when you behold his face,
And watch him as he breathes the air of heaven,
And looks upon the sun, will you not feel
A transport in your bosom? when you awake
At midnight's hour, will you not be at peace,
And sleep again upon that blessed thought!
And as you kneel to heaven, may you not ask
That mercy which you gave?
Pes. These are the gifts
Of self-rewarding virtue; but, Florinda,
A traitor's life deserves a larger price.
He shall be free;
But such conditions as on life I set,
Must be performed.
Flor. Speak what I am to do:
Command me something dire; something impossible

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To any heart but woman's when she loves;
Barefoot o'er burning deserts bid me go
On some far pilgrimage; let every limb
Be wrapped within the sackcloth's galling fold—
I will endure it all, and bless misfortune!
Nay, I will fall in love with wretchedness,
If 'tis for him I bear it.

Pes. Do not think
That on your tender nature I impose
Such rude conditions.
You shall be the harbinger
Of freedom and of life: your steps shall seek
The dungeon where he lingers, and your hand
Unbar the pond'rous bolts. [*Crosses,* R

Flor. Oh! let me fly!

Pes. But first the price of freedom must be paid.

Flor. My life, if you command it! with my life
I'll buy his dearer safety!

Pes. With yourself!
To-night you must be mine—my wife!

Flor. Your wife!

Pes. Ay, madam! is there thunder in the sound?

Flor. You do not mean it! no, you do not ask it!
You cannot think it!

Pes. I am resolved upon it.
What mean these shuddering looks, these trembling hands,
These heav'n-turned eyes, and these wild fits of horror?
Where is the desperate valour which o'erthrew
Nature herself, and mocked impossibility?
You would have given your life: I ask your love.

Flor. My life, but not my love! I cannot give
What I no longer have: my wretched heart
Lies in Hemeya's dungeon. Pardon me,
But rather than resign to other arms
A cold, reluctant, unconsenting form,
I'd fold a basilisk within my heart,
Bid its cold coil entwine my shuddering limbs,
And warm its icy flesh!

Pes. If you detest me as the serpent's coil,
Hear me, then, as its sting! my lifted hand
Folds death above his head.

Flor. Upon my knees

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I called on heaven to witness—
Pes. Well?
Flor. I swore I never would be yours.
Pes. Rage, do not choke me!
Flor. I breathed a deadly oath, that in my tomb
I would lie down forever—
Pes. Do you dare?—
[*Aside.*] But hold! I must dissemble.—Do not weep,
Or if you do, like dew on morning roses
Your tears must dry in the warm light of love.
[*Attempts to embrace her.*
Flor. Forbear, my lord! I am a wretch indeed!
But, while my sorrows cast me at your feet,
Fall'n as I am to be your suppliant,
Learn that you have not yet the right of insult.
Pes. [*Aside.*] Curse on her pride!—Forgive me, fair Florinda,
If, through the blushing fence of modesty,
With hasty hand I dared to pluck its flowers.
The husband—
Flor. Husband!
Pes. Speak! will you be mine?
Flor. Never!
Pes. Damnation! when the bow is bent,
And to the head the winged arrow's drawn,
The string slips off—Florinda!
Flor. Well, my lord!
Pes. Will you be mine?
Flor. You fright me—you appal my every sense!
Pes. I have too long endured it. Gomez, hoa?

Enter GOMEZ, R. 3*d* E.

Gom. My lord, I wait your pleasure.
Pes. [*To Florinda.*] You shall feel
What 'tis to wake the furies in my heart—
Hoa! Gomez, art thou there? drag, drag him forth!
Begone, I'll follow thee!
Flor. Oh! monstrous! horrible!
Pes. I say, begone!
Flor. [*Rushing up to Gomez.*] Stay! In the name of heaven, whose priest you are,
Do not profane your office—do not stain

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Your sacred robe with blood! [*Exit Gomez, R.*] Stay,
holy father!
Go not on hell's cursed errand!
Pes. Thou shalt see him
In madd'ning agony: thou shalt behold him,
And vainly think thou couldst have saved him, too—
Flor. How; save him! can I save him? [*Wildly.*
Pes. Be my wife!
Flor. Your wife! oh, no, it is too horrible!
Pes. I'll hunt for life in every trembling limb,
And chase it down! The driving steel shall plunge—
Nay, do not stop your ears—for his shrill screams
Shall pierce the solid deafness of the tomb!
Flor. They're in my brain already! oh, Hemeya
Let me not hear thy cries. Let, let me fly,
And 'scape from it. Oh, for some depth of earth,
Where I may plunge, to hear that scream no more!
[*Pescara seizes her as she attempts to fly.*
Unhand me, let me fly! 'tis in my heart,
My eyes, my brain—
Pes. Look there, look there! he dies! see where he
dies!
The wheel goes round—see, the red froth of blood!
His hair stands up, and drips with agony!
On thee, on thee he calls, and bids thee save him!
Look there!
Flor. Spare, spare him! villains, murderers!
Oh, spare him!
Hemeya! lo, they wrench his heart away!
They drink his gushing blood!—oh, God! oh, God!
[*Falls into Pescara's arms.*

END OF ACT IV.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Grenada stands in Moonlight at some distance. Mosques and Palaces are seen in the perspective.*

Enter MALEC *and* HALY, *at the head of the* MOORS, R.— *The Moon appears in a crescent.*

Mal. Behold Grenada, Moors!
Hal. When the sun sunk
From yon high cliffs, we scarce beheld its tow'rs
Set in the bright horizon's golden round;
Now, ere the auspicious night has passed its noon,
We stand before the city of our fathers.
Mal. Hemeya's life has winged your rapid march,
And, though the drops of labour dewed your brows,
You triumph in the toil. Behold Grenada!
There stand the towers our fathers raised to heav'n,
To be the residence of Moorish kings:
Those silver spires, those magic palaces,
The work of Arab art, the Alhambra's dome,
Are now the tenements of infidels;
And 'tis not fitting, Moors—

Enter HAMET, L.

Well, faithful Hamet,
Have you secured the sentinels?
Ham. In sleep
We found them sunk, and from their lips have learnt,
That in Alhambra's prison lies our prince.
Mal. There then we speed to burst its pond'rous gates,
And lead him forth to glory!—not in vain
Pescara chose that dungeon, for its walls
Hold hidden murder in their hollow womb!
Ham. They tell, besides, that through Grenada's streets
There hath been joyance and wild revelry.
The garrison lies slumbering in debauch,
And will but wake to perish.
Mal. Let the cimeter
Be undefiled by blood of innocence.
Come on!—'tis heav'n conducts us! see, my friends,
In the pure azure, where the crescent shines,

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And seems our glorious standard!—let us on;
And, as we go, let every patriot breast
Be filled with trust, to see the diadem
Shine on your prince's brow!—I long to clasp him,
To rush into his prison, burst his chains,
And from a dungeon lead him to a throne! [*Exeunt*, L.

Scene II.—*A Dungeon of Saracenic Architecture.*

Hemeya *discovered.*

Hem. 'Tis hushed!—a deep repose succeeds the murmur
Of their loud exultation, and my dungeon
Is still again:—it imitates the grave.
They triumph o'er my fate—and have, perchance,
Reserved me for to-morrow's spectacle.
It is for this I still am left to live!
Yet, they may be deceived—for now, I deem,
The hour is almost come which Malec marked
To fall upon Grenada. Hope, thou flatterer,
I cannot trust the voice that whispers me,
She still may be mine own! [*Noise of chains.*] What sound was there?
Or death or safety comes!—what heavenly form
Glides like a beauteous spirit on the night?
Still, still it comes upon me!

Enter Florinda, U. E., *in bridal garments, and with a wreath of flowers on her head.*

It is herself!
It is!—it is Florinda!
Flor. Oh! Hemeya! [*Falls fainting in his arms.*
Hem. My eyes behold thee, and my arms embrace thee!
I have thee here, here on this throbbing breast;
The resting-place of love! droop not, sweet flower!—
Oh, smile upon me!—tell me—ev'ry sense
Be charmed at once. Say, by what wond'rous ways
Thou'rt here before me: yet, I know it all;
Malec victorious comes. The Moors arise—
They burst their bonds!—and thou art mine forever!
Flor. I prithee, do not speak! thy words disturb me.
Hem. Thy looks but ill befit an hour so blest.

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Flor. Thou'rt saved! 'tis all that's left of happiness—
I am not quite accursed.
Hem. Accursed! Florinda?
Flor. One moment, as I gazed upon thy face,
I felt a throb of joy within my bosom,
Such as I used to feel when I beheld thee.
The slumb'ring serpent wakes, it winds around,
And here it stings!—ah, how it stings me here!
Hem. Why, how is this? joy has no tears like these
Flor. The gate stands stretched upon its hinge—I will—
Yes, I will look my last—[*After a long pause.*] Now, go forever!
Hem. Thy words are full of madness or despair.
Flor. Oh, question me no further, but begone!
Hem. By heav'n and earth, no power shall tear me hence,
Till thou hast satisfied the fearful thought
That rushes on my soul!—thou'rt here alone—
Why art thou here alone?—where, where is Malec?
Flor. [*Wildly*] Malec!
Hem. Distract me not! I saw thee turn away,
Far from Grenada's gates. Shrink not, but hear me!
This night—this very hour, the Moors decreed
To seize Grenada!
Flor. Moors! Grenada!
Hem. Yes!
This very night the Moors had formed a project
To fall upon Grenada.
Flor. Gracious heav'n
Oh, God! what have I done? was it this night?
This curséd night of death, despair, and horror?
Was there another way to save thee from him?
Oh, God! what have I done?
Hem. Ah! frantic thought!
It grapples at my heart!—thy sight doth blast me!
This bridal robe!—these flow'rs—they're full of adders!
Flor. And are they here—to mock my wretchedness!
Off! off, I say! you should not blow for me!
Did not a blight fall on you as you grew
Around this curséd front? Off! off, I say!
And in your place let hemlock blacken here!
And from the yawning church-yard let them weave

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A rancorous garland: let the roots of death
Bloom on this blasted front!
Ah! ah! Hemeya!
Had'st thou but told me, ere this wretched moment,
That Malec could have saved thee—thou wouldst ne'er
Behold a victim clad for sacrifice
Shudd'ring before thy sight, and thinking death
The only mercy left.—Then I had been—
I had been still thine own! But now, oh, God!
I do not dare to tell thee what I am.

Hem. Let me embrace thee once ere thou hast said
What will call down my curse, and make me fling thee
Like a detested creature from my heart!

Flor. Hold! for thy touch is guilt—unloose me!—spar me!—
I am—

Hem. What art thou?

Flor. I am Pescara's wife!

Hem. Thou art a woman!—that's another name
For falsehood, treason, perjury, and hell! [*Crosses*, L.

Elor. If I have wrongs to heaven, I've none to thee!

Hem. Where is thy oath to die?—thine oath, Florinda!
Where is thy oath that an eternal grave
Should be thy bed?

Flor. I have kept it; 'twas thy life
That dragged me to the shrine: to save that life,
To pluck thee from the rack!

Hem. No, 'twas to bind me
Down on a bed of fire!—ten thousand deaths
Were better than to see thee what thou art!
E'en from Pescara's arms—

Flor. No; at the shrine
I claimed aloud his promise, I was desperate;
And though he stamped, and in his mouth a curse
Frothed in its gnashing fury, from the altar
I rushed into thy dungeon. Oh, Hemeya!
I came to give thee freedom. Go, Hemeya,
And leave me here to die! Oh! prize that life,
I charge thee, prize it well, for which I paid
So large a price! Keep! keep it as the pledge
Of broken-hearted love! and, ere thou goest,
Hear my last words; for, wedded as I am,

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Death will excuse the passion of my soul.
Since first I saw, I loved thee;—ev'ry day
But added to the fire thine eyes had kindled:
And now, e'en now, thou art more dear than ever!
There may be those as wretched as myself,
But none e'er loved so tenderly!

[*Pescara, who has gradually advanced during the last speech, rushes between them.*

Pes. Have I no other name? it is your husband!

Hem. Villain!

Flor. Do not speak to him—
Thou art still within his power.

Pes. I sent thee here
To liberate a traitor; opportunity
Should not have been abused. Why is he here?

Flor. He shall depart—oh, hold! [*To Hemeya.*] he shall depart!

Pes. He shall—and never shall return!

Hem. Pescara,
This blackest plot of hell was worthy thee!
Worthy the Inquisition, where thy soul
Was early trained to guilt.

Pes. [*Stamping.*] Behold my answer:

[*A cell opens in the wall, and executioners appear in it,* L. F.

Now let me look upon you!—this is well:
Thou art the man I hate: I wooed this woman,
And I was scorned for thee. If without love
I loved, I didn't hate without revenge!—
Thou'st told me I was tutored in the cells
Of the Inquisition: thou'rt in the right,
And I will prove that I have studied well
The science of infliction!

Hem. Dost thou think
Thy tortures fright me, then?

Pes. I do not think it; here is my victim!

Flor. Do you hear this, ye heavens?

Pes. And do you hear me—
E'en now the priest scarce breathed the marriage vow,
And passion fiercely burned; yet, even then,
You dared me with his name: you called aloud,
And bade me free him: love then died at once,

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And hate reigned here alone!—I sent thee here,
I followed thee: I saw thee in his bosom;
Now hear—he dies!
Flor. O heav'n!
Pes. He dies before thy face!
Flor. No, 'tis impossible—
'Tis but to try, 'tis but to terrify me;
You do not mean the horrid deed you speak—
You are a man, you are a human creature!
Oh, no! thou wilt not! Have I not performed
Each dread condition? did I not appear
Shudd'ring before the altar! didst thou not promise,
Didst thou not swear? am—am I not your wife?
Pes. You are, and love my foe! Come forth, and seize him! [*Executioners advance.*
Hem. And send me quickly from this curséd world,
Where guilt, like his, can triumph.
Flor. Mercy!
Pes. Mercy!
Flor. Then, heav'n, where are thy lightnings?
Pes. In my grasp. Drag, drag him to your tortures!
Flor. Hold, tormentors!
Oh, kill—oh, kill me first; here, in my heart,
Quench your fell thirst for blood!
[*Pescara drags her from them.*
Oh! let me not behold it! Death, do thy work,
Thou art too slow within my raging breast!
Fall, mountains, down, and hide me from this horror!
Burst, earth, and swallow me!—almighty heav'n!
Stretch forth thy arm, and save him! Ha! they drag him,
They bear him to their torments!—why, O heav'n!
Why am I thus abandoned?
[*Voices without.*] "The Moors!"
[*Florinda listens for a moment, and a shout is heard—she shrieks, and rushes towards the front and falls on her knees.—Pescara stands appalled, the alarm-bell rings.*
Hem. That sound has raised me to the sun; my soul
Now mounts in triumph!—well, infernal villain,
Well mayst thou stand amazed! thy hour is come!
Thou art enclosed in thy own den of blood.

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Pes. Traitors and slaves!—ha! that thought!
[*He clenches his dagger—Hemeya struggles with the executioners.*
This, this is left me still! within my grasp
I clutch it like a fierce and desp'rate joy!
Look here! look here, vile Moor!—despite of fate
I still shall triumph o'er thee!
[*Advances to stab Florinda—as he lifts the dagger, Hemeya, who has broken from his Executioners, rushes up, tears it from his hand, and stabs him—the Moors rush in with Malec at their head,* L. U. E., *while Florinda sinks into the arms of Hemeya—Pescaro, after a vain attempt to speak, falls dead.*
Mal. Hail, glorious Moor!
Hem. My friend! my brave deliverer!
Mal. The Moors are up in arms—the Alpuxerras
Have poured their marshalled thousands to the field:
The crescent floats upon Grenada's tower,
And morning shall behold thee on the throne.
Kneel, Moors! behold your king!
Hem. Arise, my friends! Florinda, fate has poured
A thousand blessings in one rapturous hour—
But, in the thick'ning splendours of my stars,
Thou art my loveliest light.
Flor. If it be possible.—
Thou, who dost weigh our mis'ries with our crimes,
Oh, take from death this agony! Hemeya,
While 'twas for thee I trembled, pain grew dull,
And lost its pow'r upon me; now, 'tis here!
Hem. Florinda!
Flor. Yes, I have kept my promise to thee:
This is its dread fulfilment!—you were wrong
To chide me for my falsehood: ere my marriage,
I poured a deadly draught within my veins:
That first was ice; but now in streams of fire
Comes rushing through my bosom!
Hem. Give me a sword!
Give me some means of death! bring, bring me poison!
Or bear me to the rack from which I 'scaped!
Here, here, in mercy plunge your steels together!
Ha! what is't I see! I thank thee, fortune!
Thou hast struck the wound, but thou canst heal it, too.

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[*Perceives Pescara's dagger on the ground, and stabs himself—Florinda shrieks, and falls on her knees beside him.*

Mal. Thou shouldst have lived! thy life was still thy country's!
And, but for that, I'd follow thee.

Hem. Florinda,
Fate cannot take the joy to look upon thee,
To die beholding thee!—

[*Dies.—Florinda continues insensible*

Mal. In the next battle
I'll find the way to join thee. Ha! Hemeya!
Is this the palace of thy monarchy?
Is this thy throne? is this, thy silent corse,
All that remains of him that once I loved?

[*While Malec is speaking, Florinda appears to staunch the blood of Hemeya with her hair.*

Flor. It still will flow; but I'll stay here forever!
I'll look on these cold lips—my shiv'ring hand
Shall press this cold, cold forehead!—and I'll staunch
This blood that still flows on.

Mal. Remove the body—poor distracted wretch,
I pity thee!—uplift that bleeding corse,
And bear it from the dungeon.

Flor. No, you shall not,
You shall not tear me hence: no! never! never!
He is my lord! my husband! death! 'twas death!
Death married us together! here I will dig
A bridal bed, and we'll lie there forever!
I will not go! ha! you may pluck my heart out,
But I will never go! Help!—help!—Hemeya!
They drag me to Pescara's curséd bed!
They rend the chains of fire that bind me to thee!
Help!—help! [*Dies.*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

	Moors.	Pescara.	
		Hemeia.	
Hamet. R.]	Haly.	Florinda.	Malec. [L.

THE END.

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MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

No. LVIII.

TWELFTH NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

A Comedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK:
WILLIAM TAYLOR & COMPANY,
18 ANN STREET.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

In the days when "merrie England" was a term of meaning, and aptly illustrated the festive spirit common among the people at their periodical sports and festivals, which they indulge in with a heartiness and a zest unknown to us modern utilitarians, Shakspeare flourished and was the delight of his age. Many of his plays were written to meet the wishes, or to foster the tastes, of his audiences; for he was a Player as well as Author, and possessed that knowledge of the predilections of the public which the professional artist or dramatist has, or should have, to render him a successful caterer of public amusement.

To this discriminative knowledge of our great poet, we perhaps owe the delightful Comedy of "Twelfth Night." The closing of the great festival of Christmas, was, as it were, the climax of the revelries which, in the olden time, marked the twelve days appropriated for keeping this, the most joyous of the high festivals of the Christian Church. In the period antecedent to the foundation of the English National Drama. "The Mysteries and Moralities," with all their accessories of barbarous, but quaint and expressive imagery, were the delight alike of the learned, the noble, and the commons of the land. To these rude foreshadowings of the regular drama, succeeded pageants, masques, and allegorical devices, all imbued with a high imaginative spirit, that endeared them to the tastes and feelings of the multitude. Shakspeare, whose fertile ginius led him into the regions of fancy and imagination, there to revel and create a world of his own, presents us in this delightful comedy, a complete epitome of all that rendered the revelry of "Christmas tide" so delightful to the populace;—and, to add to the charm, and, as it were, as a fitting prologue to his merry tale, he designates his labors by the expressive title of "Twelfth Night, or, What you Will."

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And truly has he performed his task—for, in the exquisite combination of joyous, laugh-creating personages, with the delicate fancies and poetical beauty of his sentimental characters, he has concentrated into one frame all the pictures which are dispersed through the antic pageants and grotesque masques then in vogue, enriching all with the glowing colors of his own exhaustless fancy, and his truthful analysis of nature.

And yet, Twelfth Night is rather a picture of the poetry of life, than a faithful transcript of natural realities. We are willing to subscribe to the opinions of a cotemporary, and say :—

"It cannot, indeed, be said that the characters of this piece are not drawn from nature,—for when was Shakspeare unnatural? but it may be affirmed that it is nature as exhibited in vision. The love, the folly, the passion, the humor, all are fancy, all are the results of the highest poetical imagination. Nothing is shown as it really is, but as a youthful mind would picture it to be in the days of inexperience."

Such, perhaps, is the true character of this exquisite comedy. It is, perhaps, no "just picture of life :" we may object to the improbabilities surrounding *Viola ;* but who does not feel that she is the impersonation of a poetical ideal in woman? The fatuity of *Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek* may be overcharged ; but his prototype, in a modified form, may be found in the phases of the human heart. The moral and comic effect of *Malvolio's* character is overwrought ; and yet how true to nature is the ludicrous conceit and dominant vanity of this richly-drawn character. *Sir Toby Belch* is the jolly roysterer of the Elizabethan period—and the *Clown* is the Vice of the ancient morality, the Jester, or Fool of the age, common and familiar to every spectator of those times. The *Duke*, *Olivia*, and *Sebastian*, are poetical creations, endowed with all the richness of the poet's teeming fancy ; and *Maria* is the queen of waiting maids, the model of a class.

Commentators have been puzzled to assign the precise origin and date of this play. It was formerly the opinion, that it was among the latest, if not the last, of Shakspeare's productions , but the indefatigable research of Mr. Collier has settled the latter question. This vigilant Shaksperian critic has found in the British Museum, the Diary of one Manningham, a Barrister, who was an eye-witness to the representation of Twelfth Night on the on the celebration of the Readers' Feast, at the Middle Temple on February 2, 1602. The memorandum runs as follows :

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"Feb'y 2, 1601, (2.)—At our feast we had a play called 'Twelve night, "or What You Will,' much like the comedy of errors, or Menechmi of "*Plautus*, but most like and neere to that in Italian, called *Inganni*."

We learn from this curious relic, that Shakspeare was supposed to have availed himself of an Italian drama founded on a novel of Bandello. It was the common practice of our great bard to borrow the plots on which he constructed his magnificent productions. But in his hands, these rude materials, like the unhewn block submitted to the chisel of the master-hand of the artist, became, by his skill and magic, instinct with life-like creations, losing almost entirely any traces of their original identity.

This Comedy still retains its place upon the stage, its varied character and poetic beauties rendering it one of the most effective of our poet's comic productions. Its last revival at the Park was peculiarly successful. Who can forget the *Viola* of Mrs. Kean, that exquisite embodiment of a faultless creation? The *Malvolio*, too, of Mr. Bass, deserves a place in the remembrance of every lover of the acted drama: nor should we omit the rich fooling of Mr. Barrett, in *Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek*. Poor John Fisher's *Sir TobyBelch* was among the last of his performances, and, bating the absence of physical weight, it was an inimitable portraiture of the reckless, boisterous old debauchee. Mr. George Andrews completed this admirable cast, by giving great effect to the character of the *Clown*, and Mr. Charles Kean rendered the part of *Orsino* prominent by his scholar-like appreciation and beautiful delivery of the poetry; while *Olivia* has seldom had a more lovely or lady-like representative, than was found in the person of Mrs. Abbott.

H.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Covent Garden, 1825.	*Park*, 1847.
Duke Orsino,	Mr. Cooper.	Mr. Charles Kean.
Valentine	" Taylor.	" McDouall.
Curio	" Robinson.	" Sprague.
Sir Tobey Belch	" Bartley.	" Fisher.
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	" Blanchard	" G. Barrett.
Sebastian	" Mason.	" Dyott.
Antonio	" Chapman.	" Anderson.
Friar	" Atkins.	" Bellamy.
Malvolio	" W. Farren.	" Bass.
Clown	" Fawcett.	" G. Andrews.
Fabian	" Baker.	" Povey.
Solanio	" Henry.	" Galliott.
Benvolio	" Tinney.	" Heath.
Page	Master Longhurst.	
Viola	Miss M. Tree.	Mrs. Kean
Olivia	" Love	" Abbott
Maria	Mrs Gibbs	" Vernon

COSTUMES.

DUKE ORSINO.—Black velvet and gold jacket, full breeches, and cloak lined with crimson silk of the Elizabethan fashion, black stockings, gold clasps, square-toed shoes with crimson rosettes, hat with white feathers, jewels round neck, white linen collar round neck.

VALENTINE.—Similar dress, but white.

CURIO AND OTHER LORDS.—Do., but various colors.

SIR TOBY.—Brown cloth coat picked out with black, brass buttons, large boots, heavy belt and sword, hat and black feather, and cloak.

SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.—Blue and white dress, with scarlet stockings, long flaxen hair.

SEBASTIAN.—Deep amber tunic, with short sleeves; white body and pantaloons, trimmed with sky blue and black feathers.

ANTONIO.—Dressed as Albanian sea captain.

ROBERTO.—Blue doublet and trunks, trimmed with gold lace.

FRIAR.—Long black gown and hood, beads, sandals and fleshings.

MALVOLIO.—White vest striped with black, black stockings and white shoes, and cloak.

CLOWN.—As court fool.

FABIAN.—Jacket and trunks of green, picked out with black.

FIRST AND SECOND OFFICERS.—Long black gowns, edged with do., white wands, three-cornered hats.

OLIVIA.—White satin cloak, black ornaments, demi-train, and black veil.

MARIA.—White muslin dress, trimmed with black, black velvet jacket, white stockings, black cloak and shoes, with small velvet cap.

VIOLA.—Modern Greek ladies' costume. *Second Dress.*—Same as Sebastian's.

LADIES' ATTENDANTS.—White muslin dresses, black veils.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right Centre*; L. C. *Left Centre*.

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TWELFTH NIGHT.

ACT I.

SCENE II.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, ROBERTO, *and two Sailors*, L. U. E., *carrying a Trunk.*

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Rob. This is Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance, he is not drowned:—what think you, sailors?
Rob. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.
Rob. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see
Vio. Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Rob. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Rob. A noble duke, in nature,
As in his name.
Vio. What is his name?

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Rob. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino !—I have heard my father name him :
He was a bachelor then.
Rob. And so is now,
Or was so very late : for but a month
Ago I went from hence ; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur, as, you know, what great ones do
The less will prattle of, that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What is she ?
Rob. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since ; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died : for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.
Vio. Oh, that I served that lady ?
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is !
Rob. That were hard to compass ;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.
Vio. There is a fair behavior in thee, captain,
And, I believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am ; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke ;
Thou shalt present me as a page unto him,
Of gentle breeding, and my name Cesario :—
That trunk, the reliques of my sea-drowned brother,
Will furnish man's apparel to my need :—
It may be worth thy pains ; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit ;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.
Rob. Be you his page, and I your mute will be ;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see !
Vio. I thank thee :—Lead me on. [*Exeunt*, R.

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SCENE II.—*A Room in the Duke Orsino's Palace.*

The DUKE *seated, attended by* CURIO *and Gentlemen, discovered.—Music.*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.— [*Music.*
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets, [*Music.*
Stealing, and giving odors.—
Enough; no more; [*Rises.*
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
Oh, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turned into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE, L.

How now? what news from my Olivia?—speak

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiléd walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. Oh, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt*, R.

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SCENE III.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter MARIA *and* SIR TOBEY BELCH, R.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o'nights; your niece, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you have brought in here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'the viol-de-gambo, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, all most natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They add, moreover, that he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece! I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria! he's a coward and a coystril, that will not drink

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to my niece, till his brains turn o'the toe like a parish top!—See, here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face. [*Crosses to* C

Sir An. *(Without.)* Sir Toby Belch! how now! Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Enter SIR ANDREW, L.

Sir An. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you, too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir, Andrew, accost!

Sir An. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir An *(Crosses to* C.*)* Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir An. Good Mistress Mary Accost—

Sir To. You mistake, knight; accost is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir An. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen. [*Crosses to* L.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'twould thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir An. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand!

Mar. Sir I have not you by the hand.

Sir An. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. *(Takes his hand.)* Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir. An. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir An. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir An. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends; marry, *(Lets go his hand,)* now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit*, L.

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Sir To. Oh, knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir An. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir An. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir An. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: oh, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir An. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for, thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir An. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent: it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir An. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the duke himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o'the duke; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir An. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'the strangest mind i'the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir An. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be under the degree of my betters; and yet I'll not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir An. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir An. And, I think, I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore

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have these gifts a curtain before them? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in?—I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir An. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colored stock. Shall we set about some revels?.

Sir To. What should we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir An. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper.—Ha! higher—ha! ha!—excellent!

[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Duke Orsino's Palace*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire*, L.

Val. If the duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced.

Vio. You either fear his humor, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favors?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and Gentlemen* R.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof—Cesario,
Thou knowest no less but all; I have unclasped
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandoned to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bonds
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord; what then?

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Duke. Oh, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound:
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—go;—prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortune thine.

[*Exeunt, Duke, Curio, Val., and Gentlemen,* R.

Vio. I'll do my best,
To woo his lady: yet—a barful strife!—
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exit,* L

SCENE V.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter CLOWN *and* MARIA, R.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clown. Let her hang me! he that is well hanged in this world, needs to fear no colors.

Mar. Make that good.

Clown. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent: or, to be turned away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clown. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. *Exit,* L.

Clown. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.

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Enter OLIVIA, MALVOLIO, *and two Servants*, R.

Bless thee, lady.

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clown. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clown. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for, give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. The lady bade take away the fool: therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clown. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clown. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clown. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clown. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clown. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clown. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clown. Heaven send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence, that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a bar-

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ren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone.—Look you, now, he's out of his guard already: unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clown. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Enter MARIA, L.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the duke of Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam.

Oli Who of my people hold him in delay!

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman; fie on him! (*Exit Maria*, L.) Go you, Malvolio: —if it be a suit from the Duke, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. (*Exeunt Malvolio and two Servants*, L.) Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clown. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool.

Sir To. (*Without* L.) Where is she? where is she?

Clown. Whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater.*

Enter SIR TOBY, L.

Oli. By mine honor, half drunk! What is he at the gate, uncle?

Sir To. A gentleman. *Crosses, to* R.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here. How now, sot?

Clown. Good Sir Toby—

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Oli. Uncle, uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry: what is he!

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. A plague o'these pickleherrings. [*Exit*, R

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clown. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman; one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and the third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my uncle: for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go, look after him.

Clown. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. *Exit*, R.

Enter MALVOLIO, L.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that, too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of a man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: it is with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well favored, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

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Oli. Let him approach : call in my gentlewoman.
Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit*, L.

Enter MARIA, L.

Oli. Give me my veil. [*Exit Maria*, R.
What means his message to me ?
I have denied his access o'er and o'er :
Then what means this ?

Enter MARIA, *with a veil*, R.

Come, throw it o'er my face ;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA, L.

Vio. The honorable lady of the house, which is she ?
Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her :—your will ?
Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her : I would be loath to cast away my speech ; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it.
Oli. Whence came you, sir ?
Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house.
Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.
Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself ; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve.
Oli. I heard you were saucy at my gates ; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, begone ; if you have reason, be brief ; 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue. What are you ? What would you ?
Vio. What I am, and what I would, are to your ears, divinity ; to any other's profanation.
Oli. Give us the place alone : we will hear this divinity. (*Exit Maria*, L.) Now, sir, what is thy text ?
Vio. Most sweet lady—
Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text ?
Vio. In Orsino's bosom.
Oli. In his bosom ? In what chapter of his bosom ?

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Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. Oh, I have read it, it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I does this present.

[*Unveiling.*

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. Oh, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted.

Vio. My lord and master loves you; oh, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crowned
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that that thunder love, wite sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! Oh, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But should you pity me.

Oli. You might do much:—what is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more—

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Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well;
I thank you for your pains :—spend this for me.
Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit*, L.
Oli. What is your parentage?
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.'—I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon :—Not too fast :—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague;
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What ho, Malvolio!—

Enter MALVOLIO, L.

Mal Here, madam, at your service.
Oli. Run after the same peevish messenger,
Orsino's man: he left his ring behind him:
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.
Mal. Madam, I will. *Exit*, L.
Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force; ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit*, R.

SCENE VI.—*A street before Olivia's House.*

Enter VIOLA, *and* MALVOLIO *following*, L. U. E.

Mal Sir, sir—young gentleman—were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?
Vio. Even now, sir.
Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have

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saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him; and one thing more: that you never be so hardy to come again in affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me?—I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned. (*Throws the ring on the ground.*) If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit*, L. S. E.

Vio. (*Takes up the ring.*) I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my outside have not charmed her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring!—why, he sent her none.
I am the man;—if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady! she were better love a dream.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman—now, alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
Oh, time, thou must untangle this, not I
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit*, R.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Seaport.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO, L.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me, the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps distemper yours: therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may

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bear my evils alone : it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. Oh, good Antonio, pardon me your trouble

Ant. Let me know yet of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir ; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in ; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo ; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of : he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, 'would we had so ended ! but you, sir, altered that ; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day !

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful : but, though I could not overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but well call fair. [*Weeps.*

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once : my bosom is full of kindness ; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Duke Orsino's court : farewell.

Ant. The gentleness of all gods go with thee !

Seb. Fare ye well. [*Exeunt, Antonio,* L., *Sebastian,* R.

SCENE II.—*A Dining-Room in Olivia's House.*

SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW *discovered, drinking and smoking.*

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew : not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes ; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,—

Sir An. Nay, by my troth, I know not : but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

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Sir To. A false conclusion ; I hate it as an unfilled can : to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early ; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements ?

Sir An. 'Faith, so they say ; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar ; let us therefore eat and drink.—Maria, I say !—a stoup of wine !

[*The Clown sings without*, L.—*Sir Andrew and Sir Toby rise.*

Sir An. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Enter CLOWN, L.

Clown. How now, my hearts ? Did you never see the picture of we three ?

Sir To. Welcome, ass,

Sir An. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg and so sweet a voice to sing as the fool has.—In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quebus ; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman : had'st it ?

Clown. I did impeticos thy gratillity ; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock : my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle ale-houses.

Sir An. Excellent ! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on : shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver ? shall we do that ?

Sir An. An you love me, let's do't : I am a dog at a catch.

Clown. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir An. Begin fool : it begins,—(*Sings.*) 'Hold thy peace.'

Clown. Hold my peace !—I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir An. Good, i'faith !—Come, begin :—that, or something else,—or what you will.— [*They all three sing.*

'Christmas comes but once a year,
And therefore we'll be merry.'

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Enter MARIA, L.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian; we are politi·ians. Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay; *(Sings.)*—'And three merry men be we."

Sir An. *(Sings.)* 'And three merry men be we.'

Sir To. Am I not consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady!—*(Sings.)* 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

Sir An. *(Sings)* 'Lady,'—

Clown. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir An. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so I do too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.—*(Sings)* 'Lady,'—

Sir To. Let us have another.

[*They all three sing and dance.*

'Which is the properest day to drink?
Saturday,—Sunday,—Monday.

Mar. For the love of heaven, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO, L., *in a Gown and Cap, with a Light.*

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you?

Sir An. *(Sings.)* 'Monday,'—

Mal. Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night?

Sir To. *(Sings.)* 'Saturday,'

Mal. Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can seperate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. *(Sings.)* 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs begone.'

Mar. **Nay, good Sir Toby.**

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Clown. (*Sings.*) 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. (*Sings.*) 'But I will never die.'

[*Falls on the floor.*

Clown. (*Sings.*) 'Sir Toby,—O, Sir Toby,—there you lie.'

Mal. This is much credit to you. [*Clown raises Sir T.*

Sir To. (*Sings.*) 'You lie.'—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clown. Yes, by Saint Anne! and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth, too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crums:—A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand.

[*Exit Malvolio*, L., *followed by the Clown, mocking him.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir An. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when man's a-hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the Duke's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir An. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir An. I have on exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly, but a time pleaser; an affectioned ass; so cram-

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med, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him ; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do ?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love ; wherein, by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece : on a forgotten matter, we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent ! I smell a device.

Sir An. I have't in my nose, too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Sir An. O, 'twill be admirable !

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you. I will plant you two, and let Fabian make a third, where he shall find the letter ; observe his construction of it. For this night to-bed, and dream on the event.—Farewell. *Exit*, L.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir An. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me ; what o'that ?

Sir An. I was adored once, too.

Sir To. Let's to bed knight.—Thou hast need send for more money.

Sir An. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight ; if thou hast her not i'the end, call me Cut.

Sir An. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come ; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now.

Sir An. I'll call you Cut.

Sir To. Come, knight ;—come, knight.

Sir An. I'll call you Cut. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE III.—*A Hall in Duke Orsino's Palace.*

Enter DUKE *and* VIOLA, R.

Duke. Come hither, boy :—if ever thou shalt love,

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In the sweet pangs of it, remember me :
For, such as I am, all true lovers are.—
My life upon't, young though thou art thine eye
Hath stayed upon some favor that it loves ;
Hath it not, boy ?
Vio. A little, by your favor.
Duk. What kind of woman is't ?
Vio. Of your complexion.
Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i'faith ?
Vio. About your years, my lord.
Duke. Too old, by heaven !—Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty ;
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;
The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her,
Tell her, I hold giddily as fortune ;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.
Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir ?
Duke. I cannot be so answered
Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia : you cannot love her ;
You tell her so : must she not then be answered ?
Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart :—make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And I owe Olivia.
Vio. Ay, but I know,—
Duke. What dost thou know ?
Vio Too well what love women to men may owe :
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As might be, perhaps, were I woman,
I should your lordship.
Duke. And what's her history ?
Vio. A blank, my lord : she never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in thought ;

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And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my my father's house,
And all the brothers too.—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[*Exeunt, Duke,* R., *Viola,* L.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN L.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly, rascally sheep-biter, come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know he brought me out of favor with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—shall we not Sir Andrew?

Sir An. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA, *with a letter.* L.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain! How now, my nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three behind yon clump: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behavior to his own shadow, this half hour; observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know, this letter will

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make a contemplative idiot of him. Close in the name of jesting! *(The men hide themselves* R.*)* Lie thou there; *(Throws down a letter,)* for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit*, R.

Enter MALVOLIO, L.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir An. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!—

Mal. To be Count Malvolio!—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir An. Pistol him! pistol him!

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't: the lady of the strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir An. Fie on him Jazebel!

Fab. Now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state—

Sir To. Oh, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown!—having come from a day-bed, where I left Olivia sleeping!—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone

Fab. Oh, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have humor of state: and after a demure travel of regard, telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs—to ask for my kinsman Toby!—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. Oh, peace, peace, peace! now, now!

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches: court'sies there to me!—

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Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though your silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control!—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o'the lips then?

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech!'—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir To. Out, sc'ab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of her plot.

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight!'—

Sir An. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew!'—

Sir An. I know 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh, peace! an' the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him.

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand! these be her very *C's* her *U's* and her *T's*! and thus makes she her great *P's!* It is, in contempt of question her hand.

Sir An. Her *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's!* why that?—

Mal. (*Reads.*) 'To the unknown beloved, this and my good wishes:' her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she used to seal: 'tis my lady: to whom should this be?

[*Opens the letter.*

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. (*Reads.*) 'Jove knows I love:

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.'

No man must know.'—If this should be thee, Malvolio!

Sir To. Marry, hang-thee, brock!

Mal. (*Reads.*) 'I may command where I adore:

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

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With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore ;
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'

Fab. A fustian riddle !

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'—Nay, but, first, let me see—let me see—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him !

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyel checks at it !

Mal. ' I may command where I adore.' Why she may command me ; I serve her, she is my lady. Why this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this :—and the end—what should that alphabetical position portend ?—If I could make that resemble something in me.—Softly !—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. Oh, ay ! make up that—he is now at a cold scent.

Mal. *M,*—Malvolio !—*M,*—why, that begins my name.

Fab. I thought he would work it out : the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M,*—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel ; that suffers under probation : *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O !*

Mal. And then, *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an' you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M, O, A, I ;*—This simulation is not as the former :—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft ;—here follows prose.—*(Reads.)* 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee ; but be not afraid of greatness ! some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. To inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered ! I say, remember. Go to !—thou art made, if thou desirest to be so if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of ser-

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vants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,'

'The fortunate-unhappy.'

Daylight and champain discovers not more; this is open I will be proud. I will baffle Sir Toby. I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings; of late she did praise my leg being cross-gartered!—I thank my stars, I am happy I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on Jove, and my stars, be praised!—Here is yet a postscript, *(Reads.)* 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee!' Jove, I thank thee!—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me.

[*Exit*, L.—*They advance from behind the trees.*

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir An. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Sir To. Nor I, neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Enter MARIA, R.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir An. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I become thy bond-slave?

Sir An. Or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will, then, see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon

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her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me. [*Exit*, L.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir An. I'll make one too.

Fab. And I.

Omnes. Huzza! huzza! huzza! [*Exeunt*, L

SCENE II.—*A Public Square.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO, R. S. E.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filèd steel, did spur me forth;
I feared, besides, what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks.—What is to do?
Shall we go see the relics of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would you'd pardon me.
I do not without danger walk these streets;
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst Orsino's galleys,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answered.

Seb. Do not, then, walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me.—Hold, sir, here's my purse;
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge; I will bespeak our diet,

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Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town ; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase ; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt, Sebastian,* L., *Antonio,* R.

SCENE III.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter CLOWN, *playing on a tabor, and* VIOLA, L.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music : dost thou live by the tabor ?

Clown. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman ?

Clown. No such matter, sir : I do live by the church : for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool ?

Clown. No, indeed, sir : the lady Olivia has no folly ; she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married ; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herring—the husband's the bigger I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Duke Orsino's.

Clown. Foolery, sir, does walk without the orb, like the sun : it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress : I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an' thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee. [*Gives him money.*

Clown. Now, Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard !

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee ; I am almost sick for one. Is thy lady within ?

Clown. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir ?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clown. I would play lord Pandaras of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

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Vio. I understand you, sir: (*Gives him more money.*) 'tis well begged.

Clown. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come: who you are, and what you would are out of my welkin; I might say, element: but the word is over-worn. [*Exit*, L.

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labor as a wise man's art.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW, L.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your neice, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean, by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean—to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: but we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA, L.

Most excellent, accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir An. That youth's a rare courtier!—*Rain odours!* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir An. 'Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed!'—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Leave me to my hearing.

Sir An. 'Odours—pregnant—vouchsafed!'
[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Sir Andrew*, R.

Oli. Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

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Oli. What is your name?
Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.
Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was called compliment:
You are servant to the Duke Orsino, youth?
Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.
Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts
'Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!
Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—
Oli. Oh, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him;
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.
Vio. Dear lady—
Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honor at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart: so let me hear you speak.
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That's a degree to love.
Vio. No, not a grise: for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:
Oh, world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
[*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest.
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

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Sir To. Never trust me, then ; and by all means stir on the youth to answer. I think, oxen and waiuropes cannot hail them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great pressage of cruelty.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Enter MARIA, L.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me ! yon gull, Malvolio, is turned heathen, a very renegado ; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passage of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered ?

Mar. Most villanously ; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer ! he does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in a map ! you have not seen such a thing as 'tis

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt*, L.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room Olivia's House.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA, R.

Oli. I have sent after him :—he says, he'll come.—
How shall I feast him ? what bestow on him ?
For youth is bought more oft, than begged, or borrowed.
I speak too loud.—
Where is Malvolio ?—He is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.
Where is Malvolio ?

Mar. He's coming, madam ;
But in strange manner. He is sure possessed.

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Oli. What, what's the matter? does he rave?
Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but smile: your ladyship
Were best have guard against you, if he come
For, sure the man is tainted in his wits.
Oli. Go, call him hither. [*Exit Maria* R.
I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO, *in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, and* MARIA, R.

How now, Malvolio?
Mal. Sweet lady, ho! ho! [*Smiles fantastically.*
Oli. Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.
Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering! but what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: Please one, and please all.
Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?
Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs! It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.
Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?
Mal. To bed! —Ay, sweet-heart! and I'll come to thee.
Oli. Heaven comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?
Mar. How do you, Malvolio?
Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.
Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?
Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness;'—'Twas well writ.
Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?
Mal. 'Some are born great'—
Oli. Ha?
Mal. 'Some achieve greatness'—
Oli. What say'st thou?
Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'
Oli. Heaven restore thee!
Mal. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings!'—

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Oli. Thy yellow stockings?
Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'
Oli. Cross-gartered?
Mal. 'Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so!'—
Oli. Am I made?
Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'
Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter FABIAN, L.

Fab. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.
Oli. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to.—Call my uncle Toby.—*(Exit, Fabian,* R.*)* Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.
[*Exeunt, Olivia,* R., *and Maria,* L.
Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? She sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter.—I have limed her!—And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to!' Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow! Why, every thing adheres together. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.
Sir To. (Without, L.*)* Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him!

Enter FABIAN, SIR TOBY *and* MARIA, L.

Fab. Here he is, here he is!—how is't with you, sir! how is it with you, man?
Mal. Go off, I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.
Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.
Mal. Ah! ah! does she so?
Sir To. Go to, go to; we must deal gently with him. How do you do, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil! consider he's an enemy to mankind.

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Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La, you, an' you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray Heaven, he be not bewitched.

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; do you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently! the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me!—What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan! hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, Sir Toby.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he'll not hear of godlines.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle, shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. Begone! [*Exit*, L.

Omens. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage, now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound!—Follow him, and let him not from thy sight.—(*Exit Maria*, L.) But see, but see!

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Enter SIR ANDREW, *with a letter*, R.

Sir An. Here's the challenge,—read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. It's so saucy?

Sir An. Ay, is it, I warrant him; do but read.

Sir To. Give me. (*Reads.*) 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow!'

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Fab. Good and valiant!

Sir To. 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't!'

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for!'

Fab. Very brief, and exceedingly good sense-less!

Sir To. 'I will way-lay thee going home! where, if it be thy chance to kill me!'—

Fab. Good!

Sir To. 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain!'

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law! good!

Sir To. 'Fare thee well; and Heaven have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine! but my hope is better, and so look to thyself.—Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy.

ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot! I'll give't him.

Fab. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the garden, like a bum-bailiff; so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir An. Nay, let me alone for swearing. *Exit*, R.

Sir To. Now will not I delive this letter: for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding: therefore this letter, being so exactly ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clod-pole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheck a notable report of valor; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

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Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt*, L.

Enter VIOLA, *and* OLIVIA, R.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honor too unchary out:
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'havior that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny,
That honor saved, may upon asking, give

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for thy master.

Oli. How with mine honor may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well.
[*Exit*, L.

Enter SIR TOBY, *and* FABIAN, R.

Sir To. Gentleman, Heaven save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee! dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhacked repair, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl!

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souls and bodies hath he divorced three ; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre ! hob, nob, is his word ! give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter.

Sir To. Back you shall not, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him : therefore, on ! or strip your sword stark naked, for meddle you must, that's certain, forswear to wear iron about you

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is ; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. *Exit*, L.

Vio. 'Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter ?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement ; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he ?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite, that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him ? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't : I am one that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight : I care not who knows of my mettle. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY, *with* SIR ANDREW, *in a great fright*, L.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil !—

Sir An. Oh !

Sir To. I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him—rapier, scabbard, and all—and he gives me the stuck-in—

Sir An. Oh !

Sir To. With such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable ! They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

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Sir An. Plague on't! I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir An. Plague on't! an' I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I had challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capulet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't.—*(Aside.)* Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA, R.

I have his horse *(To Fabian.)* to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil!

Fab *(To Sir Toby.)* He is as horribly conceited of him, and pants as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. *(To Viola.)* There's no remedy, sir! he will fight with you for his oath's sake! Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. *(Draws her sword.)* Pray Heaven defend me!—*(Aside.)* A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. *(To Viola.)* Give ground, if you see him furious!

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot, by the duello, avoid it: but he has promised me, as a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on! to't.

Sir An. *(Draws.)* Pray Heaven he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will.

[*They fight.—Sir Toby and Fabian urge on Sir Andrew and Viola.*

Enter ANTONIO, *who runs between Sir Andrew and Viola,* R. S. E.

Ant. Put up thy sword;—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you!

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?

Ant. *(Draws.)* One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more,

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Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. (*Draws.*) Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*Sir Toby and Antonio fight.—Sir Andrew hides himself behind the trees.—Viola retires a little.*

Fab. (*Parts them.*) Oh, good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. (*To Antonio.*) I'll be with you anon.—(*Antonio shows great alarm.—Sir Toby sheaths his sword.*) Sir knight, Sir Andrew!—

Sir An. Here I am.

Sir To. What, man!—Come on.

[*Brings Sir Andrew forward.*

Vio. (*Advances.*)' Pray, sir, (*To Sir Andrew,*) put up your sword, if you please.

Sir An. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word! he will bear you easily, and reins well.

Enter Two OFFICERS *of Justice*, L.

1*st Offi.* This is the man; do thy office.

2*d Offi* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Duke Orsino.

Ant. You mistake me, sir.

1*st Offi.* No, sir, no jot: I know your favor well.—Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy.
Now my necessity,
Makes me to ask you for my purse: it grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.

1*st. Offi.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?
For that fair kindness you have showed me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you;
Hold, there is half my coffer.

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Ant. Will you deny me?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery;
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.
Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature.
Ant. O Heavens themselves!
1st Offi. Come, sir, I pray you, go.
Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,
I snatched one half out of the jaws of death;
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
But, oh, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be called deformed, but the unkind;
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourished by the devil.
[*Exeunt, Antonio and Officers,* L.
Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian.
[*They retire together.*

Vio. He named Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favor was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion; color, ornament;
For him I imitate: oh, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!
[*Exit,* L.

Sir To. (*They advance.*) A very dishonest, paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare! his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him: and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.
Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.
Sir An. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.
Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly; but never draw thy sword.
Sir An. An' I do not— *Exeunt,* R.

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SCENE III.—*The Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* CLOWN, L.

Clown. Will you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clown. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither:—nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else; thou knowest not me

Clown. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. I pr'ythee, tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There's money for thee:—if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clown. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—these wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW, L.

Sir An. Now, sir, have I met you again? There's for you. [*Striking Sebastian.*

Seb. (*Draws his Sword.*) Why, there's for thee, and there, and there!—are all the people mad?
[*Beating Sir Andrew.*

Enter SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN, L.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house,

Clown. This will I tell my lady straight.—I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit,* R.

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [*Holding Sebastian.*

Sir An. Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria! though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

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Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come; my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. *(Disengages himself.)* I will be free from thee.—
What would'st thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what?—*(Draws)*—Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you
[*They fight.*

Enter OLIVIA *and Two Servants,* R

Fab. Hold, good Sir Toby, hold!—my lady here!
Exit, R.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preached! out of my sight
Be not offended, dear Cesario:—
Rudesby, be gone!

Sir To. Come along, knight. [*Exit,* L.

Oli. And you, sir, follow him.

Sir An. Oh, oh!—Sir Toby. [*Exit,* L.

Oli. I pr'ythe, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go go with me to my house:
And hear thou there, how many fruitless pranks.
This ruffian hath botched up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'would thou'dst be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. Oh, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt,* R.

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SCENE IV.—*A Gallery in Olivia's House.*

Enter MARIA, *with a black gown and hood, and* CLOWN, L.

Mar. Nay, I prythee, put on this gown and hood; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it, quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. *Exit*, L.

Clown. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in it; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* MARIA, L.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clown. *Bonus dies*, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, "That, that is, is:" so I, being master parson, am master parson! for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clown. (*Opens the door of an inner room.*) What, hoa, I say! Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well: a good knave.

Mal. (*In the inner room.*) Who calls there?

Clown. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio, the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clown. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies!

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged; good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have bound me, hand and foot, and laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clown. Sayest thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clown. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clown. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl.

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Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clown. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clown. Nay, I am for all waters. [*Takes off the gown and hood, and gives them to Maria.*

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy hood and gown; he sees not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring us word how thou find'st him: come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria,* L.

Clown. [*Sings.*] 'Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.'

Mal. Fool, fool—good fool—

Clown. Who calls, ha?

Mal. As ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clown. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clown. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clown. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clown. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clown. I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I pr'ythee, begone.

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Clown. *(Shuts the door of the inner room, and sings.)*

'I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again, &c.' [*Exit*, L.

SCENE V.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN, R.

Seb. This is the air; this is the glorious sun:
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant;
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident of flood and fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust my eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad.—But here she comes.

Enter OLIVIA *and a* FRIAR, L.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: if you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: he shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you,
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father: [*Exit Friar*, L.
And heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt*, L.

END OF ACT IV.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter CLOWN, *and* FABIAN, R.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clown. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clown. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again. The Duke of Orsino— [*Exit*, R.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, *and two Gentlemen*, L.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friend? I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clown. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clown. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clown. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes!

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clown. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clown. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. Oh, you give me ill counsel.

Clown. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer:—there's another.

Clown. *Primo, Secundo.—Tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak

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with her and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clown. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again: as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit*, R.

Enter ANTONIO *and the two Officers*, R.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last it was besmeared
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honor on him.—What's the matter?

1*st Offi.* This, please you, sir, is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix, and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew, Titus, lost his leg;
Here, in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate, ! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither.
That most ungrateful boy, there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and for his sake, to,
Did I expose myself,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset;

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Where, being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink ; denied me my own purse,
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be ?

Duke. When came he to this town ?

Ant. To-day, my lord : and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Duke. Here comes the Countess : now heaven walks on earth.—
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness :
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

[*Antonio and Officers retire a little.*

Enter OLIVIA *and two Servants, from* R.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable ?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam !

Duke. Gracious Olivia—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario ?

Vio. My lord would speak ; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as harsh and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel ?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What ! to perverseness ? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out,
That e'er devotion tendered !—What shall I do ?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love ?
But hear me this :
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still :

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But this your minion, whom I see you love,
And whom, by Heaven, I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned, in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.
[*Exeunt Duke and Gentlemen*, R.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [*Going.*

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love.
More than I love these eyes, more than my life;
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah, me, forsaken! how am I beguiled!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father. [*Exeunt two Servants*, R.

Enter DUKE, R.

Duke. (*To Viola.*) Come away.

Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay!

Duke. Husband!

Oli. Ay, husband; can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter FRIAR *and two Seavants*, R.

Oh, welcome, father!—
Father, I charge thee, by the reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know,
Hath newly passed between this youth and me.

Friar. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony

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Sealed in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, toward my grave,
I have travelled but two hours.

Duke. Oh, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?
Farewell, and take her: but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet

Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Oli. Do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

[*Olivia sends away the Friar*, R.

Enter SIR ANDREW, L., *crying with a broken head.*

Sir An. Oh, oh!—for the love of heaven, a surgeon!—send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir An. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb, too! for the love of heaven, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir An. The duke's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir An. Od's lifelings, here he is!—you broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir An. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Sir To. [*Without*, L. Holla, Sir Andrew!—where are you?

Sir An. Here comes Sir Toby, halting—you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled your Toby for you.

Enter SIR TOBY, *drunk, with his forehead bleeding, led by the Clown*, L.

Duke. How now, gentleman? How is't it with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, did'st thou see Dick surgeon, sot?

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Clown. Oh, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, a drunken rogue—and I hate a druken rogue.

Enter SEBASTIAN, *behind*, L.

Oli. Away with him ; who hath made this havoc with them ?

Sir An. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help, an ass-head, and a coxcomb,
And a knave ? a thin-faced knave, a gull ?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

[*Exeunt Sir Andrew, Sir Toby and Clown.* L.

Seb. (*Advances.*) I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman ;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit and safety.

[*Antonio, seeing Sebastian, comes forward*
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you ,
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons !
A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, oh, my dear Antonio !
How have the hours racked and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian, are you ?

Seb. Fearest thou that, Antonio ?

Ant. How have you made a division of yourself ?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian ?

Oli. Most Wonderful !

Seb. (*Sees Viola.*) Do I stand here ? I never had a brother :
I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured :—
Of charity, (*To Viola,*) what kin are you to me ?
What countryman ? what name ? what parentage ?

Vio. Of Messaline ; Sebastian was my father ;
Such a Sebastian was my brother, too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb :

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If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this masculine usurped attire,
Away with doubt:—each other circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, doth cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola—your sister Viola. [*They embrace.*

Seb. (*To Olivia.*) So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.

Duke. If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck!
Boy, (*To Viola,*) thou hast said to me a thousand times,
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent, the fire,
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and a follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentlemen, he's much distract.

Enter CLOWN, *with a letter, and* FABIAN, R. S. E.

How does Malvolio, sirrah?

Clown. Truly, Madam, he holds Belzebub at the staves end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you: I should have given it to you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistle's are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clown. Look, then, to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman! (*Reads*) 'By the Lord, madam,'—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clown. No, madam, I do but read madness.

Oli. (*To Fabian.*) Read it you, sirrah.

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Fab. *(Reads.)* 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter, that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

'The madly-used Malvolio.'

Oli. Did he write this?

Clown. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savors not much of distraction.

Oli. See him delivered, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit, Fabian,* R.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on.
To think me as well a sister as a wife.
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer—
Your master quits you: (*To Viola,*) and, for your service done him,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time
Your master's mistress be.

Enter MALVOLIO, *with a letter, and* FABIAN, R. S. E.

Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong—
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio?

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:

[*Gives Olivia the letter.*

You must now now deny it is your hand;—
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase.
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing;
Though I confess, much like the character;
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand:
And, now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad:

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Pr'ythee, be content :
This practice hath most shrewdly passed upon thee ;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak :
I do confess, Sir Toby and myself
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him : Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance ;
In recompense whereof, he hath married her :
How with a sportful malice it was followed,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge ;
If that the injuries be justly weighed,
That have on both sides passed.

Oli. Alas, poor fool ! how have they baffled thee !

Fab. Malvolio !

Clown. Why—'Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.'—I was one, sir, in this interlude ; one Sir Topas, sir :—'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad :'—But do you remember ? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal ? an' you smile not, he's gagged :'—And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges—Ha, ha, ha !

Fab. Ha, ha, ha !

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit*, R.

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.
Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.

[*Exeunt Fabian and two Servants*, R.

Duke. He hath not told us of the captain yet ;
When that is known, and golden time convents
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls :—Meantime, sweet sister
We will not part from hence.—Go, officers ;
We do discharge you of your prisoner.

Exeunt Officers, R.

Antonio, thou hast well deserved our thanks :
Thy kind protection of Cesario's person,
Although thou knew'st not then for whom thou fought'st,
Merits our favour : henceforth, be forgotten

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All cause of anger: thou hast a noble spirit,
And, as Sebastian's friend, be ever near him.—
Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

(The Clown sings.)

When that I was a little tiny boy
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy;
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate;
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wife.
With hey, ho the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive;
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it rainth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is deep done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

THE END.

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MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

No. LIX.

BRUTUS;

OR,

THE FALL OF TARQUIN.

A Tragedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW-YORK:
WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO.,
No. 18 ANN-STREET.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, the author of "Brutus," is an American by birth. He was born in New York on the 9th June, 1794. At the early age of fifteen years, he was induced by circumstances to try his fortune on the stage, urged, doubtless, by the extraordinary success which had marked the career of the infant Roscius, Master William Henry West Betty. Young Payne made his first appearance at the Park theatre, in the character of *Young Norval*, and at once assumed a position in public estimation rarely achieved by actors who have spent years of toil in acquiring a knowledge of the histrionic art. The fame of the youthful *debutant* procured for him offers of engagements in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, and Boston, and during two or three subsequent years Mr. Payne travelled round the then usual circle of theatrical engagements, as a "star" of the first magnitude, as "the young American Roscius." The critical writers of the day awarded to him merit very little inferior to that possessed by his English contemporary, Master Betty. Mr. Payne was at length induced to visit London, where he appeared with tolerable success. He subsequently visited the provinces, with equal approbation. But the novelty of the infant school of prodigies had departed, and Mr. Payne, like his predecessor, did not appear to mature in talent, as he advanced in age. His theatrical experience, however, was turned to account: Mr. Payne devoted himself to literary pursuits, and commenced dramatic author. The following list of his productions, attest the fertility of his genius:—Oswali of Athens; Richelieu, or a Broken Heart; Charles the Second; Procrastination; Married and Single; Plots at Home; Woman's Revenge; All for the Best; Brutus, or, the Fall of Tarquin; Virginia, or Patrician Perfidy.—DRAMAS: Spanish Husband; Therese, or the Orphan of Geneva; Norah, the Girl of Erin;

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Adeline, or Seduction; The Two Galley Slaves; The Rival Monarchs; Paoli; Solitary of Mount Savage; Ali Pacha; The Inseparables; The Guilty Mother; Man of the Black Forest; Madame de Berri; The Festival of St. Mark's; The Bridge of Kehl; the Judge and the Attorney; The Mill of the Lake; Mazeppa; Rovido, the Neapolitan; The Italian Bride. —OPERAS: Clari, the Maid of Milan; The White Maid; The Tyrolese Veasan; Visilendenes; England's Old Days.— FARCES: Tricondeau; The Post Chaise; 'Twas 1; Mrs. Smith; Love in Humble Life; The Lancers; Grand Papa; Peter Smirk; Not Invited; Romulus, a tragedy. Many of these dramas retain permanent possession of the stage. They are all characterized by the admirable knowledge of dramatic effect, acquired by the author during his professional life. Such knowledge appears to be imperative to the dramatist, mechanical as it may seem to some. It is the setting of the jewel, without which the brightest gems of dramatic poetry are but dim and ineffective.

In the preface to this play, Mr. Payne remarks:—

"Seven plays upon the subject of Brutus are before the public. Only two have been thought capable of representation, and those two did not long retain possession of the stage. In the present play I have had no hesitation in adopting the conception and language of my predecessors, wherever they seemed likely to strengthen the plan which I had prescribed. This has been so done as to allow of no injury to personal feelings or private property. Such obligations, to be culpable, must be secret; but it may be observed, that no assistance of other writers can be available without an effort almost, if not altogether, as laborious as original composition."

That Mr. Payne has skilfully adapted the materials thus furnished him by the authors, to whom he acknowledges his indebtedness, will not be denied. He has constructed from these sources a tragedy, that, from its dramatic situations, interesting incidents, and striking scenic effects, promises to keep its place among the most popular stock pieces of the modern drama.

The main defect in this tragedy is, that the whole interest is concentrated in one character. *Brutus* is made to so completely absorb the attention, as to exclude any participation of the interest of the spectator in any of the subordinate characters. But this defect is not chargeable upon the author. The play

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was written for the elder Kean, when it was for the interest of the theatre that the great tragedian should be the cynosure of attraction in every new piece, in which his extraordinary talents were to be called into requisition. Indeed, Kean himself had established this rule of exclusive appropriation. To an author, this writing up to the peculiar talents and sole glorification of a particular actor, is a severe task.

Few dramatic writers have succeeded in producing a standard play, that has survived the theatrical lives of their representatives. Mr. Payne has been more fortunate than many of his predecessors and contemporaries; for *Brutus* is still a favourite performance, in the hands of an adequate personator.

The inimitable acting of Kean in this Tragedy, will not readily be forgotten by those who witnessed his performance, on its first production at Drury Lane. The great actor was then in the very zenith of his fame. The part had been carefully fitted to his varied and peculiar powers, and he appeared to have thrown the whole force of his genius both into the conception and embodiment of the character; and his success in the delineational most surpassed any of his previous efforts, great as they were. The delivery of the famous curse, in the third act, was one of those electric and brilliant specimens of his transcendant genius, which have never been surpassed by any of his contemporaries or successors. Nor was he less triumphant in the closing scene, where he condemns his son. It was another triumph of art, that was above criticism, and defied competition.

Brutus has found able representatives in this country, in the persons of Booth and Forrest, and is still occasionally played by these great actors, to the satisfaction of admiring audiences.

We subjoin to our remarks the original truly classical prologue, written for this play by the Rev. George Croly. H.

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PROLOGUE,

Written by a FRIEND, *Spoken by* MR. H. KEMBLE.

TIME rushes o'er us; thick as evening clouds,
Ages roll back:—what calls them from their shrouds?
What in full vision brings their good and great,
The men whose virtues make the nation's fate,
The far, forgotten stars of humankind?
The STAGE—the mighty telescope of mind!
If later, luckless arts that stage profane,
The actor pleads—not guilty of the stain:
He, but the shadow flung on fashion's tide—
Yours, the high will that all its waves must guide:
Your voice alone, the great reform secures,
His, but the passing hour—the age is yours.

Our pledge is kept. Here *yet*, no chargers wheel,
No foreign slaves on ropes or scaffolds reel,
No gallick amazons, half naked, climb
From pit to gallery—the low sublime!
In Shakspeare's halls, shall dogs and bears engage?
Where brutes are actors, be a booth the stage!
And we shall triumph yet. The cloud has hung
Darkly above—but day shall spring—*has* sprung—
The tempest has but swept, not shook the shrine;
No lamp that genius lit has ceased to shine!
Still lives its sanctity. Around the spot
Hover high spirits—shapes of burning thought—
Viewless—but call them, on the dazzled eye
Descends their pomp of immortality:
Here, at your voice, Rowe, Otway, Southern, come,
Flashing like meteors through the age's gloom.
Perpetual *here*—king of th' immortal band,
Sits SHAKSPEARE crowned. He lifts the golden wand,
And all obey;—the visions of the past
Rise as they lived—soft, splendid, regal, vast.
Then Ariel harps along the enchanted wave,
Then the Weird sisters thunder in their cave—
The spell is wound. Then shows his mightier art
The Moor's lost soul; the hell of Richard's heart;
And stamps, in fiery warning to all time,
The deep damnation of a tyrant's crime.

To-night we take our lesson from the tomb:
'Tis thy sad cenotaph, colossal Rome!

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How is thy helmet cleft, thy banner low
Ashes and dust are all thy glory now!
While o'er thy wreck, a host of monks and slaves,
Totter to "seek dishonourable graves."
The story is of Brutus,—in that name
Towered to the sun her eagle's wing of flame!
When sank her liberty, that name of power
Poured hallowed splendours round its dying hour.
The lesson lived for man—that heavenward blaze
Fixed on the pile the world's eternal gaze.

Unrivalled England! to such memories thou,
This hour dost owe the laurel on thy brow;
Those fixed, when earth was like a grave, thy tread,
Prophet and warrior! 'twixt the quick and dead—
Those bade the war for man—those won the name
That crowns thee—famed above all Roman fame.

Now, to our scene—we feel no idle fear,
Sure of the hearts, the *British* justice here;
If we deserve it, sure of your applause—
Then, hear for Rome, for England, for "our cause!"

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Drury Lane, 1818.	*Arch St., Phil.*, 1841.
Brutus	Mr. Kean.	Mr. C. Pitt.
Titus	" D. Fisher.	" Marsh.
Sextus Tarquin	" H. Kemble.	" Gallagher.
Aruns	" Penley.	" T. Johnstone.
Claudius	" Coveney.	" J. Dunn.
Collatinus	" Bengough.	" Henkins.
Valerius	" Holland.	" Ellsler.
Lucretius	" Powell.	" Mears.
Horatius	" Yarnold.	" Worrell.
Celius	" Carr.	" Henry.
Flavius Corunna	" Phillips.	" Bradford.
Centurion	" Ley.	" Thompson.
First Plebeian	" Marshall.	" W. Wood.
Second Plebeian	" Ebsworth.	" H. Davis.
Third Plebeian	" Smith.	" Colladine.
Fourth Plebeian	" Buxton.	" Antony.
Fifth Plebeian		" Clark.
Tullia	Mrs. Glover.	Miss Wood.
Tarquinia	" W. West.	Mrs. Russell.
Lucretia	" Robinson.	Miss J. Hill.
Lavinia	Miss Ivers.	" Morgan.
Priestess	Mrs. Brereton.	" Davis.

COSTUMES.

LUCIUS JUNIUS.—Morocco-coloured shirt, black velvet belt, flesh dress complete, and black sandals. *Second dress:* Crimson shirt, Roman cuirass, and lambarakins of silver leather, helmet, and red sandals. *Third dress:* Cream-coloured toga, white shirt, and black sandals.

TITUS.—White shirt, scarlet mantle trimmed with black velvet, flesh dress complete, black sandals, and white ribbon for the head.

SEXTUS TARQUIN.—Roman cuirass and lambarakins of gold, helmet, white shirt, red sandals, flesh dress complete, and scarlet mantle.

ARUNS.—Buff and silver Roman cuirass, white shirt, red sandals, scarlet mantle, and flesh dress complete.

CLAUDIUS.—Blue and silver Roman cuirass, white shirt, flesh dress complete, red sandals, and scarlet mantle.

COLLATINUS.—Roman scarlet and buff cuirass and lambarakins, red sandals, crimson mantle, and flesh dress complete. *Second dress:* toga, cream-coloured.

VALERIUS.—White shirt, cream-coloured toga, russet sandals, and flesh dress complete.

LUCRETIUS.—Ibid.

HORATIUS.—White shirt, crimson mantle, russet sandals, and flesh dress complete.

CELIUS.—Brown shirt, sandals, and flesh dress complete.

FLAVIUS CORUNNA.—Green shirt, Roman cuirass, sandals, and flesh dress complete.

CENTURION.—Blue and scarlet cuirass and lambarakins, one scarlet shoulder-piece, russet sandals, and flesh dress complete.

MESSENGER.—Ibid.

FIRST ROMAN.—Brown shirt and cap, sandals, and flesh dress complete.

SECOND ROMAN.—Ibid.

THIRD ROMAN.—Ibid.

TULLIA.—White train dress, scarlet toga, gold tiara, tied with long white ribbon.

TARQUINIA.—White train dress, puce-coloured toga, and gold tiara, tied with long white ribbon.

LUCRETIA.—White train dress, white toga, and white satin tiara, tied with long white ribbon.

PRIESTESS.—All white.

VESTAL.—White train dress, with chemesette boddice, and white ribbon through the hair.

LAVINIA.—White train dress trimmed with blue, blue toga, and white ribbon through the hair.

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BRUTUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Rome.*

Enter VALERIUS *and* LUCRETIUS, R.

Val. Words are too feeble to express the horror
With which my soul revolts against this Tarquin.
By poison he obtained his brother's wife,
Then, by a baser murder, grasped the crown!
These eyes beheld that aged monarch, thrown
Down from the senate-house—his feeble limbs
Bruised by the pavement—his time-honoured locks,
Which from the very robber would have gained
Respect and veneration—bathed in blood!
With difficulty raised, and tottering homeward,
The murderers followed—struck him—and he died!

Luc. Inexpiable crime!

Val. High in her regal chariot, Tullia came—
The corpse lay in the street. The charioteer
Turned back the reins in horror. 'On, slave, on!
'Shall dead men stop my passage to a throne?'
Exclaimed the parricide. The gore was dashed
From the hot wheels up to her diadem!

Luc. And Heaven's avenging lightnings were withheld
Here rules this Tullia, while the king, her husband,
Wastes our best blood in giddy, guilty war!
Spirit of Marcus Junius!—Would the gods
Deign to diffuse thy daring through the land,
Rome from her trance with giant spirit would start,
Dash off her fetters, and amaze the world!

Val. Junius, didst say? Oh! tyranny long since
Had sunk—chained—buried in its native hell—
But Tarquin, trembling at his virtues, murdered
Him and his elder son. The younger, Lucius,

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Then on his travels, 'scaped the tyrant's sword,
But lost his reason at their fearful fall.
Luc. Ay, the same Lucius, who now dwells with Tarquin,
The jest, the fool, the langhing-stock o' th' court,
Whom the young princes always carry with 'em
To be the butt of their unfeeling mirth.
Val. Hold! I hear steps. Great things may yet be done,
If we are men, and faithful to our country. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*The Camp before Ardea.*

Enter CLAUDIUS *and* ARUNS, *laughing*, L. S. E.

Aruns. There is no doctor for the spleen like Lucius.
What precious scenes of folly did he act
When, lately, through the glorious scenes of Greece,
He went with us to Delphi! But, behold,
Where, full of business, his wise worship comes.

Enter LUCIUS JUNIUS, L.

Claud. Whither so fast, good Junius, tell us whither?
Luc. To Rome, to Rome—the queen demands my presence.
The state needs aid, and I am called to court. [*They laugh.*
Am I a fool? If so, you cannot say
I'm the first fool graced by a monarch's favour.
Aruns. Why, Junius, travel has improved thy wit:
Thou speakest shrewdly.
Luc. Do I so, my lord?
I'm always glad when you and I agree;
You have just such a wit as I should choose.
Would I could purchase such! though it might split
My head, as confined air does—water bubbles!
Claud. How say you? Purchase? Prithee, what would'st give?
Luc. What would I give?—ten acres of my land.
Aruns. Thy land! Where lies it?
Luc. Ask the king, my cousin:
He knows full well. I thank him, he's my steward,
And takes the trouble off my hands.
Claud. Who told thee so?
Luc. The king himself. Now twenty years are past,

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Or more,—since he sent for me from my farm.
'Kinsman,' said he, with a kind, gracious smile,
'For the black crime of treason which was charged
'Against thy father and thy elder brother,
'Their lives have paid: for thee, as I love mercy,
'Live and be happy: simple is thy mind'—
Aruns. True, kinsman, true—i'faith, 'tis wondrous simple.
Luc. 'And that simplicity will be a pledge
'That thou wilt never plot against thy sovereign.'
Claud. Indeed, for that I'll be your bondsman, Junius
Luc. 'Live in my house, companion of my children.
'As for thy land, to ease thee of all care,
'I'll take it for thy use; all that I ask
'Of thee, is gratitude.'
Aruns. And art thou not
Grateful for goodness so unmerited?
Luc. Am I not? Never, by the holy gods,
Will I forget it! 'Tis my constant pray'r
To Heaven, that I may one day have the pow'r
To pay the debt I owe him. But stay—stay—
I brought a message to you from the king.
Aruns. Thank the gods, then, for thy good memory. fool!
Luc. The King, your father, sends for you to council,
Where he debates how best to conquer Ardea.
Shall I before, and tell him ye are coming?
Claud. Ay, or behind, or with us, or stay here—
As thy wits prompt—as suits thy lofty pleasure.
[*Exeunt Aruns and Claudius, laughing,* R.
Luc. [*Alone.*] Yet, 'tis not that which ruffles me—the gibes
And scornful mockeries of ill-governed youth—
Or flouts of dastard sycophants and jesters—
Reptiles, who lay their bellies on the dust
Before the frown of majesty!—All this
I but expect, nor grudge to bear; the face
I carry, courts it! Son of Marcus Junius!
When will the tedious gods permit thy soul
To walk abroad in her own majesty,
And throw this vizor of thy madness from thee,
To avenge my father's and my brother's murder?

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(And sweet, I must confess, would be the draught!)
Had this been all, a thousand opportunities
I've had to strike the blow—and my own life
I had not valued as a rush.—But still—
There's something nobler to be done!—My soul,
Enjoy the strong conception! Oh! 'tis glorious
To free a groaning country—
To see Revenge
Spring like a lion from the den, and tear
These hunters of mankind! Grant but the time,
Grant but the moment, gods! If I am wanting,
May I drag out this idiot-feignéd life
To late old age, and may posterity
Ne'er hear of Junius but as Tarquin's fool! [*Exit*, L.

SCENE III.—*Rome.—A State Apartment in the Palace of Tullia.*

Enter TULLIA, *preceded by* GUARDS, BANNER BEARERS, LADIES, *and followed by* VALERIUS. *She appears perturbed, and speaks apart.*

Tul. [*Apart.*] Why should the steady mind to shadows yield?
And yet this vision shakes my frame with horror!
I thought his spirit thundered in my ear,
'Remember when, with wild ambition's frenzy,
'And all Rome's empire in your view, you drove
'Your chariot-wheels o'er your dead father's body,
'Up to the shouting Forum!' Why, my soul,
Dost thou not shun the remembrance of that hour?
'Twas but the cause—the cause—For this base clay,
How differs it from the dull earth we tread on,
When the life's gone?—But, next, the Sibyl came,
Whose mystic book at such a price we bought,
And cried, 'The race of Tarquin shall be kings
'Till a fool drive them hence, and set Rome free!'
Strange prophecy!—What fool?—It cannot be
That poor dolt, the companion of my sons!—
Hark thee, Valerius—Know'st thou that same fool
Now in the camp?
Val. I know him well.—A man
Who, when he had a name, was Lucius Junius:—

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A braver citizen Rome never boasted,
And wise and learned withal; now changed, alas!
A spectacle which humbles me to look on!
Tul. But is he harmless in his moody humours?
Val. Tame as my horse, which, though devoid of reason,
Shall turn, shall stop, and, at my angry bidding,
Shall kneel till I am thronéd on his back!
And this shall Junius: the like instinct stirs
Junius and him,—no more.
Tul. [*Apart.*] Hence, idle fears!—
—Yet, when he went to Delphi, 'tis given out
The oracle addressed him with strange portents,
And each night since, my dreams have been disturbed
By a wild form, too much resembling his,
Leading our soldiers forth with sword and flame,
Revolters from the camp, to storm the palace.
But he is sent from thence, and shall be watched.

Enter HORATIUS, L.

Hor. Your orders are obeyed: Lucius awaits.
Tul. Set him before us. [*Exit Horatius*
[*To Valerius.*] Tell me, will he answer
If we do question him?
Val. I think he will:
Yet sometimes, when the moody fit doth take him,
He will not speak for days; yea, rather starve
Than utter nature's cravings; then, anon
He'll prattle shrewdly, with such witty folly
As almost betters reason.

HORATIUS *returns with* LUCIUS JUNIUS.

Tul. Hark thee, fellow,
How art thou called?
Luc. A fool.
Tul. Fool, for thy nature:
Thou answerest well,—but I demand thy name.
Luc. Nothing but fool.
Tul. His faculties are brutish:—
BRUTUS shall be thy name.
Bru. Thanks to your grace!
Hor. Dost like thy new name, gentle brute?

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Bru. So well,
Who will may take the fool. I care not who—
Your highness, an' it like you.
Hor. I the fool!
Sirrah, good words, or I will have thee beaten.
Bru. A fool thou wilt not beat—a brute thou dar'st not,
For the dull ass will kick against his striker,
If struck too harshly.
Tul. Let me hear no more;
There's mischief in his folly. Send him hence.
[*Brutus going,* R.
But stay—I'll search him farther.—Hark thee, Brutus:
Thou wast at Delphi, with our sons the princes—
Tell me—what questions put they to Apollo?
Bru. Your sons did ask who should be chief in Rome.
Tul. Ha! What replied the oracle to that?
Bru. With pains and strugglings, the prophetic dame
This destiny reported from her god—
'Great and most glorious shall that Roman be,
'Who first shall greet his mother with a kiss.'
Tul. That is fulfilled by Sextus.
Hor. Ay, he straight
Hastened from thence, and kissed the queen his mother.
Bru. Woe for me, I have no mother!—
And yet I kissed her first.
Tul. Thou kissed her? Thou?
Bru. Yea, madam; for just then my foot did slip
In the fresh blood of a new-slaughtered victim,
And, falling, I did kiss my mother—earth.
Tul. Oh, that the earth had swallowed thee outright,
Till thou hadst kissed the centre! I perceive,
The gods are leagued with folly to destroy us.
My very blood chills at my heart.—Away!
[*Exit Tullia, Guards and Ladies, rapidly,* R. *and* L.
Hor. Hark thee, thou Brutus:—I in part suspect
Thou ap'st this folly; if I find thee trifling
Or juggling with the Pythia for predictions,
By all the gods, I'll have thee flayed, thy skin
Striped into thongs, to strangle thee withal.
Dissembling varlet!—
[*Crosses,* L., *and strikes Brutus, who seizes him.*
Val. Shame, my lord! forbear!
Threat'ning a fool, you do but wrong yourself.

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Hor. But that the princes love his son, brave Titus,
My dagger should have pierced his throat ere now,
And sent him to his mother earth forever!
He shall be watched.—Come, come with me, Valerius.
[*Exit*, L. U. E.

Val. The gods restore thee to thyself,
And us to thee! [*Exit*, L. U. E

Bru. [*Alone.*] A little longer,
A little longer yet support me, patience!
The day draws on: it presses to the birth—
I see it in the forming womb of time—
The embryo liberty.—Ha!—tis my son—
Down, rebel nature, down!—

Enter TITUS, R.

Tit. Welcome to Rome!
Would I might welcome thee to reason, too!

Bru. Give me thy hand—nay, give it me—

Tit. What would'st thou?
Speak to thy son.

Bru. I had a thing to say,
But I have lost it. Let it pass—no matter.

Tit. Look not upon me with those eyes, but speak
What is it that annoys thee? tell thy friend—
How can I serve thee? What dost lack?

Bru. Preferment.
Thou canst do much at court.

Tit. Ah, this is nothing!

Bru. So much the fitter for a fool's petition,
And a court promise.

Tit. Oh, this trifling racks me.

Bru. Lend me thine ear: I'll tell a secret to thee
Worth a whole city's ransom. This it is:
Nay, ponder it, and lock it in thy heart—
There are more fools, my son, in this wise world,
Than the gods ever made.

Tit. Say'st thou, my father?
Expound this riddle. If thy mind doth harbour
Aught that imports a son like me to know,
Or, knowing, to achieve, declare it.

Bru. Now, my son,
Should the great gods, who made me what thou see'st,

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Repent, and in their vengeance cast upon me
The burden of my senses back again—
What wouldst thou say?
Tit. Oh, my lamented father,
Would the kind gods restore thee to thy reason—
Bru. Then, Titus, then I should be mad with rea n.
Had I the sense to know myself a Roman,
This hand should tear this heart from out my ribs,
Ere it should own allegiance to a tyrant.
If, therefore, thou dost love me, pray the gods
To keep me what I am. Where all are slaves,
None but the fool is happy,
Tit. We are Romans—
Not slaves—
Bru. Not slaves? Why, what art thou?
Tit. Thy son.
Dost thou not know me?
Bru. You abuse my folly.
I know thee not.—Wert thou my son, ye gods,
Thou wouldst tear off this sycophantic robe,
Tuck up thy tunic, trim these curléd locks
To the short warrior-cut, vault on thy steed;
Then, scouring through the city, call to arms,
And shout for liberty!
Tit. [*Starts.*] Defend me, gods!
Bru. Ha! does it stagger thee?
Tit. For liberty?
Saidst thou for liberty?—It cannot be.
Bru. Indeed!—'tis well—no more.
Tit. What would my father?
Bru. Begone! you trouble me. [*Crosses,* R.
Tit. Nay, do not scorn me.
Bru. Said I for liberty? I said it not:
The awful word, breathed in a coward's ear,
Were sacrilege to utter. Hence, begone!
Said I, you were my son?—'Tis false: I'm foolish;
My brain is weak, and wanders; you abuse it.
Tit. Ah, do not leave me; not in anger leave me.
Bru. Anger? What's that? I am content with folly:
Anger is madness, and above my aim! [*Music heard.*
Hark! here is music for thee,—food for love,
And beauty to serve in the rich repast.

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Tarquinia comes. Go, worship the bright sun,
And let poor Brutus wither in the shade. [*Exit*, R.
Tit. Oh, truly said! bright as the golden sun
Tarquinia's beauty beams, and I adore! [*Soft music.*

TARQUINIA *enters*, R. U. E., *preceded by Damsels bearing a Crown of Gold, same with Censors, &c., proper for the ceremonials of a dedication to Fortune.*

What dedication, or what holy service,
Doth the fair client of the gods provide?
In the celestial synod is there one
Who will not listen to Tarquinia's prayer?
Tar. I go to Fortune's temple, to suspend
Upon the votive shrine this golden crown.
While incense fills the fane, and holy hymns
Are chaunted for my brother's safe return,
What shall I ask for Titus?
Tit. Though the goddess,
In her blind bounty, should unthrone the world,
To build me one vast empire, my ambition,
If by thy love unblest, would slight the gift:
Therefore of Fortune I have naught to ask:—
She hath no interest in Tarquinia's heart—
Nature, not Fortune, must befriend me there.
Tar. Thy gentle manners, Titus, have endeared thee,
Although a subject Roman, to Tarquinia.
My brother Sextus wears thee next his heart;
The queen herself, of all our courtly youth,
First in her favour holds the noble Titus;
And though my royal father well may keep
A jealous eye upon thy Junian race,—
A race unfriendly to the name of king,—
Yet thee he cherishes; with generous joy
The monarch sees thy early virtue shoot,
And with a parent's fondness rears its growth.
Tit. Oh! neither name, nor nature, nor the voice
Of my lost father, could he wake to reason,
Not all the wrongs that tyranny could pile
On my afflicted head,—not all the praise
That patriot gratitude could shower upon me,
Can shake the faithful purpose of my soul,
To sever it from love and my Tarquinia.

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Tar. Approve that firmness in the shock of trial,
And if my love can recompense thy virtue,
Nor tortures, nor temptations, nor the wreck
Of Rome and empire, shall divide me from thee.
To this I pledge my hand. Now to the temple!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Tent of Sextus in the Camp before Ardea. A magnificent Banquet.*

SEXTUS, R., COLLATINUS, R. C., CLAUDIUS, L. C., *and* ARUNS, L., *discovered, drinking.*

Sex. Come, then, here's to the fairest nymph in Italy
And she's in Rome.
Aruns. Here's to the fairest nymph in Italy;
And she is not in Rome.
Sex. Where is she, then?
Aruns. Ask Collatine; he'll swear she's at Collatia.
Sex. His wife!
Aruns. Even so. [*They rise and come forward*
Claud. Is it so, Collatine?
Well, 'tis praiseworthy, in this vicious age,
To see a young man true to his own spouse.
Oh, 'tis a vicious age! When I behold
One who is bold enough to steer against
The wind of tide and custom, I behold him
With veneration; 'tis a vicious age!
Col. Laugh on, though I'm the subject! If to love
My wife's ridiculous, I'll join the laugh;
Though I'll not say if I laugh *at* or *with* you!
Aruns. [*Ironically.*] The conscious wood was witness to his sighs,
The conscious Dryads wiped their watery eyes,
For they beheld the wight forlorn, to-day,
And so did I;—but I shall not betray.
Here now he is, however, thanks to me—
That is, his semblance, for his soul dwells hence.

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How was it when you parted? [*Mimicking.*] *She*—'my
'love,
'Fear not, good sooth, I'll very constant prove.'
He:—'And so will I,—for whereso'er I steer,
''Tis but my mortal clay; my soul is here.' [*All laugh.*
Sex. And pr'ythee, Collatine, in what array
Did the god Hymen come to thee? How dressed,
And how equipped? I fear me much, he left
His torch behind, so that thou couldst not see
A fault in thy beloved; or was the blaze
So burning bright, that thy bedazzled eyes
Have since refused their office?
Col. And doth Sextus
Judge by his own experience, then, of others?
To him, I make no doubt, hath Hymen's torch
Discovered faults enough! what pity 'twas
He had not likewise brought i' th' other hand,
A mirror, where the prince might read himself.
Sex. I like thee now: thou'rt gay, and I'll be grave.
As to those dear, delicious creatures, women,
Hear what my own experience has taught me:—
I've ever found 'em fickle, artful, amorous,
Fruitful in schemes to please their changeful fancies,
And fruitful in resources when discovered.
They love unceasingly—they never change—
Oh, never!—no!—excepting in the object!
Love of new faces is their first great passion;
Then love of riches, grandeur, and attention!
Knowing all this, I seek not constancy,
But, to anticipate their wishes, rove,
Humour their darling passion, and am blessed!
Col. This is the common cant—the stale, gross, idle,
Unmeaning jargon, of all those, who, conscious
Of their own littleness of soul, avoid
With timid eye the face of modest virtue;
Who, mingling only with the base, and flushed
With triumphs over those they dare attack,
The weak, the forward, or depraved, declare
(And fain would make their shallow notions current,)
That womankind are all alike, and hoot
At virtue, whereso'er she passes by them.
I have seen sparks like these—and I have seen

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A little worthless village cur, all night
Bay with incessant noise the silver moon,
While she, serene, throned in her pearléd car,
Sailed in full state along—But Sextus' judgment
Owns not his words,—and the resemblance glances
On others, not on him.

Sex. Let it glance where and upon whom it will,
Sextus is mighty careless of the matter.
Now hear what I have seen. I've seen young men,
Who, having fancied they have found perfection—

Col. Sextus, no more—lest I forget myself,
And thee.—I tell thee, prince—

Aruns. Nay, hold!
Sextus, you go too far.

Sex. Why, pray, good sir, may I not praise the wife
Of this same testy, froward husband here,
But on his cheek offence must quivering sit?
And dreamed of insult!—the abortive child
Of misconstruction, whose near-sighted eye
Discerns not jest for real.

Col. I heed you not—jest on; I'll aid your humour:
Let Aruns use me for his princely laughter,
Let Claudius deck me with ironic praise;
But when you touch a nearer, dearer subject,
Perish the man, nay, may he doubly perish,
Who can sit still, and hear, with skulking coolness,
The least abuse, or shadow of a slight,
Cast on the woman whom he loves! though here
Your praise or blame are pointless equally,
Nor really add the least, nor take away
From her true value, more than they could add
To th' holy gods.

Aruns. If that a man might dare to ope his lips
When Collatinus frowns, I would presume
To say one word in praise of my own wife;
And I will say, could our eyes stretch to Rome,
In spite of the perfections of Lucretia,
My wife, who loves her fire-side, and hates gadding,
Would prove far otherwise employed—and better,—
Ay, better, as a woman, than the deity
Residing at Collatia.

Sex. [*Aside.*] Well timed;—I'll seize th' occasion:

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View this Lucretia ere I sleep, and satisfy
My senses whether fame has told the truth.
[*Aloud.*] I'll stake my life on't—Let us mount our horses.
And post away this instant towards Rome.
That we shall find thy wife, and his, and his,
Making the most of this, their liberty.
Why, 'tis the sex: enjoying to the full
The swing of licence which their husbands' absence
Affords. I'll stake my life that this is true:
And that my own, (ill as I may deserve it)—
Knows her state best, keeps best within the bounds
Her matron duties claim; that she's at home,
While yours are feasting at their neigbours' houses.
What say'st thou, Collatine,
On rioting at home?

Col. Had I two lives, I'd stake them on the trial
Nor fear to live both out.

Sex. Let us away, then.
Come, come, my Collatinus,—droop not thus—
Be gay.

Col. I am not sad—

Sex. But fearful for th' event.

Col. Not in the least.

Sex. A little.

Col. Not a whit:
You do not know Lucretia.

Sex. But we shall.
Let's lose no time. Come, brothers! Let's away.
[*Exeunt omnes*, R.

Scene II.—*Rome.—An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Brutus, L.

Bru. [*Alone.*] Oh, that some light would beam from heav'n to teach me
When to burst forth, and how to gain my purpose!
For Rome I would resign all other bonds,
And tear each private tie from my fixed heart.
—Ha!—Some one comes! It is my son! He seems
Wrapt in Elysium, and elate with joy! [*Retires.*

Enter Titus, L.

Tit. Tis done! 'tis done! suspicious are the fates

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Tarquinia's word is pledged, and all is brightness!
Bru. [*Coming down.*] That exclamation was too lofty, boy:
Such raptures ill become the troubled times—
Of such, no more.
Tit. Oh! at an hour like this,
Who could repress the thrill of grateful joy!
Bru. [*Eagerly.*] What dost thou mean?
Tit. Tarquinia.
Bru. What of her?
Tit. Her vows are pledged,
And Heaven's propitious smile will make her mine.
Bru. Thine? What! Thine? Heaven make Tarquinia thine?
Away! away! Heav'n spurns the race she springs from!
Tit. How!—Father, wert thou to thyself restored,
Thou would'st exult to see thy son thus blest.
Our vows are past. They cannot be recalled.
And soon the nuptial altar will behold her
My own forever.
Bru. No, Titus, not forever!
If thou art mine, thou canst not be Tarquinia's.
Renounce thy father—or renounce thy love.
Tit. Nay, loose me, father—this is frenzy all.
E'en hadst thou spoken the dictates of thy soul,
(For sure thou canst not know what thou requir'st,)
I must not, would not, could not, yield Tarquinia.
Nay—let me go—or my racked heart will break.
Bru. Leave me. Retire. Thine is no Roman heart.
Ere long the moon will change—the moon—my goddess—
And then thou may'st behold a change in Brutus.
Tit. 'Tis as I thought; Folly resumes its reign.
Look on him, oh, ye gods!
Grant him once more the treasure now withheld,
And to his son restore a long lost father! [*Exit,* R.
Bru. [*Alone.*] I was too sudden. I should have delayed,
And watched a surer moment for my purpose.
He must be frighted from this dream of love.
What, shall the son of Junius wed a Tarquin!
As yet I've been no father to my son—
I could be none: but, through the cloud that wraps me

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I've watched his mind with all a parent's fondness,
And hailed, with joy, the Junian glory there.
Could I once burst the chains which now enthral him.
My son would prove the pillar of his country—
Dear to her freedom as he is to me.
The time may come when heaven will heal our wrongs—
To your hands, mighty powers, I yield myself—
I will not doubt heaven's goodness or Rome's virtue—
Then, hence despair! Still thou and I are twain!

[*Exit*, L.

SCENE III.—*The House of Collatinus, at Collatia.—An Apartment lighted up.*

LUCRETIA *discovered, surrounded by her Maids, all employed in embroidery, and other female occupations.*—LAVINIA *is on the* R. *of Lucretia.*

Luc. How long is it, Lavinia, since my lord
Hath changed his peaceful mansion for the camp
And restless scenes of war?

Lav. Why, in my simple estimation, madam,
'Tis some ten days, or thereabout, for time
Runs as it should with me—in yours, it may be
Perhaps ten years.

Luc. I do not understand thee.
Say'st thou, with me time runs not as it should?
Explain thy meaning.—What should make thee think so?

Lav. All that I mean is, that if I were married,
And that my husband were called forth to th' wars,
I should not stray through the grove next my house,
Invoke the pensive solitude, and woo
The dull and silent melancholy—brood
O'er my own thoughts alone, or keep myself
Within my house mewed up, a prisoner.
'Tis for philosophers
To love retirement; women were not made
To stand cooped up like statues in a niche,
Or feed on their own secret contemplations.

Luc. Go to; thou know'st not what thou say'st, Lavinia.
I thank the gods, who taught me that the mind,
Possessed of conscious virtue, is more rich

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Than all the sumless hoards which Plutus boasts;
And that the chiefest glory of a woman
Is in retirement—that her highest comfort
Results from home-born and domestic joys,—
Her noblest treasure, a deserving husband!
—Who, not a prisoner to the eye alone,
A fair complexion or melodious voice,
Shall read her deeper—nor shall time, which palls
The rage of passion, shake his ardent love,
Increasing by possession. This, (again I thank
The gracious gods)—this husband, too, is mine!
[*Crosses*, R.
—Soft—I hear footsteps! Hour of rapture! Look!
My life, my love, my Collatinus comes!

Enter Collatinus, Claudius, Aruns, *and* Sextus L.
Lucretia rushes into the arms of Collatinus

My lord, most welcome!
Col. Welcome these, my friends,
Lucretia!—our right royal master's sons;
Passing this way, I have prevailed with them
To grace our humble mansion.
Luc. Welcome yourself!
And doubly welcome, that you bring such friends.
Haste, maidens, haste—make ready for our guests!
[*Exeunt Attendants*, R.
My heart is full of joy!
Aruns. Rather, fair lady,
You should be angry, that unseasonably,
And with abrupt intrusion, we've thus broke
Upon your privacy.
Luc. No, my good lord;
Those to whom love and my respect are due,
Can ne'er intrude upon me; had I known
This visit, you, perhaps, might have been treated
With better cheer—not a more kind reception.
This evening, little did I think my house
Would have possessed such lodgers.
Claud. Rather, lady,
Such birds of passage—we must hence to-night.
Luc. To-night? Doth not my lord say no to that?
Col. I would, Lucretia; but it cannot be.

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If aught the house affords, my dearest love,
To set before your guests, I pray prepare it:
We must be at the camp ere morning dawn.
An hour or two will be the utmost limit
Allowed us here.

Luc. With all the speed I can, [*Crosses*, R.
I'll play the caterer; though I am tempted,
Would that delay your journey, to be tardy,
And prove a sluggish housewife. [*Exit.*

Sex. This is indeed a wife! Here the dispute
Must end;—
And, Collatinus, we must yield to thee!

Arun. I will not envy thee,—but 'tis a wife
Of wives—a precious diamond, picked
From out the common pebbles. To have found her
At work among her maids at this late hour,
And not displeased at our rude interruption—
Not to squeeze out a quaint apology,
As, 'I am quite ashamed; so unprepared!
'Who could have thought! Would I had known of 't!'
And such like tacit hints, to tell her guests
She wishes them away—thou'rt happy, Collatine.

Col. Enough, enough!
The gods forbid I should affect indifference,
And say you flatter me. I am most happy.—
But Sextus heeds us not. He seems quite lost.

Sex. Pray, pardon me:
My mind was in the camp. How wine could heat us
To such a mad exploit, at such a time,
Is shameful to reflect on: let us mount
This instant, and return.

Col. Now we are here,
We shall encroach but little on our time
If we partake the slender fare together
Which will, by this, await us. Pray, my lords,
This way. [*Exit.*

Sex. Along—I'll follow straight.
[*Exeunt Aruns and Claudius.*
[*Apart.*] Had she staid here till now, I should have done
Nothing but gaze. Nymphs, goddesses
Are fables; nothing can, in heaven or earth,
Be half so fair! But there's no hope! Her face,

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Her look, her eye, her manners, speak a heart
Unknowing of deceit; a soul of honour,
Where frozen chastity has fixed her throne,
And unpolluted nuptial sanctity.
—Peace, undigested thoughts! Down—down! till, ripened
By further time, ye bloom! [*Exit*, R.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Rome.—The Capitol.—Equestrian Statue of Tarquinius Superbus.—Night.—Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter BRUTUS, L. U. E.

Bru. [*Alone.*] Slumber forsakes me, and I court the horrors
Which night and tempest swell on every side.
Launch forth thy thunders, Capitolian Jove!
Put fire into the languid souls of men;
Let loose thy ministers of wrath amongst them,
And crush the vile oppressor! Strike him down,
Ye lightnings! Lay his trophies in the dust!
[*Storm increases*
Ha! this is well! flash, ye blue-forkéd fires!
Loud-bursting thunders, roar! and tremble, earth!
[*A violent crash of thunder, and the Statue of Tarquin, struck by a flash, is shattered to pieces.*
What! fallen at last, proud idol! struck to earth!
I thank you, gods! I thank you! When you point
Your shafts at human pride, it is not chance,
'Tis wisdom levels the commissioned blow.
But I—a thing of no account—a slave—
I to your forkéd lightnings bare my bosom
In vain—for what's a slave—a dastard slave?
A fool, a Brutus? [*Storm increases.*] Hark! the storm rides on!
The scolding winds drive through the clattering rain,
And loudly screams the haggard witch of night.

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Strange hopes possess my soul. My thoughts grow wild,
Engender with the scene, and pant for action.
With your leave, majesty, I'll sit beside you,
And ruminate awhile. [*Sits on a fragment of the Statue.*
Oh, for a cause! A cause, ye mighty gods!
Soft, what stir is this?

Enter VALERIUS, *followed by a* MESSENGER, L.

Val. What! Collatinus sent for, didst thou say?
Mes. Ay, Collatinus, thou, and all her kinsmen!
To come upon the instant to Collatia;
She will take no denial. Time is precious,
And I must hasten forth to bring her husband.
[*Crosses behind, and exit,* R.
Bru. [*Apart.*] Ha! Collatinus and Lucretia's kinsmen!
There's something sure in this—Valerius, too
Well met—Now will I put him to the test—
Valerius—Hoa!
Val. Who calls me?
Bru. Brutus.
Val. Go,
Get thee to bed! [*Valerius is departing.*
Bru. Valerius!
Val. Peace,
Thou foolish thing! Why dost thou call so loud?
Bru. Because I will be heard! The time may come
When thou may'st want a fool.
Val. Pr'ythee, begone!
I have no time to hear thy prattle now.
Bru. By Hercules, but you must hear.
[*Seizing his arm.*
Val. You'll anger me.
Bru. Waste not your noble anger on a fool—
Twere a brave passion in a better cause.
Val. Thy folly's cause enough.
Bru. Rail not at folly—
There's but one wise,
And him the gods have killed.
Val. Killed? Whom?
Bru. Behold!
Oh, sight of pity!—Majesty in ruins!
Down on your knees—down to your kingly idol!

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Val. Let slaves and sycophants do that: not I.
Bru. Wilt thou not kneel?
Val. Begone;
Valerius kneels not to the living Tarquin.
Bru. Indeed!—Belike you wish him laid as low?
Val. What if I do?
Bru. Jove tells thee what to do—
Strike!—Oh! the difference 'twixt Jove's wrath and thine!
He, at the crownéd tyrant aims his shaft:
Thou, mighty man, would'st frown a fool to silence,
And spurn poor Brutus from thee.
Val. What is this?
Let me look nearer at thee. Is thy mind,
That long-lost jewel, found?—and Lucius Junius,
Dear to my heart, restored? Or art thou Brutus,
The scoff and jest of Rome, and this a fit
Of intermittent reason?
Bru. I am Brutus!
Folly, be thou my goddess! I am Brutus,
If thou wilt use me so!—If not, farewell.
Why dost thou pause? Look on me! I have limbs,
Parts and proportions, shoulders strong to bear,
And hands not slow to strike! What more than Brutus
Could Lucius Junius do?
Val. A cause like ours
Asks both the strength of Brutus, and the wisdom
Of Lucius Junius.
Bru. No more—we're interrupted.
Val. Farewell. Hereafter we'll discourse.
And may the gods confirm the hope you've raised!
[*Exit*, R.
Bru. [*Alone.*] My soul expands! my spirit swells within me,
As if the glorious moment were at hand!
Sure this is Sextus—why has he left the camp?
Alone—and muffled!

Enter SEXTUS, *wrapped in a mantle*, R. U. E., *and crosses*, L.

Welcome, gentle prince!
Sex. Ha! Brutus here!—Unhoused amid the storm?
Bru. Whence com'st thou, prince? from battle? from the camp!

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Sex. Not from the camp, good Brutus—from Collatia—
The camp of Venus,—not of Mars, good Brutus.
Bru. Ha!
Sex. Why dost thou start?—thy kinswoman, Lucretia
Bru. [*Eagerly.*] Well—what of her? speak!
Sex. Ay, I will speak,—
And I'll speak *that* shall fill thee with more wonder,
Than all the lying oracle declared.
Bru. Nay, prince, not so; you cannot do a deed
To make me wonder.
Sex. Indeed! Dost think it?
Then let me tell thee, Brutus,—wild with passion
For this famed matron,—though we met but once,—
Last night I stole in secret from the camp,
Where, in security, I left her husband.
She was alone. I said affairs of consequence
Had brought me to Collatia. She received me
As the king's son, and as her husband's friend—
Bru. [*Apart.*] Patience, oh, heart!—a moment longer, patience!
Sex. When midnight came, I crept into her chamber
Bru. [*Apart.*] Inhuman monster!
Sex. Alarmed and frantic,
She shrieked out, 'Collatinus! Husband! Help!'
A slave rushed in—I sprung upon the caitiff,
And drove my dagger through his clamorous throat;
Then, turning to Lucretia, now half dead
With terror, swore, by all the gods, at once,
If she resisted, to the heart I'd stab her;
Yoke her fair body to the dying slave,
And fix pollution to her name forever!
Bru. And—and—the matron?—
Sex. Was mine!
Bru. [*With a burst of frenzy.*] The furies curse you, then! Lash you with snakes!
When forth you walk, may the red flaming sun
Strike you with livid plagues!—
Vipers, that die not slowly, gnaw your heart!
May earth be to you but one wilderness!
May you hate yourself—
For death pray hourly, yet be in tortures
Millions of years expiring!

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Sex. Amazement! What can mean this sudden frenzy?
Bru. What? Violation! Do we dwell in dens,
In caverned rocks, or amongst men in Rome?
[*Thunder and lightning become very violent.*
Hear the loud curse of Heaven! 'Tis not for nothing
The thunderer keeps this coil above your head!
[*Points to the fragments of the statue.*
Look on that ruin! See your father's statue
Unhorsed and headless! Tremble at the omen!
Sex. This is not madness. Ha! my dagger lost!—
Wretch! thou shalt not escape me. Ho! a guard!—
The rack shall punish thee! A guard, I say! [*Exit.*
Bru. [*Alone.*] The blow is struck! the anxious messages
To Collatinus and his friends, explained:
And now, Rome's liberty or loss is certain!
I'll hasten to Collatia—join my kinsmen—
To the moon, folly! Vengeance, I embrace thee! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the House of Collatinus.*

COLLATINUS *enters wildly, a bloody dagger in his hand, followed by* VALERIUS *and* LUCRETIUS, R.

Col. *She's dead! Lucretia's dead! I plucked this steel
From my Lucretia's heart! This is her blood!
Howl, howl, ye men of Rome! Look! there she lies,
That was your wonder!
Ye mighty gods, where are your thunders now?
Ye men and warriors, have you human hearts?
Not who shall dare to mourn her loss like me?

Enter BRUTUS, L.

Bru. I dare,—and so dare every honest Roman.
Luc. Whence comes this mad intrusion? Hence, begone!
Bru. The noble spirit fled! How died Lucretia?
Val. By her own hand she died!
Bru. Heroic matron!
Now, now the hour is come! By this one blow

* The scene which was omitted after the first representation, and for which this introductory speech of Collatinus is substituted, will be found in a note at the end of the play.

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Her name's immortal, and her country saved! [*Crosses*, c.
Hail! dawn of glory! [*Snatching the dagger.*] Hail, thou
sacred weapon!
Virtue's deliverer, hail!
Hear, Romans, hear! did not the Sibyl tell you,
A fool should set Rome free? I am that fool:
Brutus bids Rome be free! [*Crosses*, L.
Val. What can this mean?
Bru. It means that Lucius Junius has thrown off
The mask of madness, and his soul rides forth
On the destroying whirlwind, to avenge
The wrongs of that bright excellence and Rome!
Luc. Can this be Lucius Junius?
Val. Ha! The voice
Of inspiration speaks!
Col. Oh, glorious Brutus,
Let me in tears adore the bounteous gods
Who have restored thee to redress my woes;
And, in my woes, my country!
Bru. No more of this.
Stand not in wonder. Every instant now
Is precious to your cause. Rise! Snatch your arms!
[*Kneels.*
Hear me, great Jove! and thou, paternal Mars,
And spotless Vesta! To the death, I swear
My burning vengeance shall pursue these Tarquins!
Ne'er shall my limbs know rest till they are swept
From off the earth, which groans beneath their infamy!
This, from the bottom of my soul, I swear! [*Rises.*
Valerius, Collatine, Lucretius,—all—
Here, I adjure ye by this fatal dagger,
All stained and reeking with her sacred blood,
Be partners in my oath—revenge her fall!
All. We swear!
Bru. Well have ye said: and, oh, methinks I see
The hovering spirit of the murdered matron
Look down and bow her airy head to bless you!
Summon your slaves, and bear the body hence
High in the view, through all the streets of Rome,
Up to the Forum!—On! The least delay
May draw down ruin, and defeat our glory.
On, Romans, on! The fool shall set you free!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

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Scene III.—*The Palace of Tullia.*

Enter Flavius Corunna, L., *in haste, meeting* Horatius, R.

Cor. My lord, my lord! Quick, tell me, where is Tullia?
Hor. Whence this alarm? what would'st thou?
Cor. Rebellion rages—
Hor. Rebellion?
Cor. Lucretia,
The wife of Collatinus, is no more.
The furious multitude have borne her body
With shouts of vengeance through the streets of Rome,
And 'Sextus Tarquin,' is the general cry.
Hor. Where are thy troops? why dost thou dally here,
When thou should'st pay their insolence with death?
Cor. The soldiers join the throng—the gates are closed,
And the mad crowd exclaim, 'We banish Tarquin.'
Brutus is at their head, and leads them on.
Hor. What miracle is this? How say'st thou, Brutus?
Cor. Ay, the fool Brutus. Now before the rostrum
The body of Lucretia is exposed,
And Brutus there harangues assembled Rome.
He waves aloft
The bloody dagger; all the people hear him
With wildest admiration and applause;
He speaks as if he held the souls of men
In his own hand, and moulded them at pleasure.
They look on him as they would view a god,
Who, from a darkness which invested him,
Springs forth, and, knitting his stern brow in frowns,
Proclaims the vengeful will of angry Jove.
Hor. Fly through the city; gather all the force
You can assemble, and straight hasten hither.
I'll to the queen—Lose not a moment. Hence!
I tremble for Rome's safety!—haste!—begone!

[*Exeunt, Horatius,* R., *Corunna,* L.

Scene IV.—*The Forum.*

The Populace fill the Stage. Brutus *is discovered upon the Forum. The dead body of* Lucretia *is on a bier*

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beneath Collatinus, Lucretius, *and the Female Attendants of Lucretia stand around her Corpse.* Valerius *and others are seen.*

Bru. Thus, thus, my friends, fast as our breaking hearts
Permitted utterance, we have told our story;
And now, to say one word of the imposture—
The mask necessity has made me wear.
When the ferocious malice of your king,—
King do I call him?—When the monster, Tarquin,
Slew, as you most of you may well remember,
My father Marcus and my elder brother,
Envying at once their virtues and their wealth,
How could I hope a shelter from his power,
But in the false face I have worn so long?

1*st Rom.* Most wonderful!

2*d Rom.* Silence! he speaks again.

Bru. Would you know why I summoned you together?
Ask ye what brings me here? Behold this dagger.
Clotted with gore! Behold that frozen corse!
See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!
She was the mark and model of the time,
The mould in which each female face was formed
The very shrine and sacristy of virtue!
Fairer than ever was a form created
By youthful fancy when the blood strays wild,
And never-resting thought is all on fire!
The worthiest of the worthy! Not the nymph
Who met old Numa in his hallowed walks,
And whispered in his ear her strains divine,
Can I conceive beyond her;—the young choir
Of vestal virgins bent to her. 'Tis wonderful,
Amid the darnel, hemlock, and base weeds
Which now spring rife from the luxurious compost
Spread o'er the realm, how this sweet lily rose,—
How from the shade of those ill neighbouring plants
Her father sheltered her, that not a leaf
Was blighted, but, arrayed in purest grace,
She bloomed unsullied beauty. Such perfections
Might have called back the torpid breast of age
To long-forgotten rapture; such a mind
Might have abashed the boldest libertine,
And turned desire to reverential love

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And holiest affection! Oh, my countrymen!
You all can witness when that she went forth:
It was a holiday in Rome; old age
Forgot its crutch, labour its task,—all ran;
And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried,
'There, there's Lucretia!' Now, look ye, where she lies!
That beauteous flower, that innocent sweet rose,
Torn up by ruthless violence—gone! gone! gone!
All. Sextus shall die! [*Shout.*
Bru. But then—the king—his father—
1*st Rom.* What shall be done with him?
2*d Rom.* Speak, Brutus!
3*d Rom.* Tell us! Tell us!
Bru. Say, would you seek instruction? would ye ask
What ye should do? Ask ye yon conscious walls,
Which saw his poisoned brother, saw the incest
Committed there, and they will cry, Revenge!
Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove
O'er her dead father's corse, 'twill cry, Revenge!
Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple
With human blood, and it will cry, Revenge!
Go to the tomb where lies his murdered wife,
And the poor queen, who loved him as her son,
Their unappeaséd ghosts will shriek, Revenge!
The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heavens,
The gods themselves, shall justify the cry,
And swell the general sound, Revenge! Revenge!
All. Revenge! Revenge!
Bru. And we will be revenged, my countrymen!
Brutus shall lead you on; Brutus, a name
Which will, when you're revenged, be dearer to him
Than all the noblest titles earth can boast. [*Shout.*
1*st Rom.* Live, Brutus!
2*d Rom.* Valiant Brutus!
3*d Rom.* Down with Tarquin!
2*d Rom.* We'll have no Tarquins!
1*st Rom.* We will have a Brutus!
3*d Rom.* Let's to the Capitol, and shout for Brutus!
Bru. I your king?
Brutus your king?—No, fellow-citizens!
If mad ambition in this guilty frame
Had strung one kingly fibre,—yea, but one—

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By all the gods, this dagger which I hold
Should rip it out, though it entwined my heart.
Val. Then I am with thee, noble, noble Brutus!
Brutus, the new restored! Brutus, by Sibyl,
By Pythian prophetess foretold, shall lead us!
Bru. Now take the body up. Bear it before us
To Tarquin's palace; there we'll light our torches,
And, in the blazing conflagration, rear
A pile for these chaste relics, that shall send
Her soul amongst the stars. On! Brutus leads you!
[*Exeunt, the Mob shouting,* R.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Court belonging to Tarquin's Palace. In the front, a Grand Entrance, with Folding Gates closed.*

Enter TULLIA, R.

Tul. [*Alone.*] Gods! whither shall a frantic mother fly?
Accursed seige of Ardea! Tarquin, Tarquin,
Where art thou? Save thy wife, thy son, thy city!

Enter TITUS, R.

Tit. Where is the prince? where's Sextus?
Tul. Where? Oh, heavens!
His madness hath undone us! Where is Sextus?
Perhaps ev'n now the barbarous ruffians hurl him
Alive into the flames, or, piece-meal, drag
Along the rebel streets his mangled trunk—
Tit. No more! I'll save him, or avenge—
[*Going, Horatius meets and stops him.*
Hor. Turn, noble Roman, turn;
Set not your life upon a desperate stake! [*Shout.*
Hark! they are at thy gates! [*Shout.*
Tul. Does my son live!
Hor. Furious he sprang upon the rebel throng,
And hewed his desperate passage: but the time
Admits no further question—Save yourself!
Tul. Who leads them on?

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Hor. Your new-named fool, your Brutus.
Tit. Death! my father?
Tul. Brutus in arms!
Oh, Sibyl! Oh, my fate! farewell to greatness!
I've heard my doom.
Tit. Earth, earth, enclose me!
Tul. Hark! it bursts upon us! [*Shouts are heard.*
Hor. Ha! nearer yet! Now be propitious, Mars!
Now nerve my arm with more than mortal fury,
Till the dissembler sink beneath its vengeance. [*Exit.*
Tul. Fly! save my child—save my—save your Tarquinia!
Tit. Or die defending. [*Exit.*
[*The shouts and tumult become very violent, and the battering at the gate and wall commences.*
Tul. Ah! if amidst my legions I might fall,
Death were not then inglorious; but to perish
By the vile scum of Rome—hunted by dogs—
Baited to death by brawling, base mechanics—
Shame insupportable!
[*Shouts heard—the Gate and Wall are shattered down, the Palaces behind are in flames—the Soldiers and Populace rush over the Ruins—Brutus appears in the midst of them, and advances to the front.*
Bru. Seize the parricide!
[*They advance and surround her.*
Tul. Avaunt! I am your queen.
Bru. Tarquins! we cast you from us.
Tul. Give me a sword, and let me fall like Tullia.
Bru. No, we reserve our swords for nobler uses
Than to make war with women: to the Tarquins,
To your adulterous son, we leave that shame.
Tul. If then 'twill better sate thy cruelty,
Precipitate me quick into those flames,
And with the wreck of empire mix my ashes.
Bru. Take her to Rhea's temple; take her hence,
And lodge her with her ancestors!
Tul. Ye gods!
My father's sepulchre!—I'll not approach it!
Bru. 'Twill furnish wholesome recollection. Hence!
Tul. Not to that fatal place! Send me not thither!
Bru. 'Tis fixed.

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Tul. Choose the most loathsome dungeon—there confine me,
Or give me death instead. My heart recoils
Against that temple.
Bru. There, and only there,
By your dead father's tomb, you must abide
The judgment of the state.
Tul. Then, by the gods,
Whom, for the last time, I invoke,—
If no means else
Of ready death present themselves,
No particle of food shall pass these lips,
Till, in the void of nature, hungry madness,
With blank oblivion entering, shall confound
And cancel all perception. [*Exit Tullia guarded*, R.

Enter TITUS, L., *who meets Brutus as he is going off*, R.

Tit. Turn, oh, my father,
And look upon thy son!
Bru. What would'st thou? speak
Tit. If thou hast reason, oh, have mercy also!
But if in madness thou hast done this deed—
Bru. I am not mad, but as the lion is,
When he breaks down the toils that tyrant craft
Hath spread to catch him. Think not we will suffer
These monsters to profane the air of Heaven.
Shall Titus, then, oppose our great design?
Shall Brutus meet a recreant in his son?
Banish this folly!—Have a care! I know thee—
There is a lurking passion at thy heart,
Which leaves but half a soul for Rome and me!
Tit. You wrong me. Like a Roman I exult
To see Lucretia's murder thus avenged—
And like a son glory in such a father!
Yet hear me through.—Nay, do not frown, but hear me.—
Bru. Go on, confess thy weakness, and dismiss it.
Tit. 'Twas in the sleep of my dear father's reason,
When Tarquin's freed-man, in a saucy mood,
Vented vile jests at thy unhappy weakness;
Stung to the quick, I snatched a weapon up,
And felled him to my foot.
Bru. Why, 'twas well done.

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The knave was saucy, and you slew him —On!
Tit. 'Twas on this very spot Tarquinia stood,
And when the wrathful father had denounced
Immediate death on this my filial act,
She with the tongue of interceding pity,
And tears that streamed in concert with her suit,
Implored, prevailed, and gave me life—and love.
Bru. 'Tis well. Behold, I give her life for life:
Rome may be free, although Tarquinia lives.
This I concede; but more if thou attemptest,—
By all the gods!—Nay, if thou dost not take
Her image, though with smiling Cupids decked,
And pluck it from thy heart, there to receive
Rome and her glories in without a rival,
Thou art no son of mine, thou art no Roman! [*Exit*, R.

Enter TARQUINIA, L.

Tar. Save, save me, Titus! oh, amid the crash
Of falling palaces, preserve Tarquinia!
Or, do I meet in thee a double rebel,
Traitor alike to me and to your king?
Speak, I conjure thee! Will the son of Brutus
Now take me to his pity and protection,
Or stab with perfidy the heart that loves him!
Tit. Cruel suspicion! Oh, adored Tarquinia,
I live but to preserve you! You are free:
I have my father's sanction for your safety!
Tar. I scorn a life that is preserved by Brutus!
I scorn to outlive parents, brothers, friends!
I'll die with those
Whom this dire night hath murdered!
Tit. Who are murdered?
Whom hath the sword of Brutus slain? Not one
Of all thy kindred—
Tar. Say'st thou? Lives my mother?
Tit. She lives—and Sextus,—even he escapes
The storm which he has raised, and flies to Ardea.
Tar. Speed him, ye gods, with eagle swiftness thither!
And may those thunders which now shake the walls
Of tottering Ardea, like a whirlwind burst
On this devoted city, 'whelm its towers,
And crush the traitorous hive beneath their ruins.
[*Crosses*, R.

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Now, Titus, where is now thy promised faith?
Didst thou not swear no dangers should divide us?
Tit. I did; and, constant to my oath, behold me
Thy faithful guardian in this night of terrors.
Tar. Be still my guardian; snatch me from these terrors,
Bear me to Ardea, be the friend of nature,
And give the rescued daughter to the arms
Of her protecting parent; thus you gain
The praise of men, the blessings of the gods,
And all that honour, all that love can grant.
Tit. Despair! Distraction! Whither shall I turn me?
Tar. Why do you waver? Cast away this weakness;
Be glorious in your cruelty, and leave me.
By all the demons who prepare the heart
To rush upon the self-destroying steel,
The same dire moment which gives thee to Brutus,
Gives me to death!
Tit. Horror! Tarquinia, hold!
Tar. Lo! I am armed. Farewell! [*Crosses*, L.] How I have loved you,
My death shall witness—how you have deceived me,
Let your own conscience tell.—Now to your father!
Now go, and mingle with the murderers;
Go, teach those fiends what perjury can do,
And show your hands bathed in Tarquinia's blood
The filial deed shall welcome you to Brutus,
And fill his gloomy soul with savage joy.
Tit. Take, take me hence forever! Let me lose,
In these dear arms, the very name of son,
All claims of nature, every sense but love!
Tar. The gods that guard the majesty of Rome,
And that sweet power, whose influence turns thy heart
To pity and compliance, shall reward
And bless thee for the deed!
Tit. Can he be blest,
On whom a father's direful curse shall fall?
Tar. A madman's imprecation is no curse.
Be a man.
Tit. Oh, while thy love upholds me, I can stand
Against the world's contempt; remember, only,
For whose dear sake I am undone; remember,

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My heart was honour's once—
Tar. And shall be ever!
Come, I will show thee where bright honour grows,
Where thou shalt pluck it from the topmost branch,
And wear it in its freshest, fairest bloom. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*A Street in Rome.*

Enter HORATIUS *and* CELIUS, L.

Hor. Brutus and Collatinus are appointed
To sovereign sway, as consuls for the year.
Their self-elected senate meets to-morrow,
Though some remain, too honest for their views.
These for security exact conditions—
They ask a chief, whose well-established fame
May win the hearts of this inconstant people;
A chief so brave, that, should we prove victorious,
He may compel the king to keep his faith;
Or, if we fall, boldly revenge our deaths—
And such a chief I've found.
Cel. Indeed! In whom?
Hor. The consul's son—his much-loved son—young Titus.
Cel. What! to rebel against his father's power?
Hor. Ay, he is ours. This very night, Tarquinia
Will lead him forth to the Quirinal gate,
Whence they straight hasten to the camp at Ardea.
Impetuous youth is wrought upon with ease.
Though 'tis his father's frown upon his love,
And early vows pledged to the fair Tarquinia,
Alone which prompt him thus to lead our band:
Once in our power, we'll mould him to our ends:
His very name will prove a tower of strength,
And Rome, once more, shall be restored to Tarquin.
Cel. Bravely resolved! But tell me—where is Tullia?
Hor. A captive, and confined in Rhea's temple;
Watched by the vestals, who there guard the flame
Upon the tomb where lies her murdered father.
Unhappy Tullia! our swords shall soon release thee.
Come! Hence at once! The hour draws near—away!
Ere two days pass these reptiles shall be crushed,
And humbled Rome sue for its monarch's pardon.
[*Exeunt Horatius and Celius*, R.

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Enter LUCRETIUS *and* VALERIUS, L.

Val. That was Horatius 'parted, was it not?
Luc. The same.
Val. Am I deceived? Methinks I heard
Something like discontent and treason muttered.
Luc. I fear all is not safe. Assembled groups
Of Tarquin's friends have been seen close in conference
Muttering his name aloud. Ay, and some base,
Degenerate Romans, called for a surrender.
Val. Horatius' arts may justly wake suspicion:
And Rome, we know, is still disgraced by many
Too base, too sordid, to be bravely free.
Let us go forth and double all the guards,
See their steps watched, and intercept their malice.
Luc. Nay, there's a safer course than that; arrest them!
Val. The laws and rights we've sworn to guard, forbid it!
Let them be watched. We must not venture farther.
To arrest a Roman upon bare surmise,
Would be at once to imitate the tyrant
Whom we renounce, and from his throne have driven!
[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE III.—*Rome.—A little dark.—The Temple of Rhea, with a large Central Door leading to the Tomb of Servius Tullius, late King of Rome. On one side of the Stage, a Statue of Rhea, and on the other, a Statue of Vesta, with altars, and incense burning before each.*

PRIESTESS *of Rhea.* VIRGINS *of the Temple.*

Pr. Daughters of Rhea, since the lords of Rome
Have to your holy hands consigned the charge
Of their now captive Queen, inform the Priestess
How your sad prisoner abides her durance.
Is her proud soul yet humbled, or, indignant,
Doth it still breathe defiance and contempt?
Vir. Sullen and silent, she resolves on death:
She will not taste of nourishment. She comes.

Enter TULLIA, L.

Pr. I pray you, royal lady, be entreated—

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Tul. I tell you, no!
Pr. Think what a train of weary hours have passed
Since you had taste of food.
Tul. 'Tis well!
The fewer are to come.
Pr. How can you live to meet your royal husband,
To fold your children in your arms again,
If you resist support?
Tul. Ha! well remembered!
What news from Ardea? Will he march for Rome?
Hark! Do you hear his trumpet? Is he coming?
Ay, this is hope, and worth the feeding.
'Tis well—'tis well!
But, tell me—doth the king know of this kindness?
Pr. What king?
Tul. What king?
Brutus, the king of Rome,—knows he of this?
Pr. He does.
Tul. And would he I should live?
Pr. He would.
Tul. Merciful villain!
Yes, he would have me live to page his triumphs:
I know the utmost of his mercy—
Subtle traitor!
I'll not taste food, though immortality
Were grafted to each atom—Hark! What's that?
Heard you that groan?
Pr. It is your fancy's coinage.
Tul. Again! 'Tis deep and hollow:
It issues from the vault—Set the door open!
Open, I say.
Pr. It is your father's sepulchre!
Tul. My father! righteous gods! I killed my father!
Horrible retribution!
Pr. Wretched daughter,
If thou hast done this deed, prepare thy spirit,
By wholesome meditation, for atonemen
And let no passion interrupt the task
Of penitence and prayer.
Tul. I'll pray no more.
There is no mercy in the skies for murder,
Therefore no praying, none.

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I have a plea for my impenitence—
Madness!
These groans have made me mad; all the night through
They howled distraction to my sleepless brain!
You've shut me up with furies to torment me,
And starved me into madness. Hark! again!
Unbar the door! Unbar it! By the gods,
The voice is more than human, which I hear!
I'll enter there—I will be satisfied,
Although the confirmation should present
His awful form—

[*She rushes forward. The Priestess and Vestals, in confusion and alarm, spring to the bar, which, falling with a crash, the door flies open, and discovers a Monumental Figure of Servius Tullius, with lamps burning on each side of it. Tullia recoils, shrieks, falls, and expires. The others group around her, and the Curtain falls to soft music.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

Scene I.—*A Street in Rome, with the Temple of Mars in view.*

Enter Brutus *and* Collatinus, *as Consuls, with* Lictors, Valerius, Lucretius, *and numerous followers*, L.

Bru. You judge me rightly, friends. The purpled robe,
The curule chair, the lictors' keen-edged axe,
Rejoice not Brutus;—'tis his country's freedom!
When once that freedom shall be firmly rooted,
Then, with redoubled pleasure, will your consul
Exchange the splendid miseries of power,
For the calm comforts of a happy home.

Enter a Messenger, L.

Mes. All health to Rome, her Senate, and her consuls.
Bru. Speak on—What message hast thou to impart?

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Mes. I bring intelligence of Sextus Tarquin,
Who, on arriving at a neighbouring village,
Was known, and by the people stoned to death. *Exit*, L.
Bru. Now, Lucretia,
Thy ghost may cease to wander o'er the earth,
And rest in peace!
Luc. Heaven's ways are just!
Col. Yet I regret the villain should be slain
By any hand but mine!

Enter a CENTURION, R.

Cent. Health to Brutus!
Shame and confusion to the foes of Rome!
Bru. Now, without preface, to your business.
Cent. As I kept watch at the Quirinal gate,
Ere break of day, an armèd company
Burst on the sudden through the barrier guard,
Pushing their course for Ardea. Straight alarmed,
I wheeled my cohort round, and charged 'em home:
Sharp was the conflict for a while, and doubtful,
Till, on the seizure of Tarquinia's person,
A young Patrician—
Bru. Ha! Patrician?
Cent. Such
His dress bespoke him, though to me unknown.
Bru. Proceed!—What more?
Cent. The lady being taken,
This youth, the life and leader of the band,
His sword high waving in the act to strike,
Dropped his uplifted weapon, and at once
Yielded himself my prisoner. Oh, Valerius,
What have I said, that thus the consul changes?
Bru. Why do you pause? Go on.
Cent. Their leader seized,
The rest surrendered. Him, a settled gloom
Possesses wholly, nor, as I believe,
Hath a word passed his lips, to all my questions
Still obstinately shut.
Bru. Bring him before us. [*Exit Centurion*, R.
Val. Oh, my brave friend, horror invades my heart.
Bru. Silence—be calm.
Val. I know thy soul

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A compound of all excellence, and pray
The mighty gods to put thee to no trial
Beyond a mortal bearing.
Bru. No, they will not—
Nay, be secure,—they cannot. Pr'ythee, friend,
Look out, and if the worst that can befall me
Be verified, turn back, and give some sign
What thou hast seen—Thou can'st excuse this weakness,
Being thyself a father. [*Valerius gives the sign.*
Ha!—enough:
I understand thee:—Since it must be so,
Do your great pleasure, gods! Now, now it comes!

TITUS *and* TARQUINIA *are brought in,* R., *guarded. Titus advances, Tarquinia remains in the back-ground.*

Tit. My father!—Give me present death, ye powers!
Cent. What have I done!—Art thou the son of Brutus?
Tit. No, Brutus scorns to father such a son!
Oh, venerable judge, wilt thou not speak?
Turn not away; hither direct thine eyes,
And look upon this sorrow-stricken form,
Then to thine own great heart remit my plea,
And doom as nature dictates.
Val. Peace,—you'll anger him—
Be silent, and await! Oh, suffering mercy,
Plead in a father's heart, and speak for nature!
[*Brutus turns away from his son, waves his hand to the Centurion to remove him to a farther distance, and then walks forward and calls Collatinus down to him,* L.
Bru. Come hither, Collatinus. The deep wound
You suffered in the loss of your Lucretia,
Demanded more than fortitude to bear;
I saw your agony—I felt your woe—
Col. You more than felt it—you revenged it, too.
Bru. But, ah! my brother consul, your Lucretia
Fell nobly, as a Roman spirit should—
She fell, a model of transcendent virtue.
Col. My mind misgives. What dost thou aim at, Brutus?
Bru. [*Almost overpowered.*] That youth—my Titus—
was my age's hope—

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I loved him more than language can express—
I thought him born to dignify the world.
Col. My heart bleeds for you—He may yet be saved—
Bru. [*Firmly.*] Consul,—for Rome I live—not for myself:
I dare not trust my firmness in this crisis,
Warring 'gainst everything my soul holds dear!
Therefore return without me to the Senate—
Haply my presence might restrain their justice.
Look that these traitors meet their trial straight,—
And then despatch a messenger to tell me
How the wise fathers have disposed of—Go!
[*Collatinus goes out,* R., *attended, and as Brutus is departing,* L., *Tarquinia rushes forward,* R.
Tar. Stop,—turn and hear the daughter of your king!
I speak for justice—mercy, thou hast none,
For him, your son:—
By gratitude and love I drew him off—
I preserved his life!
Who shall condemn him for protecting mine?
Bru. We try the crime; the motive, Heaven will judge.
My honour he hath stabbed—I pardon that.
He hath done more—he hath betrayed his country.
That is a crime which every honest heart
That beats for freedom, every Roman feels,
And the full stream of justice must have way.
Tar. Because thy soul was never swayed by love,
Canst thou not credit what his bosom felt?
Bru. I can believe that beauty such as thine
May urge a thousand fascinating snares
To lure the wavering and confound the weak;
But what is honour, which a sigh can shake?
What is his virtue, whom a tear can melt?
Truth—valour—justice—constancy of soul—
These are the attributes of manly natures:—
Be women e'er so beauteous, man was made
For nobler uses than to be her slave.
Tar. Hard, unrelenting man! Are these the fruits
Of filial piety,—and hath thy son
Wearied the gods with pray'rs, till they restored
A mind, and gave thee reason? Would to Heaven
They'd given thee mercy, too! 'twould more become thee

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Than these new ensigns, Brutus; more than all
Thy lictors, haughty consul,—or thy robes
Dipped in the blood,—oh, horror!—of a son!—
Bru. No more—By all the gods, I'll hear no more!
Tit. A word, for pity's sake. Before thy feet,
[*To Brutus.*
Humbled in soul, thy son and prisoner kneels—
Love is my plea: a father is my judge;
Nature my advocate!—I can no more:
If these will not appease a parent's heart,
Strike through them all, and lodge thy vengeance here!
Bru. Break off! I will not, cannot hear thee further!
The affliction nature hath imposed on Brutus,
Brutus will suffer as he may.—Enough
That we enlarge Tarquinia. Go, be free!
Centurion, give her conduct out of Rome!
Lictors, secure your prisoner. Point your axes.
To the Senate—On! [*Exeunt Brutus and Guards,* L.
Cent. Come, lady, you must part.
Tar. Part! Must we part?
You must not tear him from me; I will die
Embracing the sad ruin I have made.
Cent. You've heard the consul.
Tar. Thou hast heard the king,
Fought for him while he led you on to conquest.
Thou art a soldier, and should'st spurn an office
Which malefactors, though condemned for murder,
Would rather die by torture, than perform.
Tit. If thou dost wish
That I should 'scape the peril of my fate,
I conjure thee to accord
To Brutus, and accept his promised safeguard.
Your words, your looks, your beauty, feed his wrath;
In that fair face he reads my guilty love,
And pity flies his heart. Let passion pause;
Leave me to solitude, to silence leave me;
Then nature's gentlest whispers may be heard.
Tar. Say'st thou? Conduct me to the dreariest waste
That ever melancholy madness trod,
And let my swelling heart in silence burst;
Plunge me in darkness, shroud this fatal form
In everlasting night, I am content!

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Lo! I obey! This is the test of love:
This is the sacrifice:—I part to save thee!
[*Officers advance.*
Tit. See, I am warned. Farewell, my life's last joy!
When my eyes lose thy image, they may look
On death without dismay. To those blessed powers
Who gave thee every virtue, every grace
That can ensure perfection, I commit thee.
[*They embrace, and are torn asunder. Titus is carried off by the Lictors,* L., *and Tarquinia faints and is borne off by the Centurion and Guards,* R.

SCENE II.—*Rome.—An Apartment in the House of Brutus*

Enter BRUTUS, R.

Bru. [*Alone.*] Like a lost, guilty wretch, I look around
And start at every footstep, lest it bring
The fatal news of my poor son's conviction!—
Oh, Rome, thou little know'st—No more—It comes.

Enter VALERIUS, L.

Val. My friend, the Senate have to thee transferred
The right of judgment on thy son's offence.
Bru. To me!
Val. To thee alone.
Bru. What of the rest?
Val. Their sentence is already passed.
E'en now, perhaps, the lictor's dreaded hand
Cuts off their forfeit lives.
Bru. Say'st thou, that the Senate have to me referred
The fate of Titus?
Val. Such is their sovereign will.
They think you merit this distinguished honour.
A father's grief deserves to be revered:
Rome will approve whatever you decree.
Bru. And is his guilt established beyond doubt?
Val. Too clearly.
Bru. [*With a burst of tears.*] Oh, ye gods! ye gods!
[*Collecting himself.*] Valerius!
Val. What would'st thou, noble Roman?
Bru. 'Tis said thou hast pulled down thine house, Valerius,
The stately pile that with such cost was reared.

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Val. I have; but what doth Brutus then infer?
Bru. It was a goodly structure: I remember
How fondly you surveyed its rising grandeur.—
With what a—fatherly—delight you summoned
Each grace and ornament, that might enrich
The—child—of your creation,—till it swelled
To an imperial size, and overpeered
The petty citizens, that humbly dwelt
Under its lofty walls, in huts and hovels,
Like emmets at the foot of tow'ring Ætna:
Then, noble Roman, then with patriot zeal,
Dear as it was, and valued, you condemned
And levelled the proud pile; and, in return,
Were by your grateful countrymen sirnamed,
And shall to all posterity descend,—
Poplicola.
Val. Yes, Brutus, I conceive
The awful aim and drift of thy discourse—
But I conjure thee, pause! Thou art a father.
Bru. I am a Roman consul!—What, my friend,
Shall no one but Valerius love his country
Dearer than house, or property, or children?
Now, follow me;—and, in the face of Heaven,
I'll mount the judgment-seat: there, see if Brutus
Feel not for Rome as warmly as Poplicola. [*Exeunt*, R

Scene III.—*Exterior of the Temple of Mars.—Senators, Citizens,* Collatinus, *and* Lucretius, *discovered. At* L. *of Stage, a Tribunal, with a Consular Chair upon it.*

Brutus *enters,* R., *followed by* Valerius—*he bows as he passes, and ascends the Tribunal.*

Bru. Romans, the blood which hath been shed this day
Hath been shed wisely. Traitors, who conspire
Against mature societies, may urge
Their acts as bold and daring; and though villains,
Yet they are manly villains—But to stab
The cradled innocent, as these have done,—
To strike their country in the mother-pangs
Of struggling child-birth, and direct the dagger
To freedom's infant throat,—is a deed so black,

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That my foiled tongue refuses it a name. [*A pause.*
There is one criminal still left for judgment—
Let him approach.

TITUS *is brought in by the* LICTORS, R., *with their axes turned edgeways towards him.*

Pris—on—er—[*The voice of Brutus falters, and is choked, and he exclaims, with violent emotion.*
Romans, forgive this agony of grief—
My heart is bursting—Nature must have way—
I will perform all that a Roman should—
I cannot feel less than a father ought!
[*He becomes more calm. Gives a signal to the Lictors to fall back, and advances from the Judgment-Seat to the front of the Stage, on a line with his son.*
Well, Titus, speak—how is it with thee now?
Tell me, my son, art thou prepared to die?
Tit. Father, I call the powers of heaven to witness
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed.
The gods will have it so?
Bru. They will, my Titus:
Nor heav'n, nor earth, can have it otherwise.
It seems as if thy fate were pre-ordained
To fix the reeling spirits of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.
'Tis fixed;—oh, therefore, let not fancy cheat thee:
So fixed thy death, that 'tis not in the power
Of mortal man to save thee from the axe.
Tit. The axe!—Oh, heaven!—Then must I fall so basely?
What, shall I perish like a common felon?
Bru. How else do traitors suffer?—Nay, Titus, more—
I must myself ascend yon sad tribunal—
And there behold thee meet this shame of death,
With all thy hopes, and all thy youth upon thee.—
See thy head taken by the common axe,—
All,—if the gods can hold me to my purpose,—
Without one groan, without one pitying tear.
[*Turns up, as if in agony.*
Tit. Die like a felon?—Ha! a common felon!—
But I deserve it all:—yet here I fail:—
This ignominy quite unmans me!

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Oh, Brutus, Brutus! Must I call you father, [*Kneels.*
Yet have no token of your tenderness,
No sign of mercy? Not even leave to fall
As noble Romans fall, by my own sword?
Father, why should you make my heart suspect
That all your late compassion was dissembled?
How can I think that you did ever love me?

Bru. Think that I love thee by my present passion,
By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
These sighs that strain the very strings of life,—
Let these convince you that no other cause
Could force a father thus to wrong his nature.

Tit. Oh, hold, thou violated majesty: [*Rises.*
I now submit with calmness to my fate.
Come forth, ye executioners of justice—
Come, take my life,—and give it to my country!

Bru. Embrace thy wretched father. May the gods
Arm thee with patience in this awful hour.
The sovereign magistrate of injured Rome
Condemns
A crime, thy father's bleeding heart forgives.
Go—meet thy death with a more manly courage
Than grief now suffers me to show in parting;
And, while she punishes, let Rome admire thee!
Farewell! Eternally farewell!—

Tit. Oh, Brutus! Oh, my father!—

Bru. What would'st thou say, my son?

Tit. Wilt thou forgive me?
When I shall be no more, forget not my Tarquinia.

Bru. Leave her to my care.

Tit. Farewell, forever!

Bru. Forever! [*Re-ascends the Tribunal.*
Lictors, attend!—conduct your pris'ner forth!

Val. [*Rapidly and anxiously.*] Whither?
[*All the characters bend forward in great anxiety.*

Bru. To death!—[*All start.*] When you do reach the spot,
My hand shall wave your signal for the act,
Then let the trumpet's sound proclaim it done!

[*Titus is conducted out by the Lictors,* R.—*A dead march,—which gradually dies away as it becomes more distant. Brutus remains seated in a melancholy posture on the Tribunal.*

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Poor youth! Thy pilgrimage is at an end!
A few sad steps have brought thee to the brink
Of that tremendous precipice, whose depth
No thought of man can fathom. Justice now
Demands her victim! A little moment,
And I am childless.—One effort, and 'tis past!—

[*He rises and waves his hand, convulsed with agitation, then drops in his seat, and shrouds his face with his toga. Three sounds of the trumpet are heard instantly.—All the characters assume attitudes of deep misery.—Brutus starts up wildly, descends to the front in extreme agitation, looks out on the side by which Titus departed, for an instant, then, with an hysterical burst, exclaims,*

Justice is satisfied, and Rome is free!

[*Brutus falls.—The characters group around him.*

THE END.

NOTE.

The following Scene in the Third Act was omitted after the first representation, in compliance with the wishes of many who thought it injurious to the general effect of the Play. As, however, there was some difference of opinion upon this point, the Scene is here inserted as it originally stood. LUCRETIA *is supposed to be surrounded by her relations,—*COLLATINUS *and* LUCRETIUS *by her side,—her hair dishevelled, wild in her attire, and all the other characters in attitudes of deep grief.*

Luc. Bear witness, then, Lucretia's mind is guiltless—
Yet never can Lucretia smile again!
Lost to herself, her husband, and her child,
Lost to the world, her country, and her friends,
The arms of love can pillow her no more,
And the sweet smile of her dear innocent babe
Would but awaken her to deeper anguish!
And shall she live, bereft of all life's treasures,
The spectre of the past forever rising

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To fright her into madness? Think not, countrymen,
Indignant virtue can survive pollution!
By her own hand a Roman wife can fall. [*Stabs herself.*
'Tis to the heart! Tarquin, the blow was thine! [*Falls.*

Col. Beloved, unhappy wife! What hast thou done?

Luc. A deed of glory. Now, my husband, now—
With transport can I press thee to my bosom.
Father and kinsmen, ye can own me now!
My pure soul springs from its detested prison!
Virtue exults! The gods applaud my daring!
And to our dear, loved babe, I can bequeath
A mother's noblest gift—a spotless name! [*Dies.*

Luc. Staff of my age! Gone, gone, forever gone!
A wretched father's last and only joy!
Come, death, strike here! Your shaft were welcome now!
Snatch me from earth to my poor, lost, loved child!

Col. My wife! my wife! Dear, dear, wronged, murdered wife!
Let me be rooted here in endless sorrow—
Who, who shall dare to mourn her loss like me?

Enter BRUTUS, L.

Bru. I dare,—and so dare every honest Roman.

The Scene then proceeds as printed in the preceding pages.

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MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

No. LX.

SIMPSON AND CO.

A Comedy

IN TWO ACTS.

BY JOHN POOLE.

ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW-YORK:
WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO.,
No. 18 ANN-STREET.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Drury Lane.	*Park*, 1847.	*Arch st. Phil.* 1847.
Mr. Simpson.....	Mr. Terry.	Mr. Bass.	Mr. Burton.
Mr. Bromley.....	" Cooper.	" Dyott.	" Howard.
Foster.....		" Gallott	" Fisher.
Servant.....		" Heath.	
Mrs. Simpson.....	Mrs. Glover.	Mrs. Vernon.	Miss Cushman.
Mrs. Bromley.....	" Davidson.	" Abbott.	" Smith.
Mrs. Fitzallan.....	" West.	Miss Horn.	" Rogers.
Mad. La Trappe....	" Orger.	Mrs. Dyott.	" Booth.

COSTUMES.

The Costumes are those of the present day, Mr. Simpson wearing a plain gray or brown suit.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

This sterling little comedy, from the pen of Poole, has kept possession of the stage for the last twenty-five years, and from its intrinsic excellence, is entitled to a place in the "Modern Standard Drama."

It has been said by an able critic of the day, that "we are deficient in comedy, because we are without characters in real life." Society has certainly become so fused in its character, that an uniform phase is outwardly presented to the world. Our angular points wear off by attrition; and individual eccentricities are now less prominent, than in the days when our early comic writers found such ample materials for their imperishable works. There are, doubtless, less subjects afforded for the display of strong and marked characters on the stage, in this age of refinement and intellectual progress, than were presented when the grades of society were more distinctly separated, and each class furnished specimens which the skilful dramatist could convert into a source of infinite entertainment to his audiences. And yet the author of "Simpson & Co." has contrived to select from the ordinary walks of society a few characters of an entirely common-place character, and by the aid of elegant and sprightly language, dramatic incidents, and humorous situations, to produce a piece that invariably amuses an audience, and is likely to maintain its position on the stage, as long as genuine comic humour is relished by the public.

The original cast of this comedy combined the talents of Terry, John Cooper, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. W West, and Mrs. Orger—all *artists*, in that sense of the term in which only it should be used; and the long career of success the piece experienced on its first production at Drury Lane, may in

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great measure be attributed to the individual excellences of these distinguished performers.

We have lately seen two excellent casts of Simpson & Co. in this city—at the Park and at Palmo's: Bass. at the Park, gave great unction and effect to *Mr. Simpson*, while Mrs. Vernon was equally rich in her delineation of his jealous helpmate Dyott and Mrs. Abbott were also above mediocrity as *Mr.* and *Mrs. Bromley*. At Palmo's nearly the same cast was presented Mr. W. B. Chapman being the *Mr. Simpson*, a part that is admirably adapted to his peculiar quaint and truly comic style The piece had a run of several nights, and drew forth as hearty peals of laughter and applause, as, perhaps, ever greeted its representation with its originally powerful cast. H.

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SIMPSON AND CO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Handsome Apartment in the House of Simpson and Co.*

BROMLEY *discovered at a table, writing.*

Brom. [*Laying down his pen.*] Ought I to pursue this adventure? If I proceed, the destruction of my wife's happiness and my own may—psha! under my assumed name of Captain Walsingham, what have I to fear? I'll finish my letter, though, like the others, it may be returned, or unnoticed. [*Writes.*] "And rely on the entire and eternal devotion of your adorer, Charles Walsingham—New Hummums." [*Folding it.*] Charles Bromley, of Mincing-lane, merchant, partner in the house of Simpson & Co., and married, transformed into Captain Walsingham! [*Directing the letter.*] "To Mrs. Fitzallan, Harley street." [*Seals it.*] There! [*Rises and comes forward.*] There's a fatality in this wild adventure! Charmed by a beauty in an opera box, I dog her carriage, and learn that she is a Mrs. Fitzallan, widow of an officer lately dead in India. Under pretext of arranging some business for her, in which I find she is concerned with the India Company, I call on this Mrs. Fitzallan—am cursed coldly received by Mrs. Fitzallan; call again, and am completely cut by Mrs. Fitzallan; make my bow, and resolve to think no more of Mrs. Fitzallan; stroll into the Exhibition, and the first portrait I see is that of the lovely Mrs. Fitzallan! I contrive to get a miniature copy of the portrait, and conceal it by a secret slide in my pocket-

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book. [*Pulls out the pocket-book and contemplates the portrait.*] 'Twas rash; but who could behold such beauty and— [*Kissing the picture.*

Enter FOSTER, R.

Fos. Pray, sir, will you—

Brom. [*Hastily closing his pocket book.*] Well, Foster? what now? what's the matter?

Fos. Young Mr. Lovemore is in the counting house, and desires to know, sir, whether you will advance him the thousand pounds he spoke to you about?

Brom. What, I advance money to enable a married man to supply the extravagances of a mistress?

Fos. You know, sir, we have consignments on his account from his estates at St. Domingo, to four times that amount.

Brom. That is nothing to the point, Mr. Foster. However, you may refer him to my partner, Mr. Simpson; he may find *him* less scrupulous. [*Exit Foster*, R.—*Re-opening his pocket-book.*] What eyes! what a complexion! what expression! Many a pocket-book on 'Change is crammed with riches; but where find one that clasps a treasure equal to this?—After all, am I very, very much to blame? Where is the husband who—My partner loves his wife dearly; but, spite of his demure looks and rigorous principles, even he, I'll answer for it, has some little indiscretions, that—here he comes—I'll sound him, and perhaps I may make him a useful confidant.

Enter SIMPSON, R.

Simp. Good news, Bromley, good news; the Bank has discounted every shilling of our paper.

Brom. Aye, indeed! My dear Simpson, I am delighted to hear it.

Simp. The firm of Simpson & Co. stands as high as any house in London, and our signature is a bank-note to the very Bank itself. Have not I always told you that our partnership would be a fortune to us?

Brom. True, true; and our connexion in commerce is so natural; why, we had a kind of rehearsal of our present partnership in very early days. At school, you know —though *there*, to be sure, you had much the start of me

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in age, for you were in the highest form, when I was in the lowest—

Simp. Yes; I left Doctor Thwackum's to begin my clerkship, just six months after you came to his academy.

Brom. But, though only at Thwackum's together for half-a-year, you recollect, Simpson, how I made you join me in all my frolics; and now in business—

Simp. In business, I grant you, our labours and our profits are pretty equally divided; at school, the case was different. I was never a frolicsome boy, and, as you say, considerably your elder; but, somehow or other, whenever you opened an account of mischief, our master always drew upon my shoulders for the unsettled balance of drubbings.

Brom. Well, in business, at least, we are more exact; and, if we are fortunate, we may fairly boast that we deserve to be so. Attentive, industrious—

Simp. Always looking to the main chance—

Brom. Domestic in our tastes—

Simp. Economical in our habits—

Brom. Neither of us run-abouts, nor men of intrigue—

Simp. Faithfully attached to our wives, and loving them solely and entirely, as they love us—

Brom. Inhabiting the same house, in peace and harmony; not the slightest altercation—

Simp. Altercation! your wife is mildness itself; so confiding, too, in your attachment to her!

Brom. And yours!—

Simp. My wife? she is a treasure! but, still, for all that—

Brom. For all what?

Simp. You know, Bromley, I have no secrets from you; my wife is a little—Mrs. S. is rather too susceptible on the score of jealousy.

Brom. To be plain with you, I have sometimes fancied so. Now, between ourselves, my dear fellow, have not you given her some cause to—? Yes, yes, you have.

Simp. What, I? never!

Brom. None! Ha! ha! ha! Come, come, Simpson.

Simp. [*With emphasis.*] None—none—poz—

Brom. Now I like your making a mystery of it to me. Men, you know, are not remarkably severe towards each

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other—besides, if you had, where would be the great harm of it?

Simp. A married man, and ask me where's the harm of it!

Brom. You love your wife, I know, and study her happiness: but you would not have me believe that when a little adventure happens to fall in your way—

Simp. Harkye, Mr. Bromley; a good husband never goes where little adventures are likely to fall in his way.

Brom. [*Aside.*] 'Tis lucky I did not trust my secret to him.

Simp. My notions of conjugal fidelity are strictly moral. A husband, like a merchant, is bound to fulfil his engagements. Mrs. S., in marrying me, drew upon me for my fidelity for life; I accepted the draft, and 'tis my duty to honour it.

Brom. But, unlike bills of exchange, the longer the date of one's matrimonial engagements the more difficult they are to provide for. But enough: I know your sentiments, as you are acquainted with mine; and all I have just now said to you—

Simp. Was intended as a hoax, perhaps?

Brom. Nothing more.

Simp. I don't like such hoaxing. No, no; what I was before marriage, I still am—the sworn enemy to nonsense. I was born for the counting-house and a steady life; and even in my younger days, whilst others were gadding about to Vauxhall, and play-houses, and running their heads into all manner of scrapes and troubles, I was usefully employed in working decimals and calculating exchanges.

Brom. Ha! ha! ha! Perhaps I never met you on a certain fine summer's evening, taking a sentimental ramble along with—

Simp. And what then? She had but just come up with me in the fields, and was asking me the way to Islington;—but didn't you step in, like a friend, and whisk her away, assuring me you did it for my good? But come, let us to the counting-house, and answer our Lisbon letters.

Brom. And after that I'll treat you with a walk to the West End before dinner

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Simp. Impossible; I have busines at the custom-house, and you must stay at home to deliver up the securities to Mr. Tradely, who will call this morning as per appointment. You may as well take them at once;—here they are. [*Gives papers to Bromley.*

Brom. Very well;—Mr. Tradely's securities;—there they are, safe till he calls. [*Puts them into his pocket-book.*

Simp. By the bye, your treat with a walk to the West End, is to drag me all the way from Mincing-lane to Harley street.

Brom. [*Alarmed.*] What do you mean? [*Aside.*] Can he have discovered!

Simp. Do you remember some weeks ago, how you kept me blowing my fingers, in the cutting east wind at the end of March, tramping up and down before the iron rails of a house in Harley street?

Brom. [*Aside.*] My first visit to Mrs. Fitzallan!

Simp. "Wait at the door, my dear Simpson, I shan't be a second." My nose was as blue as an orang outang's.

Brom. Well, well, I didn't detain you long.

Simp. Long!—And the second time? There was I fretting, and trotting backwards and forwards, looking up at the windows, down into the area, watching every movement at the street door, freezing, shivering, swearing—What the deuce have you to do in Harley street?

Brom. Oh!—The recovery of a little debt due to me before we entered into partnership.

Simp. Do you expect to lose any thing in that quarter?

Brom. No—not exactly;—but I may wait a long time before my demands are satisfied.

Simp. Aye, I understand—"Call again to-morrow."—Well, I wish you success; but if ever you entrap me with you to Harley street again—Ha! here comes your wife.

Enter MRS. BROMLEY, L.

Brom. Returned so soon, my love?

Mrs. B. I have just met with an agreeable surprise, Charles. You've often heard me speak of my old school friend, Marianne.

Brom. Well?

Mrs. B. Shortly after my leaving school, she returned

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to her family in Somersetshire, and the last I heard of her was, that she was gone to India. Imagine my pleasure, when, just now, on going into my milliner's, there I met my dear Marianne. You may suppose, that, after so long a separation, we had much to say to each other.

Brom. No doubt.

Mrs. B. But there was such a crowd at the milliner's we had little time to talk—I forgot even to ask her where she lived.

Brom. That was unlucky; for how are you to meet again in this wide world of London?

Mrs. B. Oh! I took care of that, for I have engaged her to dine.

Brom. That was right, my love; whatever contributes to your pleasure, is agreeable to me.

Mrs. B. You are too kind, too attentive to me, Charles.

Brom. Aye?

Mrs. B. I should be unjust, were I to deny that I am the happiest woman in the world.

Simp. Not so fast—*one* of the happiest, if you please; for I flatter myself that Mrs. S. is equally so.

Mrs. B. By the bye, you and Susan must be of the party.

Simp. With great pleasure; and come—as I am satisfied with our morning's business, 'gad, I'll stand treat to a box at the opera for the evening!

Mrs. B. Heyday, Mr. Simpson, you?

Simp. Mrs. S. last night dropped a hint that she should like to go; and as gallantry is my—but, come, business before all; let's to the counting-house, Bromley.

Brom. One kiss at parting, Anna; I'll soon be with you again.

Simp. Come, Bromley, come; what the deuce—who thinks of parting kisses when once he is married. Come, business before all. [*Exeunt Bromley and Simpson*, L.

Mrs. B. Yes, I am, indeed, the happiest of wives.—How few among my married acquaintance whose peace is undisturbed by discontents and bickerings—by jealousy too often well-founded—how blest, then, am I, in the possession of a man whose thoughts never wander from his own fireside.

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Enter MRS. SIMPSON, L.

Good morning, my dear. Why, bless me, what ails you? you seem out of spirits.

Mrs. S. No—not I. It was late when you came home last night?

Mrs. B. The concert was longer than usual.

Mrs. S. Ah me! While you and Bromley were amusing yourselves at a concert, I was moping alone in the chimney corner.

Mrs. B. And Mr. Simpson? was not he there to keep you company?

Mrs. S. No; he was busy all the evening in his counting-house—[*Aside,*] as he said.

Mrs. B. Well, this evening will make amends to you for the last. I expect an old friend to dinner; you will dine with us, and afterwards we all go to the opera. It is to your good little man we are indebted for this treat.

Mrs. S. Ah! my good little man is very obliging.

Mrs. B. Now, really, you ought to be more thankful to him, considering that he himself is not fond of public amusements.

Mrs. S. So he says, and I suppose I must believe him—yet he often goes out, very often.

Mrs. B. Do you know, my love, I sometimes think you are jealous?

Mrs. S. No, I am not, nor do I believe I have any cause to be so; yet I wish my husband were less fond of the counting-house, and more assiduous in his attentions to me—in short, that he would follow the example of yours.

Mrs. B. Consider that men's characters differ; that Mr. Bromley is, by some years, a younger man than—

Mrs. S. I am aware of all you would say, but—

Mrs. B. But! Surely you delight in tormenting your self.

Mrs. S. I am not jealous; but when I look about among our neighbours, men who all adore their wives—Ah! my dear! Some through vanity, others from mere inconstancy of character.—Why, there's our next-door neighbour, Mr. Honeymoon, who loves his wife to distraction, yet was not he seen the other day in a tilbury

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with an opera-dancer? And as for Mr. Ledger, over the way, who doats upon Mrs. L.—if what the world says be true—

Mrs. B. But be assured that Mr. Simpson is none of these.

Mrs. S. I hope so; but those men, those men! there's no knowing them, believe me.

Enter a SERVANT, L.

Servant. A French lady, calling herself Madam La Trappe, desires to speak with you, ma'am.

Mrs. B. With me? I know no such person. But request her to walk in.

Servant ushers in MADAME LA TRAPPE—*a small parcel in her hand.*

Mad. L. Mi ledi, I have the honneur to salute you. I will to speak wid my ledi Bromley.

Mrs. B. If you mean Mistress Bromley, madam, I am the person.

Mad. L. Mistress, I am your servant—Madame La Trappe, from Paris. [*Looking cautiously about.*] I sell de littel contraband—I smuggle de littel marchandize from Paris—I am recommend to you from mi ledi Ledger, over de vay—I have de advantage to sell to her many littel 'ting vat I smuggle, and I sall be proud to take the advantage of you.

Mrs. B. Pray, madam, don't give yourself the trouble.

Mad. L. Trouble! Oh, Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! is no trouble for so amiable ledi—[*Turning and curtseying to Mrs. Simpson,*] for so amiable two ledi—and some lace which was make for Madam La Duchesse;—Mon Dieu! I not remember myself—here is forty yard, I sell for two guinea one yard.

Mrs. S. Two guineas a yard! that's extremely dear.

Mad. L. Oh, madame!—mais madame is so amiable, I sell it for one guinea.

Mrs. B. Really, ma'am, we cannot buy anything to-day.

Mad. L. Mais, madame, c'est egal, you sall not buy, but I have much pleasure to make you see.—Here is de veil, it is pretty as one angel. Ha! ha! ha! ha! I tell you—it was a *sentiment* one great *mi lord* buy for two

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hundred guinea for Mam'selle Pirouette, of de Grand Opera.—Ha! ha! ha! Dat poor mi lord! he gave it her to-day; to-morrow she sell it to me, and yesterday I sall sell it to everybody else.

Mrs. B. Once more, ma'am, I must beg you will give yourself no further trouble.

Mad. L. [*While making up her parcels.*] Dat is vell, madame; I come to-day, because I have to receive fifty pound in de bureau—de counting-house down de stair.

Mrs. S. To receive fifty pounds!

Mad. L. Oui, madame, one littel acceptation of Monsieur Simonison; I receive it of one very pretty ledi, beautiful, who buy of me some lace—Madame—Madame—I forget her name, but she live in Harley-street.

Mrs. S. A lady in Harley-street paying for lace with an acceptance of my husband's!

Mad. L. You know de gentleman vat live in de counting-house?

Mrs. B. Yes, we—

Mrs. S. [*Interrupting her.*] No, ma'am, no; do you?—Let her speak, my dear, let her speak.

Mad. L. I know him—dat is, I only know him from to see him.

Mrs. S. Aye, you saw him at the lady's house?

Mad. L. Oh, no, madame, I will not say so, because it will not be true; beside, if I did see him, I am too discreet—Oh, Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! But how I know him, it is so—Ha! ha! ha! ha!—It make me laugh when I tink—Two time I see him wait at de door, he walk up and he walk down, backward and forward; and he stamp, and he swear, and he look in great rage, like he was jealous, and he look at de window, and de door—you understand—

Mrs. S. Go on, ma'am: pray go on.

Mad. L. De first time I make no attention to him; but when I see him vash two time before de door, I tink—Ah! ha! Monsieur! Yet you know, madame, dat vas only suspect; but when I come to-day to touch my fifty pound—Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! it is droll, I see de gentlemen vat I see valk about before de house of de pretty ledi.

Mrs. S. Are you certain the gentleman you have just now seen is the same?

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Mad. L. Oh! madame, vid his littel sanctify look—Ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. B. And what does it signify whether it be or not?

Mad. L. Mi ledi, I beg pardon to derange you; when you sall want de lace, de glove, de rouge, &c., I sall sell you for very littel gain, and you sall not forget Madame La Trappe. [*Curtseys.*] Mi ledi, I have de honneur to salute you, I am your very respectable servant, indeed.—[*Mrs. Bromley follows her to the door.*] Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! madame, do not give yourself de pain. I sall call again last veek vid some beautiful dress, as vat you see—and I can tell you more vat please you about the other gentilhomme, in the bureau down stairs, and perhaps—comme j'espere—anoder littel acceptation for fifty pound de ledi will give me for what she is going to buy wid it—sans façon, sans adieu—jusqu' au revoir.

[*Exit*, L.

Mrs. S. Well, my dear, what say you to this?

Mrs. B. Oh! the idle talk of a chattering French dealer in smuggled goods.

Mrs. S. Idle talk! Then how comes it that this pretty lady pays for lace with my husband's acceptance?

Mrs. B. The acceptances of the house are negotiated like bank-notes, and, passing from hand to hand, one may have fallen into the possession of the lady in Harley street. Upon the same grounds I might as reasonably suspect Bromley.

Mrs. S. Bromley, indeed! no, no.—Besides, it was not Bromley she recognised in the counting-house; Bromley wasn't "de littel sober gentilhomme" she twice saw watching the house in a jealous fury; and isn't the gentleman "with a littel sanctify look," as she calls it,—the exact description of my husband? She has said quite enough to satisfy me.

Mrs. B. Be calm, my dear; all this will be satisfactorily explained to you, and you will be the first to laugh at your suspicions. For the present, keep what you have heard a secret from every body, and above all from your husband.—[*Aside.*] The hypocritical villain!

Mrs. S. Well, I'll endeavour, by concealing what I know, to learn more. Nor do you, on any account, mention it to Bromley.

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Mrs. B. Be assured, I will not.

Mrs. S. The monster! if he be guilty, I promise you that before two days have passed over his head he shall —The cruel monster! I could almost cry with vexation.

[*Bursts into tears.*

Mrs. B. [*Aside.*] Poor Mrs. Simpson! She is really to be pitied, poor thing!

Enter Simpson, *gaily*, R.

Simp. So, here you are, Susan, my dear. Business is over for the day, and now I am at your disposal. 'Gad, I believe I must begin to copy Bromley, and run out of the counting-house every half hour to visit my wife.

Mrs. S. [*Dryly.*] Indeed, sir! Upon my word—I never before saw you so gallant.

Simp. True, my duck, true! I mean to make amends.

Mrs. S. To be plain with you, sir—a little change in your conduct would be very desirable.

Mrs. B. [*In an under voice, and as if anxious to prevent a quarrel.*] My love—

Simp. Well, from this time forward you shall find me quite another thing; every leisure moment I have shall be yours. I'll act the lover, rather than the husband; I'll be a downright Romeo, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. S. Your determination to reform is rather sudden, sir.

Simp. Don't throw cold water over me, my darling; don't you see I'm gay, I'm joyous? On making up my accounts of happiness, I find a large balance of content in my favour; business goes on swimmingly; I've a wife whom I love; and—in short, all my little arrangements are mighty comfortable.

Mrs. S. [*Aside.*] His little arrangements!—I congratulate you sincerely on your comfortable little arrangements, Mr. Simpson.

Mrs. B. [*To her.*] Pray, have a care.

Simp. Mr. Simpson! and sir!—this is very strange? What the deuce is the meaning of all this coldness and formality?

Mrs. S. Ask that of yourself, sir; look into your heart, and you will there discover the cause.

Mrs. B. [*Checking her.*] Hush!

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Simp. Look into my heart? I may look into it for a month, and the chief article I shall find there, will be a large stock-in-hand of love for my Susan.

Mrs. S. [*Aside.*] The perfidious wretch! [*Goes up.*

Simp. Something is the matter, that's certain. We parted good friends an hour ago; what has happened to put you out of humour, since? [*She turns from him.*] Mrs. Bromley, can you explain? What crotchet has my wife got into her head now?

Mrs. B. [*Coldly.*] 'Tis nothing, sir, nothing—'Twill pass away, I hope. [*To Mrs. Simpson.*

Simp. A word, Mrs. Simpson, if you please. You have the good luck to be married to a plain man, who—

Mrs. S. [*Turning quickly upon him.*] Well, sir, I know I am married to a plain man; and what then?

Simp. Why, then, madam, he loves you honestly and sincerely; he does his utmost, madam, to make you happy, and—and—zounds, madam, what would you have more?

Mrs. S. [*Aside.*] Who would have thought the traitor could carry it off so well?

Simp. Come, Susan, give me your hand, and let's have an end of this; and, till you have recovered your good temper, you had better retire to your own room.

[*Crosses,* R.

Mrs. B. [*To Mrs. Simpson as she goes off.*] Pray, pray, be more the mistress of yourself.

Mrs. S. Ah! my dear, this blow will be the death of me. [*Exeunt Simpson and Mrs. Simpson, she reluctantly giving him her hand.*

Mrs. B. Who would have suspected him? Heavens! —Should the man corrupt my Charles! Nothing so dangerous for a husband as the society of persons of Mr. Simpson's character. Here he comes.

Enter BROMLEY, R.

Well, Charles, you know what is going forward.

Brom. No, love; what?

Mrs. B. Poh! poh! you know it as well as I do.

Brom. Upon my honour, I cannot even guess what you allude to.

Mrs. B. 'Tis all discovered.

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Brom. [*Aside.*] Discovered!—Does she suspect—

Mrs. B. About Simpson, you know.

Brom. Simpson!

Mrs. B. His poor wife knows all about it.

Brom. About what, my love?

Mrs. B. His intrigues.

Brom. His intrigues? Simpson's intrigues? poh! impossible. [*Laughing.*

Mrs. B. Nay, 'tis useless now to pretend ignorance; we have just learnt what you might have known long ago.

Brom. I have known! what have I known?

Mrs. B. That he has a mistress.

Brom. What, Simpson! The philosopher, the sober, steady—Ha! ha! ha! that's excellent! Come, tell me all about it, my love; tell me all about it.

Mrs. B. Oh, my dear Charles, I'm delighted! I perceive by your manner that you know nothing of it. I was fearful that you were in his confidence, and to say the truth, that would have made me uneasy.

Brom. I in his confidence! No, no, he knows me too well; I should have lectured him roundly, had he hinted —[*Aside.*] 'Gad, I was afraid I had been found out myself!

Mrs. B. Only imagine—a French dealer in smuggled lace—a Madame La Trappe, who has just been here, not knowing Susan, related to us—but what am I doing?—Simpson, as yet, knows nothing of the discovery we have made, and I have promised Susan to keep the secret till—

Brom. Well, but you may tell me, Anna—I long to hear all the particulars—trust me—I'm dumb, you know.

Mrs. B. No—no—no—and I am to blame for having mentioned it to you at all.

Brom. Who would ever have thought this? And Simpson, of all men in the world!

Mrs. B. Really—ha! ha! ha!—really, of the two partners one would rather have suspected you than him.

Brom. Ah! nothing is so little to be trusted in as appearances.

Mrs. B. And now, Charles, I've a favour to ask of you. Mr. Simpson, no doubt, is a very honourable man in business, very correct in trade; but you are a younger man than he, and I seriously entreat you not to go on

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too frequently with him; there's no knowing how he may mislead you—it may be catching.

Brom. You have nothing to fear on that score—I know him now.

Mrs. B. There's a good boy. Now I'll just go to poor Susan, and do what I can to comfort her.

Brom. Do, love; but don't remain long away from me.

Mrs. B. No, dear, I'll soon return. Ha! what a happy woman am I. [*Exit Mrs. Bromley*, L.

Brom. So, so, Mr. Simpson; you have your little frolics abroad as well as another, I find. The hypocritical cur, with his long face and crabbed morality this morning, "when I but merely hinted at the possibility of—but really this is too bad! an avowed mistress! My case is "very different; I regard my wife sincerely; so that should "I even form a little attachment with Mrs. Fitzallan, there "is no danger of its disturbing my domestic peace. Be-"sides, as she knows me only as Captain Walsingham, and "—Oh, hang it, I'm not so indiscreet as my partner." Ha! here he comes, the rogue. I possess his secret; he is ignorant of mine, so I'll make the best of my advantage, and torment his little sly soul out.

Enter SIMPSON, R.

Simp. There she sits mumping, and sulking, speaking half words, and—Ah! Bromley—there's my duck in the temper of a hyena, and I'll just ask you why?

Brom. You needn't ask me! you know well enough.

Simp. I know! I'll be bound she herself does not know; but woman's whims—

Brom. Harkye, my dear fellow: I am your friend—you know I am—as you would be mine under similar circumstances. I have promised my wife to say nothing to you about the matter, but let me put you on your guard. [*Looks cautiously around, and then whispers.*] It is a cursed awkward business—it is all discovered.

Simp. Discovered! What's discovered? Who has discovered? What's the discovery?

Brom. Your wife, poor thing—she knows all about it.

Simp. Does she?

Brom. Yes, she does; and she has told mine.

Simp. And, pray, what has she told her?—and what do they both know?

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Brom. That confounded Madame La Trappe!—Why didn't you bribe her to hold her tongue! She has been here, and blabbed the whole affair.

Simp. And who the devil is Madame La Trappe?

Brom. Why, the French smuggler, you know.

Simp. Curse me if I know any smuggler—French or English. Is every body out of his senses to-day?

Brom. No, sir, no, we are all *in* our senses. But Madame La Trappe, whom you affect not to know, yet who knows you perfectly well, has exposed all your peccadilloes: In short, she has divulged to your wife, that in a certain sly corner—you understand—

Simp. No, I don't; what do you mean by a sly corner?

Brom. Why, not to mince the matter, you keep a girl.

Simp. I keep a girl!—Let me tell you, Mr. Bromley, this is a bad joke—a damned bad joke—and I don't allow of jesting on such a subject.

Brom. Oh! no, to be sure; it was but this morning you said to me, with that puritanical face of yours—"My marriage promise is as sacred as my acceptance."

Simp. So it is, sir.

Brom. Egad, then, if this be your way of honouring your conjugal acceptances, you'll soon lose your credit in the bank of Hymen.

Simp. Plague upon you, and Hymen, and Madame La Trappe, and the whole firm of you.

Brom. Nay, if you are angry, I have no more to say. But now, coolly: the best of us may go astray, and if you can't help being such a terrible Turk after the women—

Simp. A Turk! I, a Turk!

Brom. Aye—it's constitutional with you, I suppose.—Why, then, face it out to your wife, and swear you're innocent; but denying the fact to me—man to man—poh! it's ridiculous.

Simp. Mr. Bromley, for the last time I beg you'll drop the subject; I am not to be made a butt for your ribaldry.

Brom. I have done; "I have acquitted myself of a "task of friendship, and have but one word to add—you "are watched dogged, and surrounded with spies; but "since you won't let me help you out of the scrape"—go —I abandon you to your unhappy fate.

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Enter FOSTER, R.

Fos. A letter, sir; the bearer says it is o the greatest importance.

Simp. [*Opening it.*] Ha! from our bankers. [*Reads.*] "*Private. We have strong reason to believe that the house of Snakely and Co., which is indebted to yours upwards of eight thousand pounds, is on the point of stopping payment*"—So, here's wherewithal to put an end to your jesting.

Brom. Unlooked-for disaster! What's to be done?—Three thousand, money lent.

Simp. We wanted but this to complete the pleasure of the morning.

Brom. [*In the greatest agitation.*] Go to them, Simpson—no—I'll go myself—Foster, send for a coach—or, stop, it is but a step, I shall go faster a-foot. Be calm, my dear fellow, be calm—Foster, make out a statement of this—no, rather—[*Taking Simpson's hand,*] leave it to me, I'll talk to them—I'll see what's to be done with them—I'll return instantly. [*Going.*

Simp. [*Calling after him.*] Hold! hold! the securities I gave you, and which Mr. Tradely is to call for.

Brom. Aye, true, the securities—at such a moment as this, I hardly—What the devil have I done with them?

Simp. You put them into your pocket-book!

Brom. Did I? I—I'm so flustered—[*Feeling in his pockets.*] Oh! here they are; you'll find them in this, and —[*Gives Simpson the pocket-book.*] This is a dreadful blow, but I'll see what can be done. Come with me, Foster, come. [*Exit Bromley in the greatest agitation, followed by Foster.*

Simp. A charming morning, indeed! a quarrel with my wife about nothing, and a failure in business to the amount of eight thousand pounds. Oh! I begin to perceive that in matrimonial, as well as in mercantile speculations, when one comes to make out the account of profit, a plaguy deal must be set down to per contra creditor [*Exit,* L.

END OF ACT I.

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ACT II.

Scene Continues.

Enter Simpson, L.

Simp. Thanks to the intercession of Mrs. Bromley, I am friends with my wife; she has pardoned me, as she is pleased to express it, though I'm as innocent as a new-born babe. This was our first quarrel, and pray heaven it may be the last; for, from this little specimen, I am certain that when a man's better half is discontented, t'other half has a damnable time of it.

Enter Mrs. Bromley, L.

My dear Mrs. Bromley, how much am I obliged to you; but for you I had been a lost man.

Mrs. B. Mr. Simpson, I am glad I find you alone; I desire a little private conversation with you.

Simp. With me?

Mrs. B. Pray, look whether any one is within hearing, close the door, and hand me a chair.

Simp. [*Placing the chairs.—Aside.*] What is all this to lead to?

Mrs. B. [*After a short pause, and very seriously.*] Mr. Simpson—you know my regard for your wife; you know I consider Susan and you as our best friends; and it is natural I should take a deep interest in all that concerns you.

Simp. You're a kind soul; if it hadn't been for your interference just now—

Mrs. B. Well, well, it has had its effect; I am persuaded. therefore, you will not take amiss my speaking to you upon this very delicate subject.

Simp. No, ma'am—no—no.—[*Aside.*] Something new, I suppose.

Mrs. B. Then, sir, if you are not too far gone, [*Simpson starts,*] I would prevent the recurrence of the unhappy disagreement your misconduct has occasioned—

Simp. My misconduct! it is an invention, a libel, a calumny, and I never in my life—

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Mrs. B. I had prepared myself for all you would say, Mr. Simpson; but listen to me as your friend; the past will be forgotten, but for the future—pray, pray, Mr. Simpson, let the scenes of this day serve you as a warning; and do not you, either by bad counsel, or pernicious example, corrupt my poor Charles.

Simp. I corrupt him! I!—don't drive me stark staring mad.

Enter MRS. SIMPSON, L.

Mrs. S. [*Endeavouring to suppress her passion.*] Very pretty—sweetly pretty, indeed—I congratulate you—I—I admire your taste, Mr. Simpson.

Simp. My taste! in what?

Mrs. S. She is very handsome, I must allow—it would be difficult to make a better choice.

Simp. Again!—the same eternal, infernal subject!—[*Aside, and as if startled by a sudden thought.*] Lord help me! Is it possible I could have gone astray without knowing it?

Mrs. S. Twenty, or two-and-twenty at the utmost; blue eyes, ruby lips, complexion like a rose—

Simp. [*Unable any longer to suppress his anger.*] Madam, what is your reason for all this? am I to be made the laughing-stock of the whole house? During this entire day, have I been worried by one or the other. Can there be any thing like appearances against me? Let me see: on Tuesday I supped with my old aunt; Wednesday—

Mrs. S. Don't be at the trouble of inventing excuses.

Simp. Not I, madam; I shan't condescend to justify myself. Flesh and blood can bear this no longer! Do what you please, say what you please, call me what you will; and since you are determined to be jealous, hang me if I haven't a great mind to take the trouble of giving you cause—Mrs. Simpson! [*Exit,* L.

Mrs. B. [*Aside.*] His manner convicts him.

Mrs. S. It's the way with them all; when they have nothing to say in their defence, they assume the airs of the injured party.

Mrs. B. But, my dear, what's the meaning of this altercation?

Mrs. S. The profligate little imagines that just now I

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saw his red morocco pocket-book lying on his writing-table. I know not what impulse prompted me to open it, but finding nothing in it except papers of business—securities, I believe—I was going to replace it, when I perceived a spring in the corner; I pressed upon it, removed a secret slide, and there, to my horror, discovered—

Mrs. B. Letters?

Mrs. S. Worse! the creature's portrait.

Mrs. B. Abominable!—[*Aside.*] Charles shall positively dissolve partnership.

Mrs. S. She is handsome enough, but so much the worse. And he!—to hear him one would think his whole soul is wrapt up in me; but I know him now; I have found him out at last, the perfidious monster!

Mrs. B. You have done well to conceal from him your discovery.

Mrs. S. Oh, my dear, had I mentioned it to him, he would have sworn it was the portrait of some sixteenth cousin in Yorkshire, or a lady to whom he paid his addresses in his youth.

Mrs. B. No doubt of it.

Mrs. S. But I'll confound him yet. I replaced the book just where he left it—but their letters—their letters! No doubt, the dear souls occasionally write to each other—I'll contrive to obtain possession of some of their tender epistles, and we shall then hear what the wretch will have to say for himself.

Mrs. B. Susan, my love, instead of anger and reproaches, the common error of offended wives, endeavour to reform him by kind and gentle remonstrances. Except in hearts utterly depraved, these wild attachments are seldom of long duration, when opposed by the disinterested affection of a wife.

Mrs. S. True, true, I'll—I know not what I'll do. But here comes Mr. Bromley. Ah! Anna, you are a happy woman! Let me quit you, my love, for the very sight of a faithful husband renders my monster more odious to me. [*Exit*, L.

Mrs. B. Poor thing! my heart bleeds for her.

Enter BROMLEY, *gaily*, R.

Brom. [*Speaking as he enters.*] Where is my partner? I

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have recovered the whole of our debt, and now—where is Simpson?

Mrs. B. Oh, Charles, don't name him. Did you but know what has passed during your absence!

Brom. What, more evidence against the gay deceiver?

Mrs. B. The wretch! But I'm glad you are returned, for, though he does not deserve your intercession, you must, for his wife's sake, endeavour to restore harmony between them.

Brom. Me, my love! this is a very delicate affair; and for me to interfere—

Mrs. B. You are, in all respects, the properest person. Besides, in these cases, example goes a great way; and, by holding up to him your own excellent conduct as a—

Brom. True, true; but my conduct—that is, it would appear like vanity in me to—besides—in a word, my love, what would you have me say to him?

Mrs. B. Say to him, Mr. Bromley! Do you, then, encourage him in his wicked doings?

Brom. What, I!—[*Aside.*] I shall betray myself.—[*With affected energy.*] I encourage him? 'Tis infamous! 'tis abominable! I'll read him such a lecture as shall make him sink into the earth; I'll overwhelm him with—

Mrs. B. Do with him as you please, love; do not spare him, for we now have the most positive proof of his having a mistress.

Brom. [*Eagerly.*] Is she pretty?— [*Checks himself.*

Mrs. B. Blue eyes, ruby lips, complexion like a rose.

Brom. [*Aside.*] Exactly like Mrs. Fitzallan.

Mrs. B. But were she an angel, her beauty is no apology for him.

Brom. Certainly not, certainly not. What business has the husband of one of the prettiest women in the city to be running after angels? 'tis scandalous, 'tis.—[*Aside.*] I'm in a cursed awkward position here, and the sooner I get away the better.—But I'll attack him at once; I'll lecture him; I'll Hector him; and he must reform his conduct, or no longer call me his friend.

Mrs. B. You are right, my love; for, as it is, the man is no company for you.

Brom. No; I've done with him; I've no pity for a man who goes astray—[*Aside,*]—and wants address to guard against detection. [*Exit,* R.

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Mrs. B. I doubt his success; Mr. Simpson, I fear, is a hardened sinner. Besides, he knows too well the purity of my Charles's principles, to confess his error to him.

Enter a SERVANT, L.

Serv. Mrs. Fitzallan, ma'am.

Mrs. B. Mrs. Fitzallan? I'm not acquainted with the woman. [*Looking out.*] Ah! 'tis Marianne.

[*Exit Servant,* L.

Enter MRS. FITZALLAN, L.

My dear Marianne, my earliest friend, how delighted I am to meet you once again.

Mrs. F. After a separation of five years, at length we meet. How often have I thought on my old school-friend. I have a thousand things to ask, a thousand things to say to you.

Mrs. B. But, before I answer you a single question, you must tell me all that has happened to you since you left England.

Mrs. F. Ah! my dear!—My history, though short, is a sad one. You heard of my going to India; there I married General Fitzallan, and within two years after our marriage— [*Weeps.*

Mrs. B. How! already a widow!

Mrs. F. Too true. [*Sighing.*

Mrs. B. Come, come, love; this is the day of our reunion, and I shall insist on your being very gay.

Mrs. F. Well, well.—And you, too, are married?

Mrs. B. Yes, sure; I am settled down in Mincing Lane, in the midst of invoices, ledgers, and bills of lading; I am a plain, sober, city wife.

Mrs. F. And your husband? Come, tell me all about him. Is he an old stumpy little man in a grey coat and a brown wig? or young and handsome, and—like the beings at the other side of Temple Bar? and is he kind and attentive to you? And are you happy together?

Mrs. B. That, indeed, we are; but you will see him presently, and I'll answer for it you will be delighted with him. If he have a fault, it is that his fondness for me renders him almost ill-bred in his behaviour to every other woman.

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Mrs. F. Don't attempt to correct him; 'tis an uncommon fault with husbands.

Mrs. B. That's true; few men are like Bromley.—[*Looking cautiously around.*] Now, there is my husband's partner, Mr. Simpson—Peter Simpson—a pretty name for a gay deceiver!—

Mrs. F. That name is familiar to me. Oh! I remember—I received some acceptances of his in payment from my poor husband's executor.

Mrs. B. Well—only conceive—his wife, poor thing—

Mrs. F. Does he neglect her?

Mrs. B. He's a wretch! We have the most positive proof against him. I do all I can to console poor Susan, but what can avail in such a case!

Mrs. F. Oh! these men, these men! And the inconceivable effrontery of some of them! What think you, for instance, of a man I never saw before in my life—one Captain—Captain—Captain Walsingham, who, without any sort of introduction, twice presents himself at my house, under pretence of settling some business for me at the India House?

Mrs. B. Is it possible! and how did you receive him?

Mrs. F. As his insolence deserved, of course; and for some time I heard no more of him. But within these few days he has dared to write to me. His first letter I returned to him unanswered, but he so pesters me with his epistles, that I find it less trouble to burn them unopened. Then I can scarcely stir from home but he follows my carriage, and—in short, his importunities are become so irksome, that I am half determined to apply to the magistrates.

Mrs. B. Hush! here comes the unhappy pair.—

[*They walk up the stage.*

Enter SIMPSON *and* MRS. SIMPSON, L.

Simp. [*Speaks on entering.*] Oh! with all my heart—separate maintenance, or no maintenance at all, if you prefer it—so you will but cease to torment me.

Mrs. S. I'm not the woman, Mr. Simpson, to bear such wrongs tamely; I have relations, and—

Mrs. B. [*Coming hastily forward.*] For Heav'n's sake! here's a visitor—I must present to you a dear friend of mine—Mrs. Fitzallan.

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Simp. [*Bowing.*] Any friend of Mrs. Bromley's—Madam, your servant.

Mrs. S. I am delighted, ma'am, to—[*To Mrs. Bromley.*] Oh! support me, my dear, I'm fainting.

Mrs. B. What is the matter?

Simp. [*Taking her hand, which she hastily withdraws.*] What ails you, my duck?

Mrs. F. The lady is very pale.

Mrs. S. [*Repulsing her.*] 'Tis nothing, madam—'tis past—it was merely the surprise. There are persons [*Half directed to Simpson,*] who can support a surprise without the slightest change of countenance. Mr. Simpson, I dare say, is of my opinion.

Mrs. B. I perceive nothing very surprising, my dear, in a simple introduction to an old friend of mine.

Mrs. S. The lady is not altogether unknown to me nor to Mr. Simpson either.

Simp. To me! I don't recollect ever having had the honour of seeing the lady before.

Mrs. F. I go but little into society, ma'am; may I inquire where you—

Mrs. S. This gentleman is more competent to answer the question than myself, madam.

Mrs. B. [*Aside.*] What can she mean?

Simp. [*In an under tone and with suppressed anger.*] Madam, let me advise you, for your own sake, not to expose your folly to a stranger.—[*Aside.*] I wonder she has not attacked fat Betty, the cook, or old Sally, the housemaid.

Mrs. S. [*To Mrs. Fitzallan.*] Pray, madam, did you ever sit for your portrait?

Mrs. F. [*Laughing.*] I now perceive the occasion of your surprise. No doubt you saw my portrait in the Exhibition; and the likeness, which was, indeed, allowed to be perfect, has led you to imagine—Ha! ha! ha!—and my black velvet dress—did you remark how finely that was painted?

Mrs. S. [*Aside.*] Black velvet! 'tis that—there's no longer a doubt. I am perfectly well acquainted with the miniature, madam, but it was not at the Exhibition I saw it.

Mrs. F. A miniature? you mistake: a full length picture.

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Mrs. B. [*Aside.*] Can her jealousy have so blinded her? —[*Aloud and laughing.*] I begin to understand the meaning of this; but, take my word for it, my dear, you were never so mistaken in your life.

Mrs. F. [*Aside.*] Good heavens! Can I be the cause of any disagreement here?

Simp. Well, ladies, to me all this is a riddle; I have lived in a riddle this whole day; as I never was very apt at guessing riddles, I shall quietly leave to time the task of expounding this.

Enter BROMLEY, R.

Brom. Well, love, 'tis near dinner time; are you sure your friend Marianne will come?

Mrs. B. [*Pointing to Mrs. Fitzallan, whose back is turned to Bromley.*] She is here, Charles. Marianne, I must present my husband to you—Mr. Bromley.

Mrs. F. This gentleman—Mr. Bromley?—

Brom. [*Overwhelmed with confusion, yet pointedly and rapidly.*] Is the husband of your friend, madam.—[*Aside.*] I wish I was up to my neck in a horse-pond!

Mrs. F. I congratulate you sincerely, sir, on your choice. We were just speaking of you; Mrs. Bromley has emphatically eulogised your undivided attention to her, and no one is more desirous than myself to believe that you fully merit her confidence.

Brom. [*Greatly embarrassed.*] Oh, madam! when the heart—when a wife—when a husband, whose constancy, whose fidelity—a virtue now departed from with impunity —[*Aside.*] I'm dished!

Mrs. S. [*To Simpson.*] Do you hear that, base man?

Simp. Yes, I hear; though I understand nothing about it. However, I'm determined to be silent, and we shall see which of us will be tired soonest.

Mrs. B. [*To Bromley, and pointing towards Simpson.*] You are too severe, my love; be compassionate—a little indulgence—[*To Mrs. Fitzallan,*] am I not right?

Brom. A little indulgence—aye, aye, a little—we all have need of it—besides, at an age when the passions, and when—after all, there are greater sinners than we! Eh, Simpson?

Simp. [*Aside.*] It seems as if Bromley's turn had come.

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Well, turn and turn about—my wife and I have need of a little rest, that's certain.

Brom. And when one considers the weakness—the—the less I say the better.

Mrs. F. That, sir, is exactly my opinion.

Mrs. B. I am glad, Charles, to find you so weak an advocate in so bad a cause.

Mrs. F. To put an end to a conversation which must be exceedingly embarrassing to a certain person of the party—pray tell me, Mr. Bromley, whether you happen to be acquainted with one Captain Walsingham?

Brom. [*Aside.*] The cruel little devil!—Yes, ma'am; I'm not quite—yes, yes, I knew him—ma'am; that is—ma'am, I knew him formerly.

Mrs. B. [*Aside.*] I regret that Charles was acquainted with so disreputable a person.

Mrs. F. Do tell me what is his character, Mr. Bromley.

Brom. His character? Oh, he's a—a sort of a—a perfect man of honour, I assure you, ma'am.

Mrs. F. No doubt; he seems, too, to be a devoted slave of the ladies.

Mrs. B. Pray, Charles, present my respects to your Captain Walsingham. Mrs. Fitzallan has related to me a little anecdote concerning him, which places him very high in my esteem.

Brom. What, then, you know—[*Aside.*] Can she have told!

Mrs. F. Do you know, Mr. Bromley, whether he still maintains his influence at the India House?

Brom. [*Pointedly.*] No, ma'am; he's now an ex-director; has abandoned all intentions of further interference in that quarter.—How shall I get out of this? Here, William—a—let's have dinner, d'ye hear? it's full time.

Enter a SERVANT, R.

Serv. Dinner, sir, won't be ready this half-hour. [*Exit*, R.

Brom. Very well.—[*Aside.*] John deserves a guinea for interrupting the conversation.

Simp. [*Gaily.*] Come, Bromley, go and order a bottle of champaign in honour of our fair guest; that will set us all in good humour; and before the third glass ha

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gone round, I warrant it, we shall all have come to a right understanding. Ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. B. Oh, let the butler look to the wine; and you, Charles, show Marianne our collection of pictures—I'll follow in a moment.

Brom. [*Aside.*] How I am to escape, heaven knows! —Your arm, madam.

[*Exeunt Bromley and Mrs. Fitzallan. Simpson offers his arm to Mrs. Simpson; she rejects it, and follows the others.*

Mrs. B. [*To Simpson, as he is going off.*] Mr. Simpson, a word. Considering your situation, your boisterous gaiety, to say the best of it—is ill-judged.

Mrs. S. Mr. Simpson, your braving it out in this manner is positively indecent.

[*Exit Mrs. Bromley, who also rejects his arm.*

Simp. Vastly well—let them say what they will, I'm determined not to open my mouth 'till dinner's ready

[*Exit,* R.

Scene II.—*A Drawing Room with Pictures.*

Enter Mrs. Fitzallan, R.

Mrs. F. Poor Mr. Bromley; he has some modesty, however, and couldn't bear a moment of examination.

Enter Mrs. Bromley, R.

Mrs. B. What, has Bromley left you already? how rude!

Mrs. F. Rude!—I think the folks are all rather singular—he saw me to the door, bowed, and left me. Then, really, my dear, Mrs. Simpson's behaviour to me is very extraordinary; she does not only avail herself of my presence to torment her husband, but I am evidently the object of all her sarcasms and inuendos.

Mrs. B. Did you ever happen to see Mr. Simpson?

Mrs. F. No; never.

Mrs. B. How comes it, then, that he possesses your portrait?—

Mrs. F. My portrait?

Mrs. B. Which he keeps concealed in his pocket-book.

Mrs. F. Nonsense: impossible.

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Mrs. B. I assure you, Marianne, he has it; and the resemblance is, in all respects, so perfect, that it cannot be attributed to chance.

Mrs. F. The profligate monster! But to what base end can he have procured it? and by what means?

Mrs. B. 'Tis difficult to tell. Perhaps, unobserved by you, he may have seen you somewhere or other, and becoming enamoured of you, contrived to procure a copy of your picture at the exhibition.

Mrs. F. [*Aside.*] I rather suspect.—My dear, are you sure, are you quite sure, that Mr. Simpson is the person capable of—

Mrs. B. Capable! After the discoveries we have made to-day, I'm convinced he is capable of any thing.

Mrs. F. [*Aside.*] One partner torments me with letters, the other purloins my portrait—am I fated to turn the heads of the whole firm of Simpson & Co.?

Mrs. B. Here he comes, expecting, no doubt, to find you alone, and prepared with a formal declaration.

Enter Simpson, R.

Simp. My dear Mrs. S. seems inclined to open a fresh account, but as we have had sufficient dealings in the article of bickering for one day, I leave her to—Ah! Mrs. Fitzallan, your humble—and Mrs. Bromley, too—I hope I am not an interruption.

Mrs. B. On the contrary, sir, this lady and myself desire an opportunity of gently and quietly remonstrating with you. Mr. Simpson, your conduct is most atrocious.

Mrs. F. 'Tis barbarous!—'tis ungentlemanly!—'tis unmanly!

Simp. Madam, if ever I—

Mrs. B. What excuse have you for endangering, as you have done, the reputation of a respectable woman?

Simp. [*In anger.*] I vow and declare, that since the day I was born—

Mrs. F. Will you be so obliging, sir, as to answer distinctly, the questions I shall put to you?

Simp. So! a regular examination! Speak, ladies; state your charges; I shall not employ counsel, but plead my own cause.

Mrs. F. Then, sir, I must insist on your answering me

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seriously, and without equivocation :—Till this day, did you ever see me before?

Simp. Seriously, and without equivocation, I never did.

Mrs. F. Has any person—any one who may take an interest in me—made you the depository of his secret?

Simp. Madam, I assure you till this day I never had the pleasure either of seeing you or of hearing you spoken of.

Mrs. F. Enough. Now, sir, as a man of honour, you cannot refuse to relinquish my portrait, your possession of which is, at once, offensive and injurious to me.

Simp. Your portrait! your portrait, ma'am!—[*Aside.*] Oh, hang it, I see now they are quizzing me for my wife's jealousy. Mrs. Bromley first began running the joke against me to-day, as a hen-pecked husband; and now she has got Mrs. Fitzallan to join her.

Mrs. B. [*To Mrs. Fitzallan.*] He hesitates.

Mrs. F. Am I to be honoured with your answer, sir?

Simp. [*Aside.*] 'Gad, I'll have a hoax as well as they, and turn the tables on 'em.—Well, madam, [*To Mrs. F.*] I confess that I have as truly got your portrait—

Mrs. B. At length, then, you confess; that is the first step towards repentance. Your wife is an excellent woman; repent, Mr. Simpson, and I trust she will pardon you.

Enter Mrs. Simpson, r.

Come, come, my love, let me be peacemaker.—Mr. Simpson has confessed his errors, and promises sincere repentance, and you must forgive him.

Mrs. S. And what have you to say for yourself, Mr. Simpson?

Simp. What have I to say for myself? I have merely said, that as truly as I have that lady's portrait she has mine, and I will restore her beautiful bust when she gives me my little full length.

Mrs. F. Sir!

Simp. Yes, my little full length—in a pepper and salt coat, striped waistcoat, and drab-colour small-clothes; and continuations.

Mrs. F. [*To Mrs. Bromley.*] My dear, the man's mad!

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Simp. As to the letters you say have passed between us—

Mrs. F. [*With dignity.*] This is too much; I should be forgetting the respect I owe myself, were I to remain another moment here.

Mrs. B. [*Taking her hand.*] For my sake, Marianne—yet an instant—

Enter BROMLEY, L.

Simp. Now, Charles, follow my example and confess—'tis your only hope.

Brom. [*Alarmed.*] Confess! What?

Simp. Confession and repentance are the order of the day. Acknowledge, that, but for your example, I never should have gone astray.

Brom. [*Aside.*] Am I, too, detected, then!

Simp. Acknowledge that your wicked counsels first perverted my innocent heart; that you are accountable for all my peccadilloes, as you call them.

Brom. [*Agitated.*] Each for himself, sir, if you please.

Mrs. B. Fie on you, Mr. Simpson.—First calumniate my friend, and next accuse my unoffending husband! Shame, shame, Mr. Simpson.

Mrs. S. Your attempts at evasion will avail you nothing; it is not with Mr. Bromley, but with you, sir—

Simp. 'Tis all one—we are partners; and our pleasures and our plagues ought to be in common. [*Observing the serious countenances of the others.*] Lord help me! should they be in earnest, after all!

Enter a SERVANT, L., *who whispers Mrs. Bromley.*

Mrs. B. Instantly.—[*To Mrs. Fitzallan.*] A good opportunity to humiliate Mr. Simpson. I have been sitting for my miniature unknown to Charles; the painter has just sent it; I'll take this occasion of presenting it to him. Do but wait my return, and this affair shall be explained to your satisfaction.—[*To Simpson.*] Ah! Mr. Simpson, I never thought you capable of such doings. [*Exit,* L.

Brom. Was it your intention to insult me, Mr. Simpson, by your ridiculous accusations?

Simp. Sir, I—

Mrs. F. Is it your pleasure, Mr. Simpson, to surrender [*Mysteriously,*] the object in question?

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Simp. Madam, madam, I assure you---

Mrs. S. 'Tis a clear case, Mr. Simpson: I shall now leave the affair with my relatives.

Simp. 'Tis a clear case there is a plot among you to drive me wild, and—

Enter Foster, R.

Fos. Mr. Simpson.

Simp. Well, Foster, what the devil do you want?

Fos. Mr. Tradely, sir, has called to receive back his securities.

Simp. Mr. Bromley has them.

Brom. I left them with you when I went out this morning.

Simp. True. [*Takes out Bromley's pocket-book; Mrs. Simpson regards it with looks of rage.*] Here they are, Foster; take a receipt for them. Here, Bromley, take your pocket-book. [*Exit Foster,* R.

Mrs. S. [*Snatches it from him.*] His pocket-book?—Bromley's?

Simp. Yes: and what then?

Mrs. S. Really, the book is not yours?

Simp. And what if it were? but 'tis Bromley's, I tell you.

Mrs. S. [*Running into his arms.*] My dear, dear, dear little husband: this is the happiest moment of my life.

Mrs. F. [*Aside.*] 'Tis as I suspected.

Simp. Then you were but jesting with me, after all!

Mrs. S. [*To Mrs. Fitzallan.*] Oh, ma'am, I scarcely know how to apologise to you; but the circumstances, I trust, will be sufficient to—[*Running again to Simpson.*] My poor, poor, dear injured little Simpson!

Simp. Zounds! but this is as much a puzzle to me as t'other.

Brom. [*Aside.*] I perceive the mistake, and 'tis all over with me.

Mrs. F. [*Aside.*] Poor Mrs. Bromley!

Mrs. S. And can you pardon me all the torments I have inflicted on you?

Simp. Why, you have laid it on pretty thick, my dear, that's certain; but what has all this war been about?

Mrs. S. [*Returns the pocket-book to Bromley.*] Just let

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me return Mr. Bromley his property. 'Tis an elegant little book, indeed; I commend your taste, sir.

Brom. [*Embarrassed.*] Oh, ma'am —'tis nothing—'tis simple—extremely simple.

Mrs. S. Certainly, it requires a careful examination to discover all the beauties it contains.

Mrs. F. [*Severely, and with emphasis.*] Mr. Bromley has been at unwarrantable pains in procuring its ornaments.

Simp. Wel., there's no accounting for tastes; but it seems to me that there's nothing very extraordinary in a red Morocco case with a gold clasp.

Mrs. S. My love, we must not always judge by the exterior.

Simp. [*Mocking her.*] By the exterior! Are they beginning their riddles again?

Brom. Alas! my dear friend, to me it is none; I comprehend it but too well.—[*To Mrs. Fitzallan.*] But to you, madam, how shall I address myself? I confess that, unknown to you, I dared to procure a copy of your portrait; and my indiscretion—

Mrs. F. [*As she takes the book from him, which he presents.*] The offence, Mr. Bromley, might warrant a harsher term.

Simp. Ha! a thought strikes me.—Allow me, ma'am, to ask whether or not you reside in Harley street?

Mrs. F. I do, sir.

Simp. Mahogany door, gorgon's-head knocker, five steps, lamp with reflectors, and sixty-four spikes in the iron railing?

Mrs. F. You have been very minute, sir, in your observations.

Simp. I had plenty of time to take an exact account, I assure you, I having twice enjoyed the honour, madam, of standing sentry at your door, waiting for this gentleman, and shivering in the wind, like the sails in the seasong.—[*To Bromley, half angry.*] And am I, for ever, sir, to be the victim of your irregularities? 'Twas the same thing at school, ladies; if an orchard was robbed, suspicion was sure to light on me; and while Mr. Innocence, there, was quietly devouring the fruit, I was receiving the punishment.

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Mrs. S. [*Taking his hand.*] My poor Simpson!

Mrs. F. [*To Bromley.*] So far as your indiscretion affects me, sir, I pardon you—deeply as it might have injured me in the opinion of this lady; but unfortunately for you, it yet remains—

Brom. Do not overwhelm me with the anger—the contempt—which my conduct merits. Your beauty was the light that dazzled and misled me, yet believe me—

Simp. Say no more, Bromley. You may believe him, ma'am; and I can assure you there is not in London a more affectionate husband—[*Half aside,*] notwithstanding his aptness to be dazzled, as he calls it, by stray lights.

Mrs. S. But what can we say to poor Mrs. Bromley?

Brom. I will avow all to her; the only explanation in the power of an offending husband, is the confession of his error.—Heavens! she comes.

Enter MRS. BROMLEY, L.

Mrs. B. Well, Mr. Simpson, do you still refuse to ask pardon for your misconduct?

Simp. Ah! ma'am; matters have taken a strange turn since you quitted the room.

Brom. Ah! my Anna, you are far from suspecting who is the real offender; it is—

Mrs. F. [*Eagerly.*] It is Captain Walsingham.

Mrs. B. [*With astonishment.*] Captain Walsingham!

Brom. [*Aside.*] A woman for ever for helping one out of a scrape!

Mrs. F. Yes, the person I mentioned to you this morning. It is for him the portrait was copied.

Simp. And thus it is that innocent people are often made to suffer for the offences of such wicked wights. As for that Captain Walsingham—with whom Bromley and I are very well acquainted—I have a little account with him, which shall be settled in private. He shall not have it to say that I quietly took charge of this day's cargo of plagues and torments, which ought to have been consigned to him.

Mrs. B. But how came it, when he was mentioned this morning, that you remained silent?

Simp. To say the truth, I am not so proud of his acquaintance as to boast of it. A married man, who is so

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easily "dazzled by stray lights," is not exactly the person to associate with—Eh, Bromley?

Mrs. B. [*To Mrs. Fitzallan.*] But by what means did the portrait—

Mrs. F. [*Mysteriously, and in an under tone.*] Hush!

Mrs. B. Aye—I understand:—[*Aside.*] That poor dear Mrs. Simpson! they make her believe just what they please!

Mrs. S. [*Aside.*] That dear good Mrs. Bromley—did she but know—

Mrs. B. And now, Charles, I have a little surprise for you. Unknown to you I have sat for my portrait; accept it as the token of my confidence in your fidelity; it may serve as a little lesson to Mr. Simpson.

Brom. [*Deeply affected.*] Your portrait!—Never, never shall it quit me.—"[*Aside.*] And she's unconscious.—Oh! "Anna, the reproaches of an offended woman are soon "forgotten; her sweetness, her unsuspecting love, which "alone can reclaim a wandering heart, are remembered "for ever.

"*Mrs. B.* [*In an under tone, and looking towards Simp-*"*son.*] Be merciful, my love."

Simp. [*Taking Bromley aside.*] Bromley, that present comes just in time; there's a vacant place in the pocket-book.

Brom. A little indulgence—

Simp. You must ask it at other hands than mine.—[*Brings Bromley forward, looking cautiously, at the same time, at the other characters.*] Ladies and gentlemen, no doubt you have detected some little deficiencies in my partner's private accounts—the firm is responsible to you—we are now winding up matters with you for the evening—we have done our best to answer your claims for amusement in full—if the balance appears against us, pray, grant a little indulgence to the firm of Simpson——and—Co.

THE END.

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MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

No. LXI.

THE

MERCHANT OF VENICE

A Comedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW-YORK:
WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO.,
No. 13 ANN-STREET.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," ranks deservedly as one of the most finished productions of Shakspeare. We can trace in this play, the maturity of the poet's intellectual power, which he so eminently knew how to fuse into his strongest delineations of passion and feeling. The literary researches of the Editors of Shakspeare, have placed the date of its composition to be about the year 1598, when the author had arrived at the thirty-fourth year of his age; a period when, in the full maturity of his powers, and a confidence derived from previous success, we may suppose him to be capable of writing with a brilliancy and a vigor, unsurpassed in any former or subsequent period of his life. It is, perhaps, to these causes we owe the creation of *Shylock*; a character so matchless in its intellectuality, so striking in its idiosyncracy, that in the whole range of the Drama, it cannot be paralleled.

The plot, or rather plots, of this play, appear to have been derived from various sources; we give from contemporaneous authorities, the following abstract of the supposed materials, out of which Shakspeare constructed this magnificent drama:

"Those of the caskets and of the bond are derived from an old play entitled '*The Jew*,' which, according to *Gosson*, was '*shewn at the Bull*,' and was by him pronounced to be '*a goode and sweete play*,' which represented '*the greediness of worldly choosing, and the bloody minds of usurers*;' and Mr. Dunlop remarks, that the story of Lorenzo and Jessica bears some similitude to the fourteenth tale in the second book of the *Novellino* of *Massuccio Di Salerno*; and that learned, elegant, and judicious critic, Mr. Douce, observes, that neither the author of the old play, nor Shakspeare, have confined themselves to one source, in the construction of their plot; but that the *Pecorone*, the *Gesta Romanorum*, and probably the ancient *Ballad of Gernutus*, had been respectively resorted to. That the incident of the *bond* was borrowed from the former, there remains no doubt; and the *whetting of the knife* might be suggested by the latter; while the reasoning of Shylock before the Senate is evidently taken from Sylvayn's *Orator*, translated by *Munday*, and printed in 15[illegible]."

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In attempting to add anything new, or pointed, in illustration, of the works of Shakspeare, a writer of the present day is overwhelmed with a sense of the inutility, as well as the utter hopelessness of his labours. The genius, the research, and the learning, of the great master minds which have preceded him, leave scarcely a thought unsaid, that can be evolved by the closest study, or the most critical analysis of the mighty creations he is lost in wonder in contemplating. And the more closely that research is pursued, which brings us nearer to the true beauties and vast genius of the author, does the sense of this incompetency predominate in the minds of those, who have looked into Shakspeare with a single eye to extract the true meaning of his language, and who depend upon the author as being the best expositor of his own conceptions. We however will venture to say, that the character of *Shylock*, both in its representation by actors, and its appreciation by critics, seems to have been fated to erroneous misconception. The bad theatrical taste of former times consigned the part of *Shylock* to a low comedian, and in accordance with this view of the character, Lord Lansdown, at the latter end of the Seventeenth Century, compiled his "Jew of Venice" from the original play, and introduced a new scene of ridiculous buffoonery for *Shylock*, in which the Jew is represented at the feast given by *Bassanio*, as the Jest and the Jester, for the amusement of his Christian entertainer and his friends; and, to crown the absurdity, the noble author entrusted the part to Doggett, the favourite low comedian of the time, an actor who was unusually broad in his delineations of comic humour. This ridiculous misconception of the character of *Shylock*, prevailed until Macklin restored the original text to the stage, or rather the present acted copy, and also presented a comparatively faithful embodiment of Shakspeare's *Shylock*. His admirable performance of the character, at once so new and striking, drew from Pope the well-known eulogium,

"This is the Jew
That Shakspeare drew."

The prominent characteristics of Macklin's conception, are described as representing in coarse, but vivid colours, the avarice and malignity of the Jew. This conception has been followed

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by every leading representative of the part since Macklin's time, modified, perhaps, by the peculiar style, or temperament, of the actor. Henderson, for example, who succeeded Macklin, subdued and softened down the coarser parts of the original; while Cooke restored all the vigor and fiend-like malignity which predominated in Macklin's personation. The elder Kean infused *feeling* into the part, but did not divest it of the strong traits of avarice and revenge, exhibited in the delineations of his predecessors. Inferior actors have copied these great artists, and *Shylock* has become a kind of stereotyped representation on the stage, differing only in the varied shades of capability each actor brings to the task.

That this generally-adopted conception of *Shylock*, as represented on the stage, does not convey a full delineation of the varied phases of the character, as drawn by the Poet, we think no careful and discriminating reader of Shakspeare, but will be ready to acknowledge. We yield that the two strong passions, avarice and revenge, are the predominant points in *Shylock's* character. But, look at the causes which appear to have engendered these passions, as related by himself. The wrongs of his Christian enemies, the extortions and injuries inflicted on him and his race, have goaded him almost to madness. We look upon *Shylock* as being the representative of the whole race of despised and persecuted Jews of the period antecedent, and at the time when Shakspeare wrote. He is the embodiment of this idea in several parts of the play. In the famous speech to *Antonio*, in the first act; in the terrific outbreak of his passion, when bereft of his daughter; and in the shrewd and eloquent appeals in the Trial Scene, we see distinctly marked a species of sublimity of character surrounding the Jew, that involuntarily claims our admiration. He stands the unbending, inflexible type of a race, no wrongs nor contumelies could overcome. Our actors do not bring these palpable points of the character sufficiently out. They divest him of the ridiculous buffoonery that once degraded the part; but from the first to the last scene, *Shylock* is still only the sordid, avaricious, revengeful Jew. But the greatest defect in the modern delineation of the character, we conceive to be in the total misconception of the scene where *Shylock* obtains the

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bond: it is the first scene in which he is introduced; no previous insight into his real character is given by the poet—it is left to its own development. The Jew is applied to by *Bassanio* for the loan of three thousand ducats, and *Antonio*, the merchant, is offered as security. *Shylock* exhibits no malignity, no desire to revenge himself, for injuries received from his Christian enemies, in this colloquy; on the contrary, he is a model of patience, forbearance, and amiable feeling. This is all in direct opposition to the after-development of the character, as evinced in the subsequent scenes. But we are not left in doubt as to his real feeling, even in this scene. The soliloquy is as intense an exhibition of his hatred for wrongs inflicted, as is the open expression of it in the third act, and his malignant ferocity in the trial scene. The *exposé* of his feelings towards *Antonio*—

> "If I can *catch him once upon the hip*,
> I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him,"

Is at once the key to the true character of *Shylock*, and we conceive that it also warrants an entirely different conception of this whole scene, than that usually rendered on the stage. We believe that, acting upon the hope of *catching Antonio on the hip*, *Shylock* assumes the friendly, jocose manners and language put into his mouth, merely to wheedle the merchant into the bond, which, in "*a merry mood*," he insists upon as security for the loan. The whole tenor of the language warrants this assumption: there is a genuine comic vein of humour running through all *Shylock* says; excepting, perhaps, the reproachful appeal to *Bassanio*, which should be given with *feeling*, and not *vindictively*. We hold that a bantering humour, and an apparently frank, jocular vein, should characterize *Shylock's* delineation of this scene. Such a conception reconciles the apparent anomaly of the character, and furnishes some reasonable apology for the misconception of the olden times, when a low comedian was always selected to play the part.

Such a conception of *Shylock* as we have endeavoured to sketch, would enable a great actor to mark the separate grades of the character as they are developed in each scene, and thus a succession of contrasted effects might be produced, at once original and impressive. **H.**

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Drury Lane, 1824.	*Arch St., Phil.*, 1847.	*Broadway*, 1849.
Duke of Venice.....	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Marsh.	Mr. Everard.
Shylock.....	" Kean.	" Wallack.	" Wallack. Jr.
Antonio.....	" Pope.	" J. Scott.	" Fredericks.
Bassanio.....	" Wallack.	" Moorhouse.	" Fleming.
Gratiano	" Browne.	" Gallagher.	" Lester.
Lorenzo.....	" Horn.	" Dunn.	" Hunt.
Solanio.....	" Youngs.	" Ashmer.	" Kingsley.
Salarino.....	" Mercer.	" Fisher.	" McDonald.
Old Gobbo	" Gattie.	" Jervis.	" Vache.
Launcelot Gobbo....	" Liston.	" Burton.	" Hadaway.
Tubal.....	" Webster.	" W. Wood.	" Bernard.
Leonardo.....		" Hickman.	
Balthazar	" Bartley.	" Johnstone.	" Allen.
Stephano.....		" Mears.	
Portia	Mrs. West.	Mrs. Burke.	Mrs. Wallack.
Jessica.....	Miss Povey.	Miss Wood.	" Sergeant.
Nerissa.....	Mrs. Orger.	" Hill.	Miss Telbin.

COSTUMES.

DUKE.—Crimson velvet jacket and breeches, spotted velvet robe, ermine cape white shoes, and crimson roses.

ANTONIO.—Black velvet Venetian dress, black shoes, and roses.

BASSANIO.—Grey and pink, russet boots, and white gloves. *Second dress:* White tunic, trimmed with silver; blue satin waistcoat, embroidered, and blue sash-belt, white silk stocking pantaloons, white shoes, and roses.

SHYLOCK.—Black cloth gabardine, scarlet sash, blue stockings black shoes, and buckles.

SOLANIO.—Grey Spanish dress, trimmed with silver, pantaloons, and russet boots.

GRATIANO.—Green velvet coat, white waistcoat, worsted pantaloons, and russet boots.

SALARINO.—Scarlet Spanish coat, white waistcoat, white worsted pantaloons, trimmed with scarlet, and russet boots.

LORENZO.—Green and buff Spanish dress, and russet boots.

TUBAL.—Black stuff gabardine, trimmed with grey, hat, shoes, and buckles.

LAUNCELOT.—Plain black shape, long red stockings, and russet shoes. *Second dress:* Brown and red, shoes, and red roses.

GOBBO.—Plain brown shape, leather belt, blue stockings, and russet shoes.

BALTHAZAR.—Green and orange livery.

SENATORS.—Black gowns, trimmed with white, and white caps.

PORTIA.—Salmon-coloured gown, trimmed with silver. *Second dress:* Black silk stockings, black tunic, and lawyer's gown. *Third dress:* White Spanish pelisse, white satin hat, and feathers.

JESSICA.—White and spangles.

NERISSA.—White and spangles, with coloured body. *Second dress:* As Portia's second dress, but no gown.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left:* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door.*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right;* L., *Left;* C., *Centre;* R. C., *Right of Centre;* L. C., *Left of Centre.*

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

Scene I.—*A Street in Venice.*

Enter Antonio, Salarino, *and* Solanio, R.

Ant. (C.) In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Sol. (R. C.) Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sala. (L. C.) Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Sol. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,

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But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew docked in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial.
Shall I have the thought
To think on this? and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing, bechanced, would make me sad?
But, tell not me; I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sala. Why, then, you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Sala. Not in love neither? Then let's say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
And others of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Sol. (R.) Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano and Lorenzo: fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.

Sala. (R.) I would have stayed till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Enter BASSANIO, GRATIANO, *and* LORENZO, L.

Sala. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. (C.) Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when? [*Crosses to Sala.*
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

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Sol. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt Sol. and Sala.*, R.

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but, at dinner-time,
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

[*Lor. and Bass. confer in back-ground.*

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio:
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. (L. C.) Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
Oh, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing: who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time;
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo: [*They advance.*] Fare ye well, awhile—
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. (L. C.) Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner time:

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I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. (L.) Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell; I'll grow a talker for this year.

Gra. (L.) Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gra. and Lor.*, L.

Ant. (R. C.) Is that any thing, now?

Bass. (R.) Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well: tell me, now, what lady is this same,
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it:
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlocked to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advisèd watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.

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I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me, what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renownéd suitors.
Oh, my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea:
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be racked, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt, Ant.* L., *Bass,* R.

Scene II.—*Portia's House at Belmont.*

Portia *and* Nerissa *discovered.*

Por. (c.) By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

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Ner. (R. C.) You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—Oh, me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none? [*Crosses*, R.

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof, who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and, as thou nam'st them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid, my lady, his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. (C.) Then, there is the County Palatine.

Por. (R.) He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "An if you will not have me, choose:" he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unman-

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nerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. Heaven defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. Heaven made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk; when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast; an' the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

[*Crosses*, R.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit: unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray heaven grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio, as I think, so he was called.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

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Por. I remember him well; as I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter Balthazar, L.

Por. How now! what news? [*Crosses to* L.

Bal. (L.) The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco: who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt*, L.

Scene III.—*A Street in Venice.*

Enter Shylock *and* Bassanio, R.

Shy. (C.) Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. (R. C.) Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months?—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me?—Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Oh, no, no, no, no! my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition; he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England—and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad: but ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land rats, and water rats, water thieves, and land thieves; I mean pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks; the man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

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Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. (R.) I will be assured, I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me: [*Nodding significantly.*] may I speak with Antonio?

Bass. (C.) If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. (R. C.) Yes, to smell pork: to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Bass. This is Signior Antonio. [*Exit*, L.

Shy. (L. C.) [*Pointing* L.] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him, for he is a Christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice: (C.)
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; (R.) and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest:—Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Enter BASSANIO *and* ANTONIO, L.

Bass. (L.) Shylock, do you hear? [*Ant. stands* L.

Shy. (R.) I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft: how many months
Do you desire?—[*To Ant., affecting not to have seen him before.*]—Rest you fair, good Signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock—(C.) albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. Is he yet possessed
How much you would? [*To Bass., who stands* L.

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Shy. Ay, ay: three thousand ducats.
Ant. (C.) And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot—three months, you told me so.
[*To Bass.*
Well, then, your bond;—[*To Ant.*]—and let me see—(C.)
but hear you;
Methought you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,
Upon advantage.
Ant. I do never use it.
Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.
Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?
Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised,
That all the eanlings which were streaked and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire,
The skilful shepherd peeled me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-coloured lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not. [*Crosses to* R.
Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But swayed and fashioned by the hand of Heaven:
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?
Shy. (R.) I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast.
Ant. [*Apart to Bass.*, L.] Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath! [*Goes up stage.*
Shy. [*Musing*, R.] Three thousand ducats—'Tis a good
round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

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Shy. [*Slowly turning towards Ant.*] Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gabardine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
[*Advances nearer.*
Well, then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys:" You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and, in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this—
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me—dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys."

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee, too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. (R. C.) Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:— [*Crosses,* R.

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Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'd rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

[*Ant. and Bass. retire,* L.

Shy. (R.) Oh, father Abraham, what these Christians are;
Whose own hard dealing teaches them to suspect
The thoughts of others!—Pray you, tell me this;

[*They advance.*

If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship;
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit Shylock,* R.
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

Bass. (L.) I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Ant. (L.) Come on; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt,*

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Venice.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *from* L. D. F.

Laun. (C.) Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says—"No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or," as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels."—Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* says the fiend; away, says the fiend; for the heavens rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me—"my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son"—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says—"Launcelot, budge not;" "budge," says the fiend; "budge not," says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well; to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew, my master, who, Heaven bless the mark! is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation, and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: the fiend gives the more friendly counsel! I will run; fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run. [*Going*, R.

Gob. [*Without*, R.] Master, young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Oh, heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try conclusions with him.

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Enter Old Gobbo, R., *with a basket.*

Gob. (R.) Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. (R.) Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left: marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. 'Twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot? [*Aside.*] Mark me now: now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest, exceeding poor man, and, Heaven be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, master Launcelot;—talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, Heaven forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (Heaven rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Falls on his knees.*] Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

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Laun. [*Rises.*] Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man: and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed. I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood.—Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got!—thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin, my thill-horse, has on his tail.

Laun. (c.) It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. (c.) Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present.

Laun. Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have in my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as Heaven has any ground:—Oh, rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, *with* Leonardo *and* Stephano, r.

Bass. You may do so:—See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making: and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit Stephano,* r.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. Heaven bless your worship!

Bass. (r. c.) Gramercy; would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew; and I have a desire, as my father shall specify—

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins.

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Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope, an old man, shall fructify unto you—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both!—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtained thy suit:
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferred thee; if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of Heaven, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well: go, father, with thy son:—
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out.—[*To Leonardo.*] Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows'; see it done.

[*Bassanio retires up the Stage with Leonardo.*

Laun. Father, in:—[*Crosses to* L.] I cannot get a service, no?—I have ne'er a tongue in my head?—Well [*Looking on his palm,*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book.—I shall have good fortune; go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives; alas, fifteen wives is nothing: eleven widows and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril with my life with the edge of a feather bed; here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench, for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo,* L., D. F.

Bass. [*Advancing with Leon.*] I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
These things being bought, and orderly bestowed,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night

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My best-esteemed acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leonardo going.—Exit Bassanio, L.

Enter GRATIANO, R.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit,* L.

Gra. Signior Bassanio.—

Re-enter BASSANIO, L.

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtained it.

Gra. You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then, you must:—but hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal;—pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, Amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: but fare you well—
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt,* R.

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Scene II.—*Shylock's House.*

Enter Jessica *and* Launcelot, L.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so, farewell; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most beautiful Pagan,—most sweet Jew! [*Crosses to* R.] if a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived:—but, adieu: these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu! [*Exit*, R.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot—
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners:—Oh, Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit*, L.

Scene III.—*A Street in Venice.*

Enter Lorenzo, Gratiano, Solanio, *and* Salarino, R.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sol. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sala. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered:
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furnish us:—

Enter Launcelot, L.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify. [*Gives Lorenzo a letter.*—[*Crosses*, R.

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Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair white hand:
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir. [*Crosses*, R.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica I will not fail her;—speak it privately—go.—

[*Exit Launcelot*, R.

Gentlemen,
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Sol. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

[*Crosses*, L.

Sala. And so will I. [*Crosses towards* L.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging, some hour hence.

Sala. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt Salarino and Solanio* L.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all: she hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnished with.—
If e'er the Jew, her father, come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt*,

Scene IV.—*Shylock's House.*

Shylock, R., *and* Launcelot, L., *discovered.*

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out:
Why, Jessica, I say!

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Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA, L.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;
There are my keys:—but wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love: they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house:—I am right loth to go;
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i'the morning, falling out that year on Ash Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean, my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah.—
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit*, L.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.

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[*Shylock takes his hat from table and advances,* R.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail—slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrowed purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you;—
Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit,* R.

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter lost.

SONG.—JESSICA.

Haste, Lorenzo, haste away,
To my longing arms repair,
With impatience I shall die;
Come and ease thy Jessy's care:
Let me then, in wanton play,
Sigh and gaze my soul away. [*Exit,* L.

SCENE V.—*A Street in Venice.—Before Shylock's House.*

Enter GRATIANO, SALARINO, *and* SOLANIO, *masked,* L.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.

Sol. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sala. Oh, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obligéd faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds:—

Enter LORENZO, *masked,* L.

Sala. Here comes Lorenzo:—more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.
Here dwells my father Jew.

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SONG.—LORENZO.

My bliss too long my bride denies;
Apace the wasting summer flies:
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Nor storms nor night shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
Oh, love has fetters stronger far!
By bolts of steel are limbs confined;
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast,
When thoughts torment, the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
Away, my Jessy, haste away.

JESSICA *at the Window in Flat*, L.

Jes. Who are you? tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? and now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
Lor. But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.
Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit from the window.*
Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.
Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself:
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placéd in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, L. D. F.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masking mates by this time for us stay. [*Exeunt*, L.

END OF ACT II.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Venice.*

Enter SALARINO *and* SOLANIO, R.

Sol. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

Sala. The villain Jew with outcries raised the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Sol. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the Duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Sala. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
My daughter!—Oh, my ducats!—Oh, my daughter!
Fled with a Christian!—Oh, my Christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Sol. Marry, well remembered:
I reasoned with a Frenchman yesterday; who told me, that Antonio had a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwin, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Sala. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapt ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—oh, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sol. Come, the full stop.

Sala. Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sol. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Sala. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the devil cross thy prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

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Enter SHYLOCK, L.

How now, Shylock; what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight. [*Crosses*, C.

Sol. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sala. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Sol. (L.) That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. (C.) My own flesh and blood to rebel!

[*Crosses*, R.

Sala. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a christian courtesy:—let him look to his bond. [*Crosses*, L.

Sol. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. [*Crosses*, C.] He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million: laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies; and what's his reason?—I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?—fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed?—if you tickle us, do we not laugh?—if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge! If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge! [*Crosses*, L.]—The villainy you teach me, I will execute! and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

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Sala. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt Solanio and Salarino*, R.

Enter TUBAL, R.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now; —two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing: no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck? ill luck? ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God!—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal?—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it; I'll plague him! I'll torture him! I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

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Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal! it was my torquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

[*Crosses*, L.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue. Go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt, Shylock*, L., *Tubal*, R.

Scene II.—*Portia's House at Belmont.—Three Caskets of Gold, Silver, and Lead, laid out*, c.

Portia *and* Bassanio, L., Nerissa *and* Gratiano, R.—*Singers, Musicians, Pages, and other Attendants, discovered.*

Bass. I am enjoined by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you, and begone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Bass. And so have I addressed me.—Fortune now
To my heart's hope!

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you: and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me:
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn.
I speak too long: but 'tis to peize the time;
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

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Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.
Come, let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away, then: [*Crosses*, L.] I am locked in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.— [*They retire.*
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music; that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eyes shall be the stream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him.
[*Music whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.*
Bass. Some good direct my judgment!—Let me see.—
"*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*"
That may be meant
Of the fool multitude, that choose by show;
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damnéd error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
Thus ornament is but the guiléd shore
To a most dang'rous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty.
Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.
"*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*"
And well said, too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit?
Oh, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer?
How many then should cover, that stand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
And how much honour,
Picked from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnished?—"*Much as he deserves.*"—

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I'll not assume desert.—
"*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.*"
I'll none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I: Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air!
Oh, love, be moderate, allay thy ecstacy;
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. [*Opening the Leaden Casket.*] What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit! Here is the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads.*] "You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."

A gentle scroll;—Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give, and to receive;
Yet doubtful whether what I say be true,
Until confirmed, signed, ratified by you.—
[*Kneels, kissing her*

Por. (L. C.) You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself: and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;

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Which, when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
Oh, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

[*Gratiano and Nerissa advance,* R.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy! Good joy, my lord and lady!

[*Crosses to Portia.*

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married, too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou can'st get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine, too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I sweat again;
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage. [*Bassanio and Portia retire up the Stage.*

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy, for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

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Gra. No, we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Solanio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SOLANIO, L.

Bass. [*Crosses to Lor.*] Lorenzo and Solanio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome:—by your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.
Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour:—for my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Solanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Sol. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.
[*Gives Bassanio a letter; all retire but Bassanio and Solanio.*
Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Sol. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.
Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Solanio; what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success:
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
Sol. Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!
[*They retire up the Stage,* R.
Por. There are some shrewd contents in that same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
[*Crosses to him.*

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With leave, Bassanio; I am half y urself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. Oh, sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart: when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Solanio?
[*Solanio advances.*
Have all his ventures failed? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Sol. (L.) Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the Duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice; twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.
[*Gratiano and Nerissa advance,* R.
Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best conditioned and unwearied spirit

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In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

[*Lorenzo advances* L. *of Bassanio.*

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is done, bring your true friend along:
My maid, Nerissa, and myself, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding day.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads.*] "*Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and me. If I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*"

Por. Oh, love, despatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt,* R.

Scene III.—*A Street in Venice.*

Enter Shylock, Antonio, Salarino, *and* Gaoler, L.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him;—tell not me of mercy;—
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:—:
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;

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I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou had'st a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder.
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not:
I'll have no speaking;—I will have my bond. [*Exit*, R.
Sala. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft delivered from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me
Therefore he hates me.
Sala. I am sure, the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold
Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go;
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.— [*Crosses*, L.
Well, Gaoler, on:—Pray Heav'n Bassanio come
To see me pay this debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt*, L.

Scene IV.—*Portia's House at Belmont.*

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, Portia, Nerissa, *and* Balthazar, R.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly

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In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent me doing good,
Nor shall not now:
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things:
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.
Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.
Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you.
Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—
[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo,* &c.
Now, Balthazar, [*Balthazar advances,* &c.
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario:
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry

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Which trades to Venice: waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit*, L.

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us!

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa;
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE V.—*The Garden at Belmont.*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT, L.

Laun. Yes, truly: for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think—you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good: and that is is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes. [*Crosses*, L.

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Enter LORENZO, L.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter.

Lor. [*Crosses*, C.] Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done, too, sir; only cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning; go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. (R.) For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit*, R.

Lor. Oh, dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnished like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion, too, of that.

DUET.—LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Jes In vows of everlasting truth,
You waste your idle hours, fond youth,
But leave me once, and I should find
That out of sight were out of mind

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Lor. Ah, do thyself no wrong, my dear,
Affect no coy nor jealous fear;
Each beauteous object I might see,
Would but inspire a thought of thee.

Both. Thus absence warms with fiercer flame
The fine affections of the soul:
As distance points with surer aim
The faithful needle to its darling pole. [*Exeunt,* R.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Court of Justice in Venice.*

The DUKE, *Magnificoes,* ANTONIO, BASSANIO, SOLANIO SALARINO, GRATIANO, *and Attendants, discovered.*

Duke. [*Seated,* C.] What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath taken great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am armed
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Sol. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK, R.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:

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And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back;
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commisseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. (R.) I have possessed your grace of what I pur
pose;
And by our holy sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats:—I'll not answer that:
But say, it is my humour: is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned; what, are you answered yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
Now for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat:
So can I give no reason, nor will I not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

Bass. (L. C.) This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

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Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. (L. C.) I pray you, think you question with the Jew:

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well—do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart: therefore I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here are six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them; shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs;
Why sweat they under their burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands? you will answer,
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment:—answer: shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sala. (R.) My lord, here stays without

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A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters: call the messenger.
[*Exit Salanio,* R.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter SOLANIO *with* NERISSA, *dressed like a Lawyer's clerk,* R., *and goes to the Duke.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace.
[*Presents a letter.—Shylock kneels on one knee, and whets his knife on the floor.*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. [*Gets up.*] No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. (R. C.) Oh, be thou damned, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

Shy. (R. C.) [*Holding up the bond, and tapping it with the knife.*] Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

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Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learnéd doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
[*Exeunt Gratiano and Solanio*, R.
Meantime, the Court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Reads.*] "*Your grace shall understand that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio, the merchant: we turned o'er many books together; he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverent estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*"
You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes,
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a Doctor of Laws*, SOLANIO, *and* GRATIANO, R.—*Portia advancing to the* C. *of the Stage, bows to the Court, and then approaches towards the Duke.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
[*Portia sits.*
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
[*They stand forth—Portia in* C. *of Stage.*

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

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Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
[*To Ant.*] You stand within his danger, do you not?
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the fear and dread of kings;
But mercy is above the sceptered sway,
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice: therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy; I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, thrice the sum: If that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth: And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

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Por. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
Shy. [*In ecstasy.*] A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!—
Oh, wise young judge, how do I honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
[*Gives it.*
Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath! I have an oath in heaven!
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul, I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why, then, thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for his knife;—
Shy. Oh, noble judge! Oh, excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true. Oh, wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart; those are the very words.

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Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it: 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?
Ant. But little: I am armed, and well prepared.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

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Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learnéd judge!—A sentence! come, prepare.
Por. Tarry a little:—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood:
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh;
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh:
But, in the cutting of it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the State of Venice.
Gra. (R.) Oh, upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—a learnéd judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shall see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.
Gra. Oh, learnéd judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learnéd judge!
Shy. I take this offer, then;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft:
The Jew shall have all justice!—soft!—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. Oh, Jew! an upright judge, a learnéd judge!
Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple! nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

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Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee: here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I! a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then, the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question. [*Going,* R.
Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods: the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurred
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hanged at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house: you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

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Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for Heaven's sake.
Ant. So please my lord the Duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more—that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possessed,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronouncéd here.
Por. Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it. [*Shylock crosses*, R.
Gra. (L.) In christening thou shalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit Shy.*, R.
Duke. [*To Por.*] Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train*, L. U. E.
Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

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Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee; grant me two things, I pray you,—
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you;
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answered.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserved this ring,
She would not hold out enemy forever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa,* R.

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,
Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste.—

[*Exit Gratiano,* R.

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Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*A Street in Venice.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA, R.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO, R.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well overtaken:
[*Crosses to Portia.*
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
[*Crosses*, R.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you:—
[*Aside to Portia.*] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep forever.

Por. [*Aside to Ner.*] Thou may'st, I warrant: we shall have old swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them, too.
Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.
[*Exit*, L.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?
[*Exeunt*, L.

END OF ACT IV.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Avenue to Portia's House at Belmont.*

LORENZO, R., *and* JESSICA, L., *discovered, seated on Garden Seat.*

Lor. The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
Jes. And in such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. And in such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jes. I would outnight you, did nobody come;
But, hark! I hear the footing of a man.

Enter BALTHAZAR, L.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Bal. A friend.
Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Bal. Balthazar is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will, before the break of day,
Be here at Belmont.
I pray you, is my master yet returned?
Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.
Laun. [*Without*, L.] Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!
Lor. Who calls?

Enter LAUNCELOT, L.

Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!
Lor. Leave hollooing, man; here.

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Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master [*Crosses*, R.] with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit*, R.

Lor. My friend Balthazar, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand.
[*Exit Balthazar*, R.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA *at a distance*, L. U. E.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they returned?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.
[*A trumpet sounds*, L. U. E.

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, *and* GRATIANO, L. S. E.

Por. You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.
[*Gratiano and Nerissa go up the Stage.*
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him;
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house;
It must appear in other way than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

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Gra. [*Advancing with Ner.*] By yonder moon I swear,
you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were hanged that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give to me; whose posy was,
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."
Ner. (L.) What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk!—
A prating boy, that begged it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. (R.) You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift:
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
And 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.
Bass. [*Aside,* R.] Why, I were best to cut my left hand
off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.
Gra. (L. C.) My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begged it, and, indeed,
Deserved it, too; and then the boy, his clerk,

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That took some pains in writing, he begged mine:
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. (R. C.) What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bass. (R. C.) If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it, but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it—it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed,
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

[*She walks about—Bass. follows her.*

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begged the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffered him to go displeased away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him.
Had you been there, I think you would have begged
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por (R.) Let not that doctor e'er come near my house

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Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him anything I have,
No, not my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it;
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bed-fellow.

Ner. (L.) And I his clerk; therefore be well advised,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. (R.) Well, do you so: let me not take him then
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. (C.) I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels

Por. (R.) Sir, grieve not you: you are welcome, not withstanding.

Bass. (R.) Portia, forgive me this enforcéd wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety: give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio: swear to keep this ring.

Bass. [*Amazed.*) By heaven—it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio:
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. [*Amazed.*] Why, this is like the mending of high ways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?

Por. (R. C.) Speak not so grossly.—You are all amazed
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;

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It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa, there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now returned; I have not yet
Entered my house.—Antonio, you are welcome:
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chancéd on this letter.

Bass. (R.) Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. (L.) Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;
When I am absent, then sleep with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possessed of.

Lor. (L.) Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starvéd people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full; let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

THE END.

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MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

No. LXII.

OLD HEADS & YOUNG HEARTS

A Comedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY DION BOURCICAULT,

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW-YORK:
WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO.,
No. 18 ANN-STREET.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

Boucicault may be considered to be the originator of what has been very aptly designated as the "*Upholstery School of* Comedy," in which the decorations and novel effects derivable from the appointments and accessories, which modern improvement has introduced on the stage, form the prominent features of the piece. That the comedies of this author owe much of their success to these novel introductions, cannot be denied, but Borçicault also possesses the talent of infusing into his compositions a sparkling vivacity of dialogue, a neatness in the construction of his plot, a knowledge of character, drawn from a close observance of the follies and vices of our period, and a happy skill in the management of his incidents and situations; and by these united qualifications, he has succeeded in producing two or three comedies, that never fail to amuse and attract audiences, aided as they are by the adornments of costly stage appointments.

The chief defect, we consider, in all Borçicault's productions, is the utter heartlessness that pervade his pictures of modern manners. His epigrammatic wit, and his polished keenness of satire, seem to revel in representing the most selfish characteristics of modern fashionable society. The exclusiveness of this society, perhaps, exposes it to the censure of the satirist; and the Dramatic writer, whose province it is to "shoot folly as it flies," may be pardoned if he faithfully represents the classes, from which he draws the originals of his fictitious creations. He may draw from these equivocal fountains large draughts of wit and humour, and he may excite the risibilities of his audiences, with displays of his peculiar genius: but we humbly conceive that the brightest flashes of his wit, will be wanting in that other essential element of true Dramatic wit—Poetry, while the moral influence of such exhibitions of real life, in a Dramatic form, is deleterious in its effects on an audience. We are not so visionary in our theories as to look to the stage for any high code of morals, although we believe such might be its legitimate province; yet we contend that the stage is a school where a pure and correct taste may be cultivated; and

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we hold it to be a perversion of good taste, to present life as being one unbroken link of heartless frivolity and polished insincerity, as Borçicault delights in picturing it. Nor can we admit the fidelity of his portraits of character, amusing as we confess they are in the representation. They seem rather to owe their existence to the exaggerated delineations with which modern fiction abounds; the characters are, in fact, copies from fashionable novels, and not transcripts from nature. The stage has lost its original influence over the intellectual and the fashionable classes, so that its power for good or evil has become nearly extinct. The mass of play-goers view the entertainment derivable from the theatre as a mere amusement, a relaxation from daily toil, and prescribed duty; and the author that can most effectually interest, amuse, or excite an audience for the passing hour, becomes the popular idol of the day. We have no desire to impeach the taste of the public, but we do object to men of genius fostering the frivolous spirit of the age, and, what is more reprehensible, disseminating through the powerful instrumentality of the Drama, a false code of morals, calculated to undermine all the social virtues of life.

We look upon "Old Heads and Young Hearts" to be the most open to censure, of any of Borçicault's productions. The leading characters are nearly all of them high drawn satires on humanity. *Littleton Coke* is a mere *blasé* man of fashion, a spendthrift, a sneerer, and a scoffer; even his love for *Lady Alice Hawthorne* is but a compound of selfishness and cupidity; and her witty ladyship is but a slight remove from a heartless and frivolous coquette.

The British Peerage, we trust, could never have furnished the prototypes of *Lord* and *Lady Pompion*; and *Col. Rocket* is too ignorant and too coarse to be considered as even slightly to resemble any officer of rank, that was ever gazetted in the army list. *Lord Roebuck* is an inanity, save in his disregard of filial duty; on this point he bears the infallible brand of the author. *Miss Rocket* is a fitting counterpart of her lover, and *Bob* is the stereotyped lying, impudent valet of the stage, with all the heartlessness and selfishness of his master, which he wears as he does the second-hand clothes that become his perquisites. Apart from this group stand out *Tom Coke* and *Jesse Rural*; they are intrusted with the sentiment of the comedy, or, rather, they are the author's exponents of the morality of the piece. *Tom* is made a sort of untutored country boor, is crossed in his affections, and jeered at by his fashionable spendthrift of a brother; and *Rural* is a simple-hearted aged clergyman, on whom all the plots

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and counterplots of the comedy is made to revolve; he is baited and ridiculed through five acts for the amusement of the audience, and is at last driven almost to madness, to heighten the effect of the final climax.

Such a clergyman as *Jesse Rural* is depicted, should never have been selected for exhibition on the stage, under the degrading circumstances Borçicault has thought fit to introduce him.

But with all these exceptionable points in this comedy, it is popular as an acting play. The language is sprightly, witty, and pointed, the incidents are highly dramatic, and the constant succession of equivoquie, keep interest alive from the rising to the falling of the curtain.

"Old Heads and Young Hearts" has been peculiarly successful in this country, chiefly from the admirable personation of *Jesse Rural* by Mr. W. R. Blake, the present manager of the Broadway Theatre. This gentleman had acquired a wide-spread celebrity in Philadelphia and Baltimore, for his inimitable performance of the part; and on his assuming the stage management of the Broadway, the comedy was revived with every attention to its details, and had a continuous run of sixteen nights, to crowded and delighted audiences.

Mr. Blake's embodiment of *Jesse Rural*, may be classed among the finest histrionic efforts now extant upon the stage. It is, indeed, one of those truthful pieces of acting, in which the artist is almost identified with the character he represents. We cannot conceive anything more true to nature, both in appearance and acting, than is the personation of this character in the hands of Mr. Blake. H

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Haymarket, 1844.	*Walnut st., Phil.*, 1847.	*Broadway*, 1848.
Earl of Pompion ...	Mr. Tilbury	Mr. A'Becket	Mr. D. C. Anderson
Lord Roebuck.....	" H. Holl	" Smith	" Dawson
Colonel Rocket.....	" Strickland	" Spear	" Vaché
Littleton Coke.....	" C. Mathews	" Wheatly	" Lester
Tom Coke.....	" Webster	" Richings	" Fleming
Jesse Rural.....	" W. Farren	" R. Blake	" R. Blake
Bob	" Buckstone	" Chapman	" Hadaway
Stripe.....	" T. F. Mathews	" Eberle	" G. Chapman
Russell.....	" Carle	" Huckurt	" Gallot
Countess of Pompion	Mrs. W. Clifford	Mrs. Blake	Mrs. Winstanley
Lady Alice.....	Madame Vestris	Miss S. Cushman	Miss Wallack
Miss Rocket.....	Miss Julia Bennett	Mrs. Rogers	Mrs. Sergeant

COSTUMES.

The Costumes are those of the present day.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

Passages marked with Inverted Commas are usually omitted in the Representation.

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OLD HEADS AND YOUNG HEARTS.

ACT I.

Scene I.—*The Temple. The Interior of Littleton Coke's Chambers, meagrely furnished.* **Coke** *is discovered at breakfast, reading the paper.* **Bob**, *cleaning a Meerschaum,* R.

Lit. [*Reads.*] Express from China—um—um—police—um—fashionable arrivals. Ha!—at Mivart's, Lord Charles Roebuck, from Paris—my schoolfellow and college chum—perhaps he has written to me—Bob!

Bob. Sir.

Lit. Any papers for me this morning?

Bob. Yes, sir; one for the income tax.

Lit. Do we pay that, Bob?

Bob. No, sir, I wish we did.

Lit. (L.) [*Rising, and coming forward.*] How comes it, that during five years' hard labour at the bar, I never have had any thing to do?

Bob. Yes, sir; law is quite as unprofitable to us now, as it would be to our clients, if we had any.

Lit. Have I not angled daily in Westminster Hall?

Bob. While I carried after you a red bag, fat with your unpaid bills, like a landing net.

Lit. Without a nibble.—[*Half apart.*] I could almost repent that nature had not left me in the insignificance of my birth. What right had the son of a hard-working Yorkshire coal-owner to flaunt it at Eton and Oxford, and all because my mother, before my birth, dreamed of a woolsack, and so would call me Littleton—and yet, while my suppers and stables were declared unique—when tufted lordlings exchanged Christian names with me—I thought—ha!—I see my error—mistook my mo-

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ney for myself—why was I given so keen a sense for enjoyment, and so limited a power of gratifying it?

Bob. But your father, at his death, sir, left you 700*l.* a-year.

Lit. To support 7000 appetites he bequeathed me at my birth; so, unfortunately, through life my wants have ever exceeded my means.

Bob. Ah, sir, but wants are the servants of genius.

Lit. Say its masters, rather.

Bob. Your brother in Yorkshire is rich.

Lit. Thanks to my extravagance that made him so; I have mortgaged every acre of my land to him.

Bob. If you were to write to him, sir.

Lit. I have done so; [*Postman's knock*, L.] there's the answer. [*Exit, Bob*, L.] It was my last resource.

Re-enter Bob, L.

Bob. [*Weighing the letter.*] It feels promising, sir.

Lit. [*Opens and reads.*] "*Dear brother Littleton—Your favour of the 21st ultimo has duly come to hand—am most happy to find you have not forgot Sykes Hall, and those in it. Tabby sends her love, and the Rev. Mr. Rural his blessing—the collieries win fairly—corn is at 50s. and mutton is looking up; and I am your affectionate brother,*

"Thomas Coke."

Bob. Lord, sir!

Lit. "*Postscript.—As to your debts, I can neither afford to give champagne suppers to your friends, nor pay for the spavined horses they have to sell you; had you moderated your vanity in the entertainment of a pack of spunging spendthrifts, you had not now to stoop your pride to a set of honest tradesmen.*" [*Tears up the letter.*] I deserved it: let him keep his gold.

Bob. They say he is generous enough on occasion.

Lit. Oh, yes! [*Bitterly.*] Builds charity schools and endows lying-in hospitals, while his own flesh and blood may rot in a jail! Curse his generosity! his is all newspaper charity and mouth virtue. Yes, I will apply to my friend: Bob, did you take that note to Lord St. James?

Bob. Yes, sir; I found him at Mr. Deuceace's.

Lit. [*Half apart.*] It was but for 20*l.* Well, where is his answer?

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Bob. He sent down his compliments, that he was gone to Florence.

Lit. The paltry—here's a fellow, now, who used to swallow my dinners and jokes in sunny times, to take away at the first post.

Bob. Yes, sir, swallows always were summer birds.

Lit. No impertinence! [*A double knock*, L.

Bob. [*Chopfallen.*] Are you at home, sir?

Lit. Yes. [*Exit Bob*, L.] Home! mine is a sarcasm on the word.

Re-enter BOB, L.

Bob. Lord Charles Roebuck, sir. [*Bob retires up*, L.

Enter LORD CHARLES ROEBUCK, L. *and crosses to* C.

Lit. Charles, my dear fellow. [*Shaking his hand.*

Roe. The same as ever—I can almost believe myself at college again—and Bob, too—

Bob. Yes, my lord, promoted from gyp to lawyer's clerk.

Roe. It seems but a month ago since I roasted you for courting my bed-maker—do you remember?

Bob. Remember! your lordship tied me along a form before the fire, went out, and forgot me.

Roe. You found that night's roasting a cure for love, eh? Well, I'll remember you this time: there is a plaster for your [*Gives him a note,*] sore memory—vanish!

Bob. Never mind, you may want me again if you like. [*Looks at money—exit*, L.

Lit. Why, your long residence in Paris has transmuted you from a model for young England, into the type of *jeune France.* Some time since we parted at Alma Mater.

Roe. Three years; I started immediately for Paris, where my brother was ambassador plenipotentiary; my father wished me to graduate in diplomacy under his able *surveillance.*

Lit. And your respected sire, the Home Secretary?

Roe. I have not seen the Earl since my return.

Lit. How?

Roe No! to be candid with you, I'm in a scrape, so I naturally hastened to you.

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Lit. I have, at your service, a stock of advice, generously subscribed by my friends when I revealed to them the bottom of my purse—proceed.

Roe. The most ancient of maladies.

Lit. Oh, love?

Roe. To distraction.

Lit. How? vulgarly, with a woman—or fashionably, with yourself?

Roe. Listen and judge. Ten days ago, as, in obedience to my father's mandate, I was on my route from Paris—my chariot was arrested on the Dover Road, by a spill illustrated with oaths and screams.

Lit. Heroics—by Jove!

Roe. Post-boy whipping—horses kicking—old gentlemen cursing—young lady screaming and fainting alternately.

Lit. Lucky dog!

Roe. I disengaged the senseless fair, threw off her bonnet, and unveiled a face—oh, Coke, such a face! she gasped for breath.

Lit. You lent her some of yours?

Roe. I did—but she relapsed again.

Lit. Naturally—so you kept her alive by repeated application?

Roe. 'Till her father came up.

Lit. She recovered, then?

Roe. Immediately—he thanked me, tucked my angel under his arm, they re-entered the righted vehicle, and drove on.

Lit. Is that all?

Roe. Forbid it, Venus—no—with incredible trouble I traced them. The father—the dragon who guards this Hesperian fruit, is an old East-Indian Colonel, as proud as Lucifer, and as hot as his dominions—I hovered round the house for a week.

Lit. Successfully?

Roe. I saw her once for a second at the back garden gate.

Lit. To speak to her?

Roe. I hadn't time.

Lit. No?—Oh!

Roe. No. So I gave her a kiss—

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Lit. Excellent economy! and her name—

Roe. Is Rocket—her father, an eccentric old bully, turns his house into a barrack—mounts guard at the hall-door—the poor girl can't move without a sentry, and I believe her lady's maid is an old one-eyed corporal of artillery.

Lit. Is she rich?

Roe. She is fair.

Lit. Possibly—a thing to be admired in a *danseuse* or a friend's wife; but in the matrimonial stocks, done on our Western 'change, the fairest hue we recognise is yellow

Roe. Does virtue go for nothing?

Lit. Oh! no; character is indispensable to servant maids, but virtue, as a word, is obsolete; we have, indeed, a French one like it, *vertu*, yes—ladies of *vertu* might signify articles of rarity.

Roe. Does the lexicon of fashion, then, abjure the sense?

Lit. Certainly not; virtue signifies the strength in a bottle of salts.

Roe. And vice!

Lit. A—a fault in horses.

Roe. And religion?

Lit. A pew in a fashionable church!

Roe. So 'twould appear that beauty is invested in bank stock; grace consolidated with the landed interests; while reputation fluctuates with the three and a half per cents.

Lit. Exactly; gold is the Medean bath of youth, possessing also a magnetic attraction for every cardinal virtue, while all the plagues of Egypt are shut up in one English word, and that is *poverty;* the exhibition of which, like that of the Gorgon's head, turns the hearts of your dearest friends to stone.

Roe. Can May Fair legislation so repeal the laws of nature? by Jove! the West end at last will cut the sun because it rises in the east, and live by wax light!

Lit. You, perhaps, may never see the world as I do, Charles, because I am poor; but a rich man's view of life is bounded by his parasites—he feels but through hi glove, and thinks all things are soft.

Roe. Then I am lost, for my angel is pennyless.

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Lit. Right, angels are the only things who can be poor and lovely; but to marry thus before you have given the worshipful company of mamma brokers a chance, is against all rule.

Roe. Would you have me marry a thing whose mind is bounded by her bonnet, a soul perfumed with foreign sentiment—as guiltless of old English virtues as her tongue is of their native names. No! I'll have a heart that beats with blood—a cheek that's red with it—and be no slave of such a thing of scent and paint—but strike one blow for love and human nature.

Lit. Oh, you luxurious dog! [*Shaking his hand.*] Oh—h! if I could only afford to marry a woman instead of a banker's account—but what obstacles oppose your epicurean intentions towards Miss Rocket?

Roe. I hear my father intends for me the double honour of a seat in the house, and a wife—my cousin, Alice, the wealthy young widow of Lord George Hawthorn.

Lit. Lady Alice—who shook the very apathy of the opera last week, by demanding to be balloted into the omnibus box!

Roe. Such a wife—why do they not give her a commission in the blues, at once?

Lit. She flashed into our fashionable system like a new comet, whose eccentricity defied all known law, and quickly drew after her a train that obliterated all the constellations of St. James's, and the heavenly bodies of May fair.

Roe. You know her, then?

Lit. A Polka acquaintanceship! I've been introduced to her waist;—we know each other in the house of our mutual friends—but of what use can I be here?

Roe. The greatest. My father has arranged my nomination for Closeborough, I shall be obliged to advocate his political principles in the house, to which party old Rocket is a virulent opponent.

Lit. What's to be done?

Roe. Oppose my father—and thus—oblige me by opposing my election, and I will answer for your success.

"*Lit.* Ha! ha! help me to your borough—why, you "rascal, would you make the Home Secretary purchase 'in a talented member for the opposition?

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"*Roe.* Consent."

Lit. With all my heart; I see but one obstacle—the qualification!

Roe. The three hundred a-year—that's true—stay—Coke, at Eton, you were considered a fellow of great pluck.

Lit. You flatter.

Roe. You look tenacious of life.

Lit. Ha!

Roe. I'll make you a present of the widow.

Lit. Lady Alice?

Roe. If she have not, ere this, volunteered to Morocco or Macao.

Lit. Charles, to oblige you I accept the borough—for your sake I'll encounter the widow and the five thousand a-year.

BOB *rushes in*, L.

Bob. Sir—sir—they are come—

Lit. They—who?

Bob. Two of the fattest clients, sir, you ever saw.

Lit. Clients—you are mad, or a fool.

Bob. Neither, sir—but I think they are both.

Lit. Stay—come here. Bob—[*Bob crosses to Littleton,*] what are they like?

Bob. One, sir, is a very respectable old gentleman in black, white hair—

Lit. Scriven, the attorney and money lender. The other?

Bob. A responsible—sort of—sporting character.

Lit. Craft, the bailiff—I'm ruined! [*Crosses to* L.

Roe. What's the debt? perhaps I—

Lit. No, Charles—to be honest with you—my hopes are too slender to bear an obligation. I'm as low in pride, now, as I am in pocket, and cannot afford to turn a friend into a creditor.

Bob. They are just on this landing, sir.

Roe. Come with me. I can offer you a room at my father's 'till your election is over.

Bob. Step inside, sir; while they come in, you can go out by the other door.

Lit. Farewell, fond visions of the woolsack: Bob, give up my chattels, let them take possession.

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Bob. All right, sir; a table, two chairs, a bed, and a boot-jack. [*Exeunt at the back*, C., *followed by Bob. After a pause, knocking is heard*, L.

Enter RURAL, L.

Rur. Littleton! Littleton! Litt—eh!—bless me, nobody! Tom, come in.

Enter TOM COKE, L.

Tom. I'm here, minister; so these be brother Littleton's chambers—well, they don't look prodigal, neither.

Rur. No, no, but where is he?

Tom. And they ca' this the Temple, eh? It 'll be moire loike a coil hoile aboove ground than owt else a knaw; well, minister, you would coome up to town wi' me; here we are—what next?

Rur. My dear boy, I know that you feel an old man like me a burthen on you—now you are a great man, a member of parliament.

Tom. That's onkind of you, minister, and you're not given to say cruel things; why, isn't your face the very first thing in the world I can remember? haven't you been a father to us since we were left orphans? a burthen! that's the hardest word you spoke since you taught us catechesm wi brother Littleton sitting on one knee and I on t'oother.

Rur. Think of that, Tom, do; and to see you united again is my prayer.

Tom. But wha couldn't yaw wait until we had set down quietly in the Earl of Pompion's house, according to his invitation? 'Twas main kind of him, minister; he's the Home Secretary, and the next post after I was made member o' Parliament, brought me a hearty invitation to his house: that's hospitality.

Rur. But where is Littleton?

Tom. I'll tell ye:—in bed, sleeping off his last night's debauch, or wi' flushed and haggard cheek, still leaning over the gambling table.

NOTE.—The language used by Tom Coke is written in a broad dialect, to distinguish the character, but should be acted with an accent only; and in Provincial Theatres, should not be given to the gentleman performing Yorkshiremen, but to the eccentric comedian.

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Rur. No, Tom, no! my little pupil, my child! a gambler!—no! he was wild, sensitive, but you know he was never—

Tom. I know no more than this—I remember him, the rapture of my poor mother, the hope of my father—and you, you always loved him best.

Rur. Tom, Tom, don't reproach me!

Tom. Reproach! nay, not so—Nature gave him a great mind, me only an honest one. He was born for greater things than I, and so he had all that wealth could lavish on him—I didn't grudge it him—he fed from the silver plate, I from the wooden platter—I cared nuaw't for that; but at his grand school, why did he find the houses of my lord this, and marquis that, more welcome than his own home? I don't reproach, mind—but—but when our mother died I stood alone by her—and her last breath prayed for him. I wasn't jealous, minister; but in my father's will, the part that gave me my inheritance was writ in the hard hand of a lawyer's clerk, while the gift to Littleton, with a blessing, was penned by the trembling fingers of my father, and blotted wi' his tears. I've tried to hate him.

Rur. Tom!

Tom. I did, but I couldn't. The same strange love you all showed for him, I shared wi' you—a'most against ma will—and when those short heartless letters would come, containing nowt but calls for money—money—money—I could ha' freely *given* ten times what I *lent*, for but four words of heart's blood in 'em, if 'twor but "God bless ye, Tom."

Rur. And he will say so when he sees you—he will.—Think what a dear child he was—so clinging, affectionate, innocent. [*Spoken very affectionately.*

Tom. Ye forget, that was fifteen years ago.

Rur. Was it?—bless me—so it was—but you remember how generous, and kind, and wild he was—how I doted on the trouble he used to give me; and how clever—quite overpowered my faculties. I could never teach him anything but cat's cradle.

Re-enter BOB, C. D. F.

Oh, here is his servant.

[*Bob advances, whistling, and sits on the table* L.

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Tom. Where be thy measter, lad?

Bob. Beyond your clutches, vampire! oh, you may stare!

Tom. What dost mean?

Bob. Why, that the paltry debt I suppose you come to sue for, will be paid.

Tom. My debt? he knows me, then?

Bob. Unhappily, he does.

Tom. Is this his welcome when a come to tak him by the hand?

Bob. By the collar, you mean—oh, there, seize—seize!—your sort don't refuse even two-pence in the pound.

Tom. This is too much. [*Attempts to get at Bob.*

Rur. Stop, don't be rash! let me see the boy. [*Crosses to* C., *and puts on his spectacles.*] My good boy, I'm sure you will tell me where your master is.

[*Looking Bob in the face affectionately.*

Bob. Oh, you precious old rascal!

Rur. Good gracious! [*Rural starts.*

Bob. Arn't you ashamed of yourself?

Tom. Let me at him.

Rur. [*Holding Tom.*] No! no! Tom, I insist.

Bob. I say it again—you *are* vampires, leeches, and, though I am nothing but a poor servant, before I would do a day's work like this, I'd see all the gains your trade has ever wrenched from misery sunk to the bottom of the sea—ach! [*Exit, slamming the door,* L.

Tom. Well, minister, ar't satisfied now?

Rur. He never could intend—

Tom. Intend—didn't he know us—he spoke of my debt—oh, 'twas done by his orders—let us go.

[*Crosses to* L.

Rur. He called me an old rascal—and asked me if I wasn't ashamed of myself—ashamed of—coming.

Tom. Come, come, your errand's over—forget him.

Rur. To me—to me—my hopes—my fond, fond hopes of seeing him again—of reconciling—of—oh, Tom!

Tom. And I, too—but no matter—I loos him off for ever—you shall return to-day to Yorkshire.

Rur. No, not yet—there's some—some mistake—forgive him.

Tom. I cared nowt for what he said o' me, but to insoolt you, his old friend, his father!

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Rur. Yes—but he could not mean to—to—

Tom. Why, dommed if ye beant crying. The villain—coom—don't take on so—the—the—

Rur. No—never mind.

Tom. I wouldn't—if I could only get one crack at his poll, I'd forgive him.

Rur. Don't be violent. I can't—I won't believe my ears against my heart. I'll see him—I'll talk to him as I used. [*Crosses*, R.

Tom. The heartless reprobate.

Rur. [*Sternly.*] Tom, I'll not allow you to speak so of your little brother.

Tom. Nay, 'taint bad enough, that's sure.

Rur. God bless me! there—your violence has made me swear—I declare I shall be angry: now, my dear Tom—if you will only leave it all to me, and have patience, you will see that I am right.

[*Going, followed by Tom grumbling.*

Tom. Go on—defend him again—

Rur. If only you would be quiet.

Tom. T'ould man's getting crazy, I'm thinking.

Rur. And have patience—now only a little patience.

[*Exeunt*, L., *Rural crying and expostulating, followed by Tom, grumbling.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Lady Pompion's Boudoir.—Decorated in Arabesque, furnished very richly in buhl and marqueterie, divans, prideux, causeuses, bergères and dormeuses, covered in chintz; tambour frame, and work tables—ornamental writing table—alabaster French clock—Indian screen, &c.*

LADY POMPION *discovered reclining on a bergère*, R., *with her feet shawled on an Ottoman, and a Spaniel in her lap.*

Lady P. [*Yawning and closing a book.*] Really, parliament ought to do something for that dear creature, Eugene Sue. I'll speak to the Earl about it! [*Strikes a gong.*

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Enter a richly liveried SERVANT, L.

Has Willis sent out those invitations?

Ser. Yes, my lady.

Lady P. I am not at home this morning to any one.

Ser. Lord Charles Roebuck, my lady, is expected every moment.

Lady P. Oh, true! Charles does arrive to-day from Paris: well, tell him the number of my box at the Opera, and my hour in the ring. I dare say we shall meet—my nerves are not equal to receiving him now. [*Loud and peculiar knock.*] Good heavens! can that be he?

Ser. No, my lady! that is lady Alice Hawthorn's tiger.

Lady P. I'm not at home—I could never survive that girl an hour.

Enter LADY ALICE HAWTHORN, L.

Lady A. Then prepare to die, my dear aunt, for here I am for the day—ha! ha! [*To the Servant.*] Tell my groom to bring my carriage at nine. [*To Lady Pompion.*] You will excuse my leaving your table at so early an hour, but I never miss the last act of the Barbiere.

Lady P. My head—my head—the salts—the restoratives.

Lady A. Tom—bring the liqueur case. [*Exit Servant,* L.] Ha! ha! well, my dear, I heard of Charley's arrival, so I have come to dine with you—tell me, what is he like? —partiality apart—is he worth making love to?

Lady P. Charles has not yet arrived home.

Lady A. Why, I saw, by the *Post*, that he arrived in town last night.

Lady P. Indeed! ah! well!—he might as well have sent a card.

Lady A. A card! has he not rattled you up at four in the morning—broken in your knocker panel, and pulled up the bell by the roots? Hasn't he dislocated your wrist and kissed you into an asthma? hasn't—

Lady P. Lady Alice, my son has not the manners of Abdel-Kader to take my establishment by such a surprise, and I trust he always leaves bells and knockers to the servants.

Lady A. Does he? then Charley's occupation's gone

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indeed. But *apropos*, Georgy; what fun I had with your old Earl last night at Almack's—ha! ha! ha!

Lady P. My old Earl!

Lady A. He came in, thawed with a decent dinner; the premier's Steinburg had given the *cadavre* a bloom; 'pon my life he talked impudence to me.

Lady P. The Earl of Pompion!

Lady A. It would have delighted you to watch such signs of restored animation. A knot of politicians had nearly secured him—politics at Almack's—I darted in in amongst them, crying "treason," seized Pompey himself, and whirled him into the most delirious polka.

[*Hums a polka.*

Lady P. A polka!

Lady A. Toe and heel, as I'm a widow and a sinner; we threw Jullien into extacies, till I restored the Home Secretary to his party, a wiser and a better man.

Enter LORD POMPION, C., *from* L. *down* L.

Didn't I, Pompey?

Lord P. Lady Alice, *et tous jours gaie*, where's my countess?

Lady A. Not up yet, look! [*Points to Lady Pompion, who is pulling her Spaniel's ears.*] or stay, she is making Bichon's toilette.

Lord P. I forgot to mention that I expect Mr. Coke, of Yorkshire, on a visit: he has lately been returned for Ashby, and I want his interest and a loan to secure Charles for Closeborough—we must show him attention.

Lady P. Very well, write down his name, and I'll send it to the housekeeper.

Lady A. Long live old English hospitality!

Lord P. He has some of his family with him.

Lady P. They can have the britzska, and you must manage something for their Opera—leave it to the housekeeper.

Lady A. Talking of visitors, I have invited a couple to you.

Lady P. To us!

Lady A. Yes—Colonel Rocket and his daughter old friends of mine—my *bonbonniere* in Brook Street only holds me and my plagues, but, fortunately, having a card

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of yours in my case, I thought how glad you'd be. I mentioned six as your dinner hour. Don't be anxious—they'll be here in a minute.

Lord P. How rash—he may be of the opposition.

Lady A. An East India Director, with two boroughs. [*Aside.*] Rabbit ones.

Lord P. Is the girl presentable?

Lady A. Met them at Devonshire House—

Lord P. Two boroughs! my dear Alice, you are rash, but you mean well.

Lady P. Of course I do—only think of two boroughs, Pompey. [*Aside.*] A half-pay colonel, with less interest than a treasury clerk, but a glorious old fellow. I'll bet he'll kiss the Countess in a week—what fun!

[*Lady Alice and Lord Pompion retire up stage,* c.

Enter a SERVANT, L.

Ser. Lord Charles Roebuck.

Enter ROEBUCK, *followed by* LITTLETON COKE, L.

Roe. My dearest mother!

Lady P. Ah! Charles, how d'ye do, dear? [*Lifts her eye-glass.*] Bless me, how brown you're grown—for heaven's sake, take care of Bichon, there. [*Shakes his hand over the dog.*] Have you brought me the Eau de Cologne?

Roe. Yes, everything—but, my dear mother—

Lady P. Dear—how old he looks for a son of mine.

Lord P. But undoubtedly improved—

[*Advances on the* L.

Roe. My dear father, forgive me!

[*Offering both his hands.*

Lord P. [*Regarding him.*] A Pompion, decidedly.

Lady P. Tell me, Charles, your Italian is Roman—and —ah! I see you wear *Bouquet du Roi.* I understand that *esprit d' Isabella* was the court scent at the Tuilleries, just now.

Lord P. Of course your present appearance is the remains of a diplomatic compliment to the Court of Versailles—very judicious—

Lady P. I trust, Charles, you have picked up no foreign immoralities—I mean, you go to church sometimes; we have a pew at St. George's—and, apropos, have *glacé* silks gone out yet, in Paris?

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Roe. Really, dearest mother, I didn't notice.

Lady P. Ah! boys are so thoughtless.

Lord P. You don't make yourself remarkable in dress or equipage, Charles?

Lady P. I hope you have no *penchant* for *liaisons* with public people or unmarried women, dear?

Lord P. Every notoriety, which is not political, is hurtful.

Lady P. I trust you don't swear, Charles—I mean in English; and excuse the anxiety of a mother—you continue to use the almond paste I wrote to you about?

Lord P. Apropos—you'll find in my room a list of the doubtful ones of our party, so that you may know where to lose your money, at Crockford's—of course, you will not enter any of the lower gaming clubs—and, by the bye—be cool to Vernon.

Roe. My dear father—my schoolfellow, Dick Vernon, once saved my life.

Lord P. Possibly—but he voted against us on the Barbadoes Bill, and he has talked of conscientious principles, and in presence of the Premier—in short—he was omitted in the Premier's dinner yesterday—of course, you speak German?

Lady P. Do you bet?

Lady A. Do you Polk?

Roe. Blest voice—surely—it is—

Lady A. Your cousin Alice—how are you, Charley. [*He hesitates.*] all right—go on—[*Roe. crosses to her.*] I'm human nature! [*He kisses her.*] What's your friend's name? we are acquainted, I know,—but I can't recollect who he is!

Roe. [*Aside.*] Coke—I had almost forgetten him—what can he think of my cold reception; how frigidly they will receive him—I am fairly ashamed to—[*Brings Coke down on the* L. C.] My lord and lady, mother, allow me, Mr. Coke.

Lord P. Coke! of Yorkshire? [*Crosses to Littleton.*

Lit. Yes.

Lord P. Ashby?

Lit. The same.

Lord P. [*Heartily.*] My dear sir, I'm delighted to see you! [*Shaking him by both hands.*] delighted! this *is* an

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unexpected pleasure, to find in you a friend of my son's allow me—the Countess—Mr. Coke, of Ashby.

Lady A. Mr. Coke, of Ashby! Take care of Bichon, ha! ha!

Roe. Mr. Coke—Lady Alice Hawthorn, with whom the whole world is in love.

Lady A. Speak for yourself, sir.

[*Speaks aside with Coke.—Lady Pompion sounds a gong, and a Servant enters,* L., *who unwraps her feet and wraps the dog in the shawl.*

Lord P. You will excuse me, Mr. Coke—the business of the nation—till dinner, eh? *sans adieu!* [*Shakes his hand.*] Charles, I can spare you a moment; follow me to my study. [*Crosses,* L., *and exit.*

Lady A. Adieu, Charles! *au plaisir,* Mr. Poke—by, by, Alice.

Lady A. Adieu, Bichon.

[*Exit Lady Pompion,* R., *followed by the Servant carrying the dog.*

Roe. What can this mean? Coke received with such fervour—and this—this is my return, after three years' absence! well! [*Going,* L.

Lady A. (R.) I say, Charley, are *glacé* silks out in Paris?

Roe. By heaven!

Lady A. Ah! ah! I hope you don't swear—I mean in English! ah! ah! ah! [*Exit Roebuck,* L.—*Aside.*] So! a pair of recruits to my staff!

Lit. [*Aside.*] And this glorious creature is the deadly widow whom Roebuck gives up without a sigh. [*A pause.*

Lady A. Well, Mr. Coke, if you have nothing droll to say, give us your maiden speech; on what question do you come out.

Lit. To love, or not to love!

Lady A. I'll settle that—to love—carried, eh?

Lit. Without a division. [*Kisses her hand.*

Lady A. [*Aside.*] Hang the fellow's impudence.—Well, if you can't say something funny, make me cry; I haven't cried since my marriage, except with laughing. You are on a visit here, eh? you will find it a horrid bore.

Lit. I can view it only as a paradise at present; when your ladyship leaves it, I may see in it a desert.

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Lady A. Are you an old friend of my cousin's?

Lit. Lord Charles and I entered Eton on the same day, and never parted for nine years—I may say we are brothers.

Lady A. I have a secret with which I mean to electrify the old folks here—I want a partner in the scheme—can I trust you?

Lit. With your whole heart.

Lady A. Miss Rocket, a friend of mine, is in love with my cousin Charles here—don't stare!—I found it out, and have asked her on a visit.

Lit. To supplant yourself!—why, the Earl sent for Roebuck home, to—expressly—to—marry you.

Lady A. Me! oh, the old fox! Ha! ha! so, so!—so much the better; I'll teach him to keep his intrigues within Whitehall.—To begin, then, let's be friends.

Lit. Ah! beware, Lady Alice! the friend of a young and lovely woman should have sixty years, at least, and holy orders for his qualification.

Lady A. Young man, take my advice; a woman never likes her lover to be more careful of her character than she is herself, or too provident in his heart's economy; your sex arrogates too much on the solitary advantage which nature has given it over ours.

Lit. What is that?

Lady A. You are born without reputation.—What club owns you?

Lit. None!

Lady A. Right—allow neither your opinions nor your society to be dictated to you;—what clique claims you?

Lit. Only one—[*Aside.*] the Queen's Bench,—[*Aloud.*] but they are too exclusive and confined for me.

Lady A. You love liberty?

Lit. As a mistress likely to be lost.

Lady A. You are a man after my own heart.

Lit. I am, and I trust soon to come up with it.

Lady A. What is the world?

Lit. A gentler synonym for vice in town.

Lady A. It seems to me that your sex is capable of but two characters—selfish politicians or reckless gamesters. Did modern chivalry erect new orders, one half nobility would range under the folds of a minister's table cloth, while the other would canonize Crockford.

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Lit. Fair play, Lady Alice, or I must assert my sex.

Lady A. A challenge! tell me, as this sex of yours has adopted every effeminacy of soul in its desire to change genders with ours, when will you assume the fan and flacon?

Lit. When ladies who have already engrafted the whip on the parasol, revel in tops and inconceivables.

Lady A. Women must adopt your habits, if left at home to exercise those duties of husbands which you are performing in every house but your own.

Lit. At home! are ladies ever "at home," except, indeed, when under that pretext they invite the world to see their houses turned out of doors.

Lady A. To exhibit a satire upon men who regard matrimony as a ministerial sinecure.

Lit. [*Half apart.*] The duties of which are only known to the deputy.

Lady A. True; men, whose friendship means a design against a wife's heart, and whose honor only retains its existence for the convenience of swearing by:—spirit, represents to them but a contempt of morality; while to pay, has reference to nothing but visits.

Lit. Ahem! [*Aside.*] she's becoming personal.

Lady A. Aha! [*Aside.*] that hit him in the conscience.

Lit. Were I a woman, such a contemplation of society would almost drive me to suicide.

Lady A. A fashionable alternative and genuine French. I've thought of it—but decided on *not* doing the world the honour of cutting it.

Lit. [*Aside.*] What a gorgeous creature. Can I believe that such an angel could ever be my property?

Lady A. Now you are puzzling whether to propose to me next week or the one after—delay it. Meanwhile, make most of your time. I'll send you a voucher for Almack's—I'm a patroness, you know—here's my polka card—let's see; I'm engaged for the 1st, 5th, 9th, and 17th. [*Sits on Ottoman,* R.

Lit. Put me down for all the rest. Enchantress, you divine my very heart. [*Sits by her.*

Lady A. What wonder, when you are going to swear that I possess it.

Lit. Ridicule me, if you will. Yes, I confess it, I came

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here to see you—to woo you—perhaps to mock—be merciful, for, see—[*Sits on the Ottoman at her feet.*] I remain to pray.

Lady A. [*Opening his hand and applauding on it with her own, as she eyes him through her glass.*] Bravo—not bad—get up now, there's a dear man. I promise not to flirt with any one else for one calendar week—there, don't be vain; I once patronized a boy in the guards for two days, and now he won't enter the pit of the opera, during an aria, for fear of engaging the attention of the house.

Lit. [*Seizes her hand.*] Torturess— [*Pauses.*

Lady A. Go on.

Lit. [*Looking at her hand.*] You leave it in mine?

Lady A. Certainly, till you have kissed it—[*Littleton kisses her hand.—They come forward.*] Hang the fellow, he does not think I'm gone so far in love with him as to snatch it away.

Lit. I know not what to think, but this I know, that I'm the happiest wretch you ever doomed to misery.

Enter COLONEL ROCKET, C.

Rock. Aha, my little congreve—I've been looking for you everywhere.

Lady A. So, Colonel, I proved a sort of invisible shell, eh? [*Crosses*, C.

Rock. Only twice as mischievous; I do believe one like you would unman a whole fleet. Ah! your friend in the army?

Lady A. On my own staff! Colonel Rocket—Mr. Coke. [*Rocket crosses to Coke.*

Rock. Coke! any relation to Cook, of the 23rd? no! ah! sorry for it! brave fellow—cut in two by a chain shot at Pullinabad, was knocked down by his top half myself—gallant fellow—bought his kit for 100 rupees.

Lady A. Where's Kate?

Rock. I picqueted her in the hall with the baggage—happy to make you acquainted, sir,—brought her up for a soldier's wife—perfect in her facings as a light company, and can manœuvre a battalion with any adjutant in the service; look at her walk, thirty inches regulation pace—head up—left leg forward—perfection! that's the way to put a girl into the hands of a husband, sir. [*Crosses*, L.

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Lady A. [*Aside to Littleton.*] She twists the old fellow round her finger like a purse!

[*Miss Rocket screams without.*

Rock. Hollo! that's her discharge—she is retiring upon her supports.

Lady A. Here she comes, as wild as game in July.

Rock. Observe how steady she will file in—right wheel

MISS ROCKET *runs in* C., *her bonnet hanging on her neck.*

Kate. He's here—I saw him—I—

Rock. Hollo! fall in—halt—the devil—discipline!

Kate. Yes, my dear father, presently—but I believe he lives in this very house.

Rock. Report yourself, who?

Kate. The gentleman who kissed—I mean, who assisted me when we were upset—he rushed up to me in the hall here—and I was so—I screamed—I—here he is.

Enter ROEBUCK, C.

Roe. Can I believe my eyes? [*Aside, seeing Rocket.*] old Chili vinegar, by Jove!

Rock. Steady, Kate—stand at ease—now, sir, might I ask why, sir,—you—you—damme, sir—why do you drive in my picquet in this way?

Roe. Really—sir—I—I—

Lady A. [*Advancing*, R.] Permit me, Colonel, to introduce to you Lord Charles Roebuck, son of the Earl of Pompion, who is too happy in being your host.

Rock. Sir, your hand. No apology, enough, I accept the quarters. Roebuck, in the army—no!—any relation to Rover, of the 81st, retired on full pay and two wooden legs, after Nepaul? No! no matter—my daughter, Kate Rocket—Bombay Cavalry.

Roe. Allow me to apologise. [*Aside.*] Whom have I to thank for this? [*Crossing to Kate.*

Lady A. [*Aside.*] Me! I'm in the secret—she has confessed all to me—I invited them here—am I not an angel?

Roe. [*Aside.*] A divinity! How do you find Coke?

Lady A. As impudent as an heiress!

Roe. My father mistook him for his brother, whose arrival has rectified the error—I have left him closeted with the Earl. [*Goes up to Miss Rocket.*

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Lady A. Now. Colonel, to introduce you to Lady Pom pion—your arm? [*Takes Rocket's arm.*

Rock Kate, present arms to our host, and follow.

Lady A. Executed with wonderful dispatch.

Rock. Discipline!

[*Roebuck and Miss Rocket, in earnest tête-à-tête, go up,* R.

Lady A. Only they are marching without orders.

Rock. Hollo! halt—attention! [*They go out,* C., *still con versing, without apparently hearing him.*] It's nothing—a mere manœuvre—but we musn't club the battalion. We only constitute the reserve, instead of the advance—a clever movement of Kate's?

Lady A. Very—

Rock. What we call a diversion.

Lady A. Yes, very diverting indeed—ha! ha!

[*Exeunt,* C.

Lit. So now, fate, I'm thy worshipper forever—do with me what you will:—this morning I arose without hope; my belief in hearts was restricted to the thirteen in a pack of cards—and here I am, in a few hours, domiciled in Grosvenor Square, with expectations beyond a new railway company.

Enter JESSE RURAL, C.

Strange, too—hum!

Rur. They tell me Littleton is here—in this house—if I could only—this gentleman, perhaps, might—pray, sir?

Lit. [*Throwing himself in a chair,* R.] Come what may to Thomas Coke, I'll never sign myself a brother.

Rur. Thomas Coke! let me look—[*Takes out his spec tacles tremblingly.*] yes, yes, it is he—it is—he stares at me—he won't know me now.

Lit. What a strange old gentleman!

Rur. I tremble to—to—ask him; if he should meet me as a stranger—or—how altered he is—in form:—perhaps he's changed in—

Lit. [*Starting up.*] By heaven! I know that face.

Rur. Mr. Coke—I—ventured—I—you don't forget your tutor—friend—Jesse Rural.

Lit. [*Running to him and taking both his hands.*] Forget you! may Heaven forget me when I do!

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Rur Ha! ha! ha! [*Embracing him.*] bless you, my child—God bless you! I knew it—I knew you wouldn't—no—let me look at you—yes—it is you!

Lit. Tell me, how came you here, in town, and in this house?

Rur. Tom came up to Parliament—you know he is member now for Ashby.

Lit. [*Aside.*] Ha! that accounts, then, for the Earl's warm welcome—mistook me for him.

Rur. So I accompanied him to town.

Lit. And he is in this house?

Rur. Yes, he is dressing for dinner. I heard that you were here, and could not contain myself—came to bring you to him; he is unaware of your presence.

Lit. What, creep on my knees to his purse like a prodigal son! In what have I injured him? He has my land, I wrote to offer to sell him the mortgages he held—he refused me.

Rur. The same wild violent spirit he always had—just the same, ha! ha! Littleton, listen to me, my dear boy; Tom loves you, you don't know him. When we went to your chambers this morning—

Lit. You, you! [*Aside.*] it must have been them whom Bob announced, and I mistook—for Scriven and Craft.

Rur. Tom was prepared to forgive you.

Lit. Forgive! 'tis I who claim that office. [*Crosses,* L.

Rur. Ha! he! there he flies out again—the dear boy!

Lit. Let him ask my pardon!—I entreat you will not attempt a reconciliation; it would only sever us more certainly.

Rur. But listen—my darling child, listen—Tom always meant to give you the money you asked for—[*Aside.*] God forgive me! [*Aloud.*] see, here is the very, very sum—look—bless you, take it! [*Takes out a pocket-book.*

Lit. How—and—[*Aside.*] this is impossible—ha! I see—'tis the old man's own savings with which he would conceal Tom's parsimony. [*Aloud.*] No, no—not a farthing! [*Aside.*] how can I refuse it? [*Aloud.*] It comes too late.

Rur. Too late! why? [*Aside.*] I am so delighted to find at last some use for these things. [*Aloud.*] Here comes Tom.

Lit. Do not attract his notice to me; let me manage

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this meeting—the Earl supposes we arr'ved together—hush! [*Sits with Rural*, R.

Enter Lord Pompion *and* Tom Coke, L., Lady Pompion, Rocket, Lady Alice Hawthorn, R., *dressed for dinner, followed at a distance by* Roebuck *and* Miss Rocket.

Lord P. Your observations, Mr. Coke, are full of justice and originality.

Lady A. Hardly adapted for the House, then, my lord

Rock. In the army, Mr. Coke?

Tom. Nay, sir, I'm it yeomanry, if that'll do, though a trust I shall never require ta know ma duty.

Rock. How, sir, you are nervous?

Tom. Nay, not so; it requires courage to tak the life o' an enemy, but it wants more than that to be called on to strike at the heart of a neighbour—I confess, I look with more pity than pride on the ranks of brave fellows, marked out for slaughter, with red on their backs, like my sheep.

Lord P. Necessity, Mr. Coke.

Tom. Not the less sad for that, my lord.

Rock. Who would not die in defence of such a city as London? How did it strike you?

Tom. As big—but not enough to hold the evil done in't.

Lord P. But you admired its buildings?

Tom. Yes—Whitehall, the Nelson Pillar, the Fire Offices, the Duke of York's Pillar, the National Galleries, and the triumphal arches.

Lord P. Ah, sir, an immense sum they cost.

Tom. But what puzzled me was, no one seemed to know who lived in any of 'em.

Lord A. Why, you see—a—nobody lives in them.

Tom. Then I have no hesitation in saying "nobody" is the best housed man in the country.

Lady A. (c.) Surely, sir, you consider our streets are splendid?

Tom. Yes, but not as glorious as the heaven they shut out. Since I came into this city I haven't seen a fair inch of blue sky, or a blade of green grass. Stop—I did, though—yes, I did see a puir sickly plot penned up in a place they called a square, looking as if they'd put nature in a pound for straying into town.

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Lady A. Ha! ha! sir, yours will be a distinguished voice in the house.

Tom. And yours is the most musical and honest one I've heard since I left Yorkshire.

Lady A. Here's a hand belonging to it

Lit. [*Aside.*] By Heaven, can she be smitten with him already?

Enter BUTLER, C.

But. Dinner, my lady.

Lord P. Colonel Rocket, her ladyship—permit me.

[*Leads the way, followed by Rocket and Lady Pompion,* C.

Tom. [*To Lady Alice.*] You'll favour me.

[*Offers his arm to her on her* L.

Lit. [*Starting up.*] Lady Alice, my arm is at your service. [*Offers on the other side.*

Tom. Ha!—it—it—must be!

Lady A. [*Looking surprisedly from one to the other.*] Your—brother, I believe.

Tom. Here—and I—dom it—I canna help it! [*Affectionately.*] Yes, it—is my brother.

[*Offering his hand, Littleton bows coldly.*

Lit. I fear, your ladyship, they wait for us—

Lady A. [*Looking with reproof on him.*] True—they do.

[*Takes Tom's arm and goes up with him.—Exeunt,* C.

Lit. My brother and my rival! be it so!

[*Walks violently up and down, followed by Rural.*

Rur. Don't be violent, my dear boy—

Lit. Yes—I will not let her see how she can wound me—and him—'twould be too deeply gratifying. [*Rural takes his arm.*] I will go—yes.

Rur. That's right.

[*Coke takes fierce strides, Rural running to keep up with him—he suddenly stops.*

Lit. Yet can I endure without betrayal—I must.

[*Exit rapidly with Rural,* C.

END OF ACT II.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Drawing-Room in Lady Pompion's House Arch*, C., *draperied and surmounted with a rich Cornice, discovering an inner Drawing-Room with a fireplace in* C. F.—*Fireplace and fire*, R. T. E., *Windows*, R. S. E. *and* L., *draperied in rich crimson damask and gilded valences.—The Room is decorated in white and gold, with a bouquet pattern, a brilliant chandelier, branches between the windows, and divans and consols* R., *and* L., *mirrors and chandelier in the inner room.*

LADY ALICE *is discovered playing at a Piano*, L. U. E., TOM COKE *leaning over it*—RURAL *is seated*, L., *on a prideux, reading a pamphlet.*—LORD POMPION *and* COLONEL ROCKET *are walking up and down, from* L. *to* R. *corner of the inner room, while* LADY POMPION *is lying on a sofa opposite the fire, a* SERVANT *is offering her coffee on a salver, while another* SERVANT *waits with liqueurs.* LITTLETON COKE *is playing with her Spaniel, but watching Lady Alice and Tom.* ROEBUCK *and* MISS ROCKET *are seated on a flirting vis-à-vis, pretending to play ecarte on a small ornamental table.*

Rock. My opinion is, that a submarine battery is attracted to the keel of the vessel, and exploded by concussion.

Lord P. Bless me! had Guy Faux lived in these times, what would become of the House of Peers?

Rock. Pooh! vote me a hundred thousand pounds, and I'll undertake to blow up both houses.

[*They go up conversing*, C.

Roe. I propose.

Kate. I won't let you, I've a beautiful hand.

Roe. I've been admiring it. [*Plays.*

Kate. I take your heart. [*Takes a trick.*

Roe. I wish you would take my hand with it.

[*Plays his last card.*

Kate. I do, the game's mine;—what were we playing for?

Roe. For love—

Kate. Exactly—that means for nothing.

[*They flirt aside.—Lord Pompion watches them, while Colonel Rocket joins Lady Alice.*

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Rur. [*To Lady Pompion.*] Your ladyship, may I entreat your sympathy and beneficence in favour of a subscription I am raising for a poor creature, a widow with eight children?

Lady P. Widows never appear to have less—have I seen the case in the *Morning Post?*

Rur. Not that I am aware of.

Lady P. Pray, sir, let me see your list—what people of importance have subscribed? [*To Coke.*] one gets one's name mixed up with such *canaille* in these charities. [*To Rural.*] In whose name, sir, is it raised, pray?

Rur. In that of the most bountiful Dispenser of all Good.

Lady P. Ah! sorry—we are not acquainted.

[*Turns away and takes coffee from Servant.*

Lord P. Colonel Rocket, a word. [*They advance.*

Rock. My lord?

[*Lord P. takes him into* R. *corner and speaks apart.*

Lady A. [*To Tom.*] Ha! ha! you strange creature—I declare I will storm Sykes Hall next September.

Lit. [*Aside.*] This is done to torture me—and succeeds.

Tom. We will show you old English sports.

Lady A. Suppose, after my invasion, I should determine to occupy.

Tom. I'd ask no better.

Lit. The devil! [*Nearly chokes the Spaniel, who howls.*

Lady P. Mr. Coke, my poor Bichon! [*Snatches it up.*

Lit. Really, I—[*Aside.*] Damn the dog! [*Coming down.*] I can suffer this agony no longer—although she may despise my want of pride in suing her after my exhibition of ill-temper—what would I give to be able to affect her indifference? No! after all my oaths to bring her to submission first—Here I go!

[*Goes up and joins Lady A.*

Lord P. [*Aside to Rock.*] In a word, Colonel Rocket, your attentions are thrown away—My dear sir, recollect—the son of a peer!

Rock. My—daughter.

Lord P. With all respect—I have other views for him, and, excuse my candour—but the Pompions came over after the Battle of Hastings, and have never yet mingled with anything but Norman blood.

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Rock. Damn it, my lord, Kate Rocket need not look up to blood royal—her mother was the Begum of Curry-pore, princess of the first caste; she was the only one of her family my guns had left alive—I took her in a brisk charge after she had shot two horses under me, no offence, my lord—but her ladyship don't show such blood as that.

Lord P. No! My Countess is not of a fusileer family—pardon me, I feel my honesty is almost plebeian, but should your daughter's name suffer by contact with my son's, don't blame him. [*Goes up*, R.

Rock. Blame! certainly not, I'll blow his brains out! [*Calls.*] Kate!

Kate. [*Rises.*] Colonel! [*Joins him.*

Rock. [*Aside.*] We leave this house to-morrow.

Kate. [*Aside.*] To-morrow! [*Looks at Roebuck.*

Rock. Orders given, no appeal—duty—damme—ha! ha! that peer is as proud of—of the Norman puddle that stagnates in his heart, as if his country had ever seen any of it—ha! Battle of Hastings! ha! a pretty affair that must have been, when there's no mention of it in the Army List! ha! damme if I think there ever was such a battle.

Roe. [*To Lord P., who has been speaking aside to him.*] Be careful! wherefore, my lord?

Lord P. [*To Roebuck.*] I have discovered that all the Government interest he possesses is confined to 3 per cent. on 5000*l.*, and he is no more an East India Director than my valet. Need I say more? [*Goes up*, C.

[*Littleton leaves Lady Alice, who has been devoting herself to Tom, and advances.*

Lit. 'Tis useless. I have yielded up my will, soul, and all to her—I cannot escape her torture—struggling wounds me more than patient suffering. Heaven—to what despicable slavery can manhood be reduced!

Rur. [*Joining him.*] My dear boy, what's the matter? why do you look so darkly at Tom? is he not your brother?

Lit. Is he so?—why then has he crossed me through life—has he not devoured my inheritance—am I not a beggar?

Rur. No—not while a roof and crust are mine. Littleton—listen to me—I left my cure, my people in the country, for the holy purpose of uniting you again: I entered this wilderness to bring back a lost sheep.

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Lit. Then you should have come unaccompanied by the wolf—I care not to avow it—I am madly in love.

[*Crosses*, L.

Rur. My goodness!

Lit. Servilely—despicably—meanly—infatuated—willing—anxious to exchange degrading worship for contempt, to return blind grovelling adoration for indifference!

Rur. The dear impetuous boy.

Lit. Look around you, and judge if I have cause for misery. [*Goes up and seats himself*, R.

Rur. Misery—cause—let me see! [*Puts on his spectacles, looks round, sees Roebuck and Miss Rocket.*] Oh! oh! oh! there it is—well—poor Littleton! perhaps I can do something here! it may not be hopeless.

[*Tom comes down*, L.

Tom. 'Tis my opinion there's honest nature in that girl, and wholesome feeling, too—I'll wait, and see if it be his lordship's Burgundy, or my reason, that's at work upon my heart—Minister! [*Rural advances*, R.

Rur. Well, Tom.

Tom. You noticed yon blithe lass, I'm thinking.

Rur. I did, Tom.

Tom. Do't again—I'm not clear about it; but it's more than likely I'm in love.

Rur. Bless me, how very remarkable!

Tom. I have hesitated, minister, because I thought Littleton did seem that way inclined.

Rur. Thank heaven, I can answer no to that!—no, Tom, he *is* in love, but 'tis there. [*Points to Miss Rocket.*

Tom. Ar't sure?

Rur. He owned it to me.

Tom. 'Tis loike him—to drag a poor, trusting, loving girl from comfort here—to share his discontent.

[*Goes up*, L.

Rur. I'm determined—yes, that will do—the bequest left me by the father of these boys, I have never thought of till this moment—'tis not a fortune, but with my vicarage—enough—enough—Littleton shall have her—I—I will provide for all—they shall come to me, and my happiness will be too much—more than I deserve; then Tom will relent, I know his good heart, and I shall be blessed in their union once again!—how shall I begin?—

[*Thinks apart.*

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Enter the GROOM OF THE CHAMBERS, L., *with shawls.*

Serv. The carriage waits, my lady.

Lady P. I had almost forgotten the opera.

Lord P. [*Advancing* C.] Mr. Coke, a seat in our box is at your service. [*Tom crosses to Lady P. and shawls her, then crosses back to Lady Alice.*

Tom. Oh, too happy, [*To Lady Alice,*] does your ladyship accompany us?

Lady A. I don't mind, though I have a box of my own on the pit tier—Russell, have they sent my Brougham?

Serv. Not yet, my lady.

Lady A. Then, I'll follow you, for I hate three in a chariot.

Lady P. Charles, dear, do take Bichon to his valet. I think he's sleepy.

Lord P. Colonel, shall we stroll down to the house?

Rock. Your lordship's pardon—I've an appointment at my club—the Oriental.

Lady A. Here, one of you men, run and see if my carriage is come. [*To Littleton.*] You'll do, and ask my footman if the *lorgnette* is in the pocket. There, do go, run. [*Exit Littleton Coke,* L.] Colonel, [*Taking Rocket's arm,*] suppose you propose me at the Oriental?

Rock. Would you not prefer being a member of the Jockey Club?

Lady A. No; I could amuse myself with your old drolls, but nothing appears to me so slow as your *soi-disant* fast man. Come, do propose me.

Rock. You would kill us all off with laughing in a week.

Lady A. Do, now!

Rock. No, no. [*Exeunt talking,* L. *Lady Pompion and Tom go out,* L., *Kate, following Roebuck, with dog shawled up, is going,* R.

Roe. [*Dropping the dog.*] Miss Rocket, one word.

Kate. Don't detain me!—[*Aside.*] I must let him know how valuable his time is, or he will let me go.—[*Aloud.*] Let me say farewell, my father leaves town to-morrow.

Roe. To-morrow!—then there is no time for delicacy.

Kate. Not a mom—that is, I mean, let me go—how I tremble—

Roe. Lean on me!

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Kate. Thank you. I am so faint—

Roe. Do, if we are discovered!

Kate. I will. What am I saying?

Rut. [*Aside—coming down,* R.] How very extraordinary—here's more love. It appears to me that the young people in this house don't do anything else.

Roe. [*While Miss Rocket hides her face in her hands.*] Kate—dear Kate—need words pass between us, doesn't this speak for itself? Your father's tyranny will defeat itself, and excuse this precipitation of an avowal.

Kate. My father's tyranny!—you mean that of the severe and haughty earl.

Roe. No, dearest, fear nothing from him—I am his son, 'tis true, and, as such, will yield him the obedience I ought. But 'tis to my children, not to my father, that I am answerable for the choice of my heart—I claim, therefore, my freedom and your hand—assure me that I have won it.

Kate. Spare me a reply—but, my father—

Roe. On what pretext can he withhold his consent?

Kate. On the earl's dislike to our union.

Roe. Ha! I see—my father has already spoken to the colonel—that accounts for his sudden departure.

Kate. I fear so—but don't mind papa, he's nobody—

Roe. How—are not his orders peremptory?

Kate. Yes—so is his obedience—he's a dear, noisy old man—the worst-tempered, best-hearted creature in the world; he's fond of reviewing, so I let him burn his powder, and then I march him home again—ha! ha!

Roe. I took him for a tyrant.

Kate. He? why he has the heart of a woman—when my mother died, before I was two years old, I've heard that he would watch me like a nurse—fearing to touch me, but envying the Ayeh to whom I was confided.

Roe. But you had some female relatives?

Kate. Not one—nor did I feel their absence. I felt myself, as our mess-room used to toast me, "the fair colonel." Oh, Charles, you will love him so—could you have seen him as I have, under the scorching sun of India, pacing along the ranks, trying to inspect the men with a regulation frown, and swearing down their honest murmurs of "bless his old wig and spurs," 'till, suffocated

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with their benedictions, with tears in his eyes, he'd cry—"Get out of the sun, you mutinous rascals! Dismiss!—I'll flog every man of you—march—God bless you, boys." Oh, I could have cried with pride.

Roe. And when you leave this, where do you go?

Kate. To our villa at Closeborough.

Roe. The very seat which I was to represent; the election, or rather the nomination, occurs to-morrow.

Kate. Another obstacle—my father's politics.

Roe. I am a martyr to them—I abdicate the honour in favour of Littleton Coke—but have you no excuse by which your departure might be retarded?

Kate. I—yes—my father's gout has prevented him lately from accompanying me in my daily ride; he has consented to allow me a groom of my own; I have not yet selected a—

Roe. A groom? A moment—ha! will you take one of my recommendation? one in whose confidence you may rely as in my own.

Kate. What do you mean?

Roe. Rely on me—I mean all for the best.

Kate. I have no will but yours.

Roe. My angel! [*Kisses her.*

Enter COLONEL ROCKET, L.

Rock. Hollo, there—Kate—recover arms—the devil!

Kate. My father!

Rock. You—you—you—here's mutiny! and you, sir, how dare you, against general orders? [*Crosses to* C.

Roe. Hush! my father!—should he overhear.

Rock. Don't think your Norman blood will—

Kate. } *Together.* { Hush! I entreat—the Earl.
Roe. } { We shall be ruined.

Rock. [*Still enraged, but under his breath.*] What do I care whether he hears or not—I hope he will—you pair of disaffected mutineers. [*Gradually breaking out.*] Don't imagine I want to steal a recruit from your family into mine—because I'd see it—

Kate. My dear father! he's only in the next room.

Roe. The Earl—for Heaven's sake—

Rock. [*Under his breath.*] Very well, then—don't Earl me—who's the Earl?—you?—harkye, sir, [*Kate throws*

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her arms round his neck,] you may have come over after the battle of Hastings—though I can't say I see much glory in arriving when the fight's done—but I can count scars for every branch in your genealogical tree—so look ye, if you think there's any ambuscade here to catch your lordship, fall back—your retreat is still open; but if you try a surprise on my baggage here, damme, look out for a warm reception. [*Kate stops his mouth with a kiss.*

Rur. Don't be alarmed, Colonel, I heard it all.

Roe. [*Aside.*] Ruin—ruin—nothing can prevent this simple old fellow from committing our secret with my father.

Rock. You have brought on a twinge of the gout, you have, you graceless baggage—then what do you care—you'd run off with the first fellow whose grandfather came over after the battle of Hastings, and leave your infirm old father with nothing to swear at but his crutch. If I had a family poodle to leave my money to, damme I'd cut you off with a rupee—give me a kiss—I would, you—oh! —don't laugh at my sufferings—oh!

[*Exeunt, assisted by Miss Rocket,* L.

Roe. My dear old friend, one word.—[*Aside.—Brings Rural forward,*] what shall I say?—You never thought I was making love to that lady?

Rur. It did strike me—but if not, what were you making?

Roe. Why, can't you guess?

Rur. No! making love is very unlike anything else I know of.

Roe. You are right—I was—but—but—not on my own account.

Rur. Oh!

Roe. I pressed the suit for—for a friend—in fact, for Coke.

Rur. For Littleton?

Rock. [*Without,* L.] Don't tell me—

Kate. [*Without,* L.] No—but—

Roe. You must be aware that I am destined by my father for Lady Alice—and—of course—I—I am devoted to her.

Rur. And Littleton was jealous of you! generous young man! how he will repent when he is aware of

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his unjust suspicion; I know my dear b y is in love with the lady, he has confessed it to me.

Roe. [*Half aside.*] The devil he has!

Rur. Now, leave the rest to me—

Roe. Oh! there's some mistake here.

Rur I will get the Colonel's consent—I'll do it at once before I see Littleton—not a word to him. Let me surprise him with it. Oh, Littleton! [*Exit*, L.

Enter LITTLETON COKE, L. C.

Roe. My dear fellow, you must aid me

Lit. In what?

Roe. Old Rocket leaves this to-morrow, taking Kate with him. I have determined to accompany them.

Lit. How?

Roe. The lady wants a groom.

Lit. You never mean to undertake the place.

Roe. When I have removed these foreign decorations from my chin and lips, I'd defy the eyes of Argus to know me.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. Mr. Bribe, sir, wishes to see his lordship.

Roe. Bribe, the devil—very well, Thomas. [*Exit Servant*, L.] That's my father's solicitor and parliamentary agent, come to arrange accounts for my nomination.—What's to be done?

Lit. What's Bribe's fee?

Roe. A thousand pounds.

Lit. I'll offer him fifteen hundred to go down on my account.

Roe. But is it practicable?—will he?

Lit. Anything is practicable to a lawyer for five hundred pounds. But we must find some one to represent a partner in his firm, who is unknown by sight to your father.

Roe. Crawl's the man, an arrant vote-broker.

Lit. Then Crawl shall enjoy an honest reputation for a day, in the person of Bob.

Roe. Is he equal to it?

Lit. I'll back him with odds at anything, from winning a kitchen wench, to a speech from the woolsack.

Roe. He is here—where shall I find him?

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Lit. Have you any spot in the house dedicated espe cially to the maids and mischief? if so, raise your voice in that quarter.

Enter Bob, *cautiously*, L.

Bob. Sir! sir! [*Looks about.*

Lit. Here he is.

Bob. I've sent your adress to the *Closeborough Independent*, sir.

Lit. My address!

Bob. To the free and enlightened electors—you'll find it sharp and undecided, sir—I've been rather abusive in my allusions to your lordship, but one cannot be political without being personal; therefore, when I refer to your lordship, from the hustings to-morrow, as only falling short of a fool by being born a knave, and the disgrace you are to the aristocracy—[*To Littleton.*] Oh, sir, I've not read the debates for nothing.—[*To Roebuck.*] Your lordship will understand me to speak professionally.

Roe. Why—you—you—

Lit. [*Crosses to Roebuck, and aside.*] Never mind, wait till I can afford to pay him his wages, I'll not forget you. [*To Bob.*] We require you to adopt the name and character of a gentleman who is expected here, and to personate him before Lord Pompion: can you do it?

Bob. That depends upon whom he is.

Roe. Crawl, the attorney and agent.

Bob. [*To Littleton.*] I thought you spoke of a gentleman.

Lit. Nonsense, sir; can you play the attorney?

Bob. Facilis descensus averni, as Virgil said, when you were at college, sir. I'll adopt the character, but I'm afraid my honesty will show through and spoil the assumption.

Lit. No fear of that. Accompany Lord Charles, he will give you instructions.

Roe. 'Tis a fearful alternative, but there is no time to invent; I'll despatch Bribe at once. [*To Bob.*] This way. *Gare!* here comes the widow! [*Exeunt, Roe. & Bob,* R.

Lit. The widow, and once more alone, ha! I feel that if I could mask my impetuosity for a moment, I might at least discover my position, but my love is in its own way, and—

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Enter LADY ALICE HAWTHORN, L.

[*Aside.*] Here she is.

Lady A. [*Aside.*] I thought he had gone without me—ha! I almost believe I like the fool. [*Littleton sits and writes.*] I must discover why these brothers do not speak.—I was thinking of trying the opera for an hour, Mr. Coke.

Lit. Not a bad idea—[*Writing,*] my distracted love is too perceptible—[*Aloud,*] the opera, ay! [*Aside,*] could she have refused to accompany Tom and the Countess, to secure a *tête-à-tête* with me?—I dare not hope it.—[*Writing.*] "*In the fond hope.*"

Lady A. [*Aside.*] Why, I do believe the fellow is writing a love letter.

Lit. [*Still writing.*] "*Grisi*"—yes—ah—eh—I beg your pardon—you'll allow me to ring for your carriage.

Lady A. [*Aside.*] So he thinks he is sure of me—oh! yes—hang his smirking self-sufficient grin—that letter is to me—now, if I liked him less, I would torture him till—why—he is not going to seal it!

Lit. [*Burning the wax.*] Lady Alice, I remarked a minute signet ring on your lovely hand: will you favour me with it for an instant?

Lady A. Nonsense; it bears the motto, "L'amour est."

Lit. Love defunct—excellent. You keep it to seal your death warrant, to the heart of a discarded lover. [*Seals the letter.*] Spirituelle—ha! [*Kisses the ring, and returns it to her finger, kissing her hand.*

Lady A. Well—ahem—[*Aside.*] He does not give it to me—[*Littleton writes,*] he directs it—really, I—[*Littleton extinguishes the taper and advances,*] feel very—oh, here he comes—ha! he was too nervous to speak—I—

Lit. Lady Alice—

Lady A. [*Aside.*] His voice trembles—ha!—[*Littleton walks round her, and takes up a shawl,*] he's swimming round the hook.

Lit. You were talking of the opera— [*Crossing,* L.

Lady A. [*Aside.*] The float sinks.

Lit. Allow me, before you go—

Lady A. [*Aside.*] I have him!

Lit. To shawl you.

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Lady A. Sir!—[*Aside.*] He's off.

Lit. [*Folding the shawl.*] Happy shawl!—Blest cash mere!—why was I not born amongst you to be continu ally hugged round such a lovely form as this. [*Shawling her.*] Allow me to ring for the carriage.

Lady A. [*Aside.*] Hang the fellow, I'll have that letter if I die for it.—A warm correspondence that of your's, if I may judge by your escaped expression.

Lit. [*Aside.*] Aha! 'tis a bite, as I expected—now, I'll play with her a little.—Warm! oh, yes; and, apropos, you may be of some assistance to me.

Lady A. Assistance!

Lit. Yes; you might deliver the letter. I am sure the interest you took in me this morning, will excuse the con fidence I ask you to give us.

Lady A. Us!

Lit. Yes. [*Gives the letter.*] I'm an humble aspirant to—

Lady A. [*Reading.*] Miss Rocket!

Lit. You seem surprised.

Lady A. Surprised! and the lady—she encourages you?

Lit. Look at me, and don't wound my feelings by reiterating the question.

Lady A. And your—your—ha! ha!—your protestations to me—

Lit. Egad, that's true. I forgot—oh, don't mistake me—when I offer Miss Rocket my hand, allow me to express at the same time, my wild adoration of your lady ship in the abstract—It's a fearful mania of mine.

Lady A. Ha! ha! and you thought I reciprocated your empty expression of—Oh!—[*Aside.*] I shall choke!—Perhaps, you even imagined I was in love with you.

Lit. I did.

Lady A. Disabuse your mind of it, I beg—you flatter yourself!

Lit. You are not in love with me?

Lady A. Not in the least. [*Crosses to* L.

Lit. Ah, true—how could one expect Heaven to endow you with beauty and sense at the same time.

Lady A. And do you imagine, sir, that I will permit my friend to remain in ignorance of your treachery?

Lit. Quite the contrary. I feel convinced you will in-

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stantly apprise her of the fact—Oh! I don't wish to take her at any disadvantage—I wish to owe nothing but to the unaided dynamics of personal appearance.

Lady A. [*Aside.*] The egregious puppy— my heart should disinherit him—cut him off with a sigh—but that I feel it has quitted this world [*Touching her heart,*] without a will.

Lit. [*Aside.*] She loves me, and now begins to feel it. As I proceed I gain more confidence.—You seem rather animated! sorry that I'm compelled to leave you alone with your feelings—excuse the imputation. [*Eyeing her.*] I see you possess those inconveniences; they impart expression, and are amusing enough to observe—but must be very troublesome in their manufacture.

Lady A. [*Aside.*] I would esteem this man a brute, but 'twould be a libel upon quadrupeds, for he wants their animation.

Lit. You are bored, I see—regret I can't amuse—possessing only the ability to be amused. Shall I ring for *your* dog or *my* brother?

Lady A. Don't trouble yourself! were I inclined to laugh at anything, you would do, very well.—[*Aside.*] I *could* cry, but I won't.

Lit. Farewell! I tear myself away.—[*Looks at his watch.*] I'm agonized with the necessity, but I see the ballet has commenced, and I would not miss the *Truandaise* for a thousand.

[*Lounges up and out,* C., *humming an air.*

Lady A. Can this be real?—what need I care?—I'll go to the opera and find fifty lovers there, make each commit fifty follies, and revenge myself on the sex.

[*Throws herself on sofa.*

Enter RURAL, L.

Rur. What a fearful mistake I had nearly committed—the Earl has just been speaking of his son's projected marriage with this lady; I must find Tom, and tell him so—poor fellow! 'tis well he nas not known her long enough to feel her loss. But, how delighted Littleton will be to hear that his suspicions were unfounded; now, now, I can conscientiously promote their happiness.

Lady A. [*Apart.*] Yet, his fervour was so natural, I

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could not be mistaken in his honesty—he *does* love me—on my life he does.

Rur. [*Aside.*] I must get some assistance in my plot, these young hearts are such strange things.—My dear young lady, I want your help in a little plot of mine; you understand these matters better than I do, and will assist me—Littleton has fallen in love.

Lady A. [*Aside.*] Bless this dear old man, he's always in the wrong.—Ha! he has confessed it to you, then?

Rur. He is as open-hearted as a child; but you will not mention it?

Lady A. I think I was his first confidant, sir.

Rur. Then, you will join me, in trying to reconcile these dear children, and recovering to my affection, my favourite—I mean, my dearest hope.

Lady A. I will.—[*Aside.*] I thought it was affectation—but I am too happy to think of revenging it. Yes, yes, yes, my dear, dear sir—I will be all you wish—all he wishes.

Rur. What a kind, warm heart it is.

Lady A. Where is he?

Rur. I dare say, like young folks—ha! he has stolen to her.

Lady A. To her—who?

Rur. Miss Rocket—bless me, are you ill?

Lady A. Miss Rocket! Has he then—

Rur. Confessed to me his love for her—yes—his grovelling adoration—servilely, meanly, despicably infatuated—bless his impetuous heart!

Lady A. And Lord Charles?—

Rur. Nobly presses his suit.

Lady A. I cannot believe it.

Rur My dear child, his lordship told me so himself.

Enter Miss Rocket, L.

Lady A. Kate—tell me—are you deceiving me?
[*Crosses to Kate.*

Kate. What do you mean?

Lady A. Mr. Coke is in love with you.

Kate. With me!

Lady A. He has been confessing it all over the house—to me—to him—to Lord Charles—

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Kate. Why, it can't be—what means Lord Charles's declaration to me?

Rur. My dear young lady, he means nothing to you: you mistook his intentions—he was wooing for his friend, who was ridiculously jealous of him—Lord Charles told me just now that he was betrothed to her ladyship, and devoted to her—the earl has since said the same thing—therefore it must be true.

Lady A. Kate!

Kate. Alice!

Lady A. That villain, Charles, wished at once to deceive his friend—destroy you—and cheat me.

Kate. Destroy me—oh, Alice! [*They embrace.*

Rur. Tears! what strange things young hearts are.

Enter a SERVANT, L.

Serv. Your ladyship's carriage waits.

Lady A. Kate—be a woman— [*Crosses,* R.

Rur. She is—she is a woman—

Lady A. These pair of wretches are doubtless in the stalls at the opera, directing a *lorgnette* battery against all the beauty in the house; let us go and show them we can be as heartless as they.

[*Crosses to* L., *goes to table, and gets an opera-glass.*

Rur. Yes—exactly—what can it all mean? There is nothing so puzzling to an old head, as a young heart.

[*Lady Alice takes one of Rural's arms, and places her opera-glass in his hand.*

There! my dear child—don't weep. [*Is going to apply her handkerchief to her eyes, when Miss Rocket takes the other arm and checks him.*] Well! woman is a wonderful and mysterious thing!

Lady A. Wretches—both.

Rur. Ah!

Kate. Villains!

Rur. Yes—[*Aside.*] I wonder what they mean, and what they are going to do with me?

[*Exeunt, ladies pulling Rural through centre doors.*

END OF ACT III.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same as Act III.*

Enter COLONEL ROCKET, C., *with a newspaper.*

Rock. Here's news! A copy of this evening's *Closeborough Independent* has been despatched to me. [*Reads.* "*We gladly issue a second edition, to give the earliest publicity to the following address, which reached us after going to press:—*

"*To the Independent Electors of Closeborough.*

"*Gentlemen—In reply to a requisition from a numerous and highly respectable body of your townsmen, I too happily accede to your wishes, and shall be proud to represent your opinions in Parliament, which I cannot but suppose are violently adverse to those of my noble friend and antagonist, Lord Roebuck, whose character, speaking publicly, I must despise—but whose private character, generally, I know nothing about.*

"*I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,*

"LITTLETON COKE."

Hurrah! now I can show fight! now I've outflanked his Norman Lordship. My villa at Closeborough, Ghuznee Lodge, and its estate, gives me the influence of thirty votes—ha! ha! ha! I'll not sleep another night beneath this noble roof—I've despatched orders to Corporal Stripe to have the guard out, in their old uniforms—my travelling carriage will be here in two hours—I'll canvass the whole town before breakfast. Ho! ho! damme, I've never been so excited since Bhurtpore!

Enter RURAL, L. C.

Rur. Had I been the first-born of Richelieu, and the favourite pupil of Machiavel, I could not have surrounded myself with more intrigues, plots, and difficulties. Those two dear girls took me to the opera; they beguiled the way, by crying and endeavouring to discover which could invent the worst name for her lover. When we arrived, I found myself amongst soldiers and footmen

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then labrynths and lights; then in a little closet with one wall out, apparently for the admission of noise and glare. I was astonished into the place, and amazed out of it, and thankful I am to get here again.—[*Aside.*] Here's the Colonel—I'll venture to—to sound him about his consent to the marriage.—My military friend, will you allow me to ask—has Littleton acquainted you with—his intentions?

Rock. No, sir—I wish he had—however, accident has revealed them to me.

Rur. And dare he hope that you will grant your consent?

Rock. Grant! I'll secure his success. He shall have Jack Rocket's interest, sir.

Rur. Then you approve of his offer? [*Astonished.*

Rock. I could not have selected from all England a finer fellow—more after my own heart.

Rur. He is—he is—

Rock. Noble souled.

Rur. Princely.

Rock. Honest, free.—

Rur. God bless you!

Rock. No stiff-backed pretension—

Rur. What a kind soul you are.

Rock. I'll lay a thousand, *his* father was *at* the battle of Hastings.

Rur. But, your daughter—

Rock. Kate! ay—she'll go with him, heart and soul!

Rur. She will; she has said as much.

Rock. Bless her heart, it always says right.

Rur. My dear benefactor, don't, don't overcome me with gratitude: what shall I say or do—may I run and tell Littleton?

Rock. Tell the rascal, I'll never forgive him not coming to me at first.

Rur. At first, ha! ha!

Rock. Tell him, my carriage is at his service—my house at his command.

Rur. Ha! ha! I shall do something very foolish for joy when I get out!

Rock. Advise him to lose no time: he should clinch the affair before breakfast to-morrow.

Rur. To-morrow! isn't that rather, rather early, eh?

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Rock. Too late sir—I like despatch.

Rur. But the lady?

Rock. Kate! pooh! you don't know the girl; she'll spring up at five in such a cause.

Rur. Bless me!

Rock. No more—I'm off. Remember my carriage will be at the door in two hours, let him use it.

Rur. Use it to—

Rock. Not a word—orders given—ho! great guns! this is glorious!

Rur. Miraculous!

Rock. I'm in the saddle again, huzza! [*Twinges.*] Oh! the gout!—I'm a rusty old arquebuse, only fit to hang up for a show of old times; but no! I'll be charged and primed, and damme I'll go off once more, if I'm blown to the devil for it!—Hurrah! eh! ha! ha! hurrah.

[*The Colonel shouts, becomes excited, and exit,* L. *Rural, very excited, joins feebly in his boisterous shouts.*

Rur. Hurrah! bless me, how exciting all this is;—ha! ha! [*He runs about.*] I'm inclined to do something very frantic—Huzza!

Enter LORD POMPION, R. C.

Lord P. My dear sir.—[*Aside.*] What is the old man about?—Will you have the kindness to inform Mr. Coke—

Rur. Certainly, in two hours—

Lord P. I mean the member, sir; that I would be happy to see him here—

Rur. Before breakfast—

Lord P. On parliamentary business—

Rur. Of course. Tell the rascal I'll never forgive him.

Lord P. Mr. Rural—will you—

Rur. Spring up at five in such a cause. [*Crosses to* R.

Lord P. He is possessed—

Rur. Great guns! this is glorious! Hurrah! hurrah! [*Exit Rural,* C.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. Mr. Crawl, my lord.

Lord P. Show him in. [*Exit Servant,* L.] Charles informs me that Bribe sends word that he is engaged against us by the opposing candidate; but he has proved himself a trustworthy fellow, for he has despatched an

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intelligent and junior partner in his firm, whom he feels assured will carry all before him. We must do something for Bribe—fidelity should be rewarded.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. Mr. Crawl.

Enter BOB, L., *dressed in black.—Exit Servant,* L.

Lord P. Mr. Crawl?

Bob. Of the firm of Bribe, Crawl, and Treatem.

Lord P. Fame speaks highly of you, Mr. Crawl, and parliament has its eye on you. Fortune favoured me, when, twenty years ago, I selected your firm for my solicitors.

Bob. I remember the era. Its date—I think—is on your lordship's first mortgage to us.

Lord P. A tenacious memory—be seated. [*Points to chair.*] How fortunate for us that Bribe is secured to our opposing candidate.

Bob. He's a treasure—

Lord P. So are you—

Bob. Oh, I'm a mint, my lord, a perfect mint—I'll coin you votes that shall pass current with any Committee of the House—I'll put you in for any borough in Great Britain, and return you with any majority you may please to pay for—I'll qualify you with three hundred a-year, landed property, for fifty pounds, and show more voters in your interest unpolled, than there is population in the county.

Lord P. My dear Mr. Crawl!

Bob. Oh, my Lord—that's nothing.

Lord P. I may conclude my son elected, then?

Bob. Chaired—and has returned thanks in a neat speech, which I have already prepared.

Lord P. Then I may venture to dismiss anxiety from my mind—and enter on other topics.

Bob. [*Aside.*] Other topics—master didn't prime me for other topics.

Lord P. Fifteen years ago—

Bob. [*Aside.*] Oh, lord!

Lord P. It may be in your tenacious recollection that I confided to the care of Mr. Bribe, a boy.

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Bob. Oh! perfectly—a perfect child—a—a mere—a—boy—a—oh, I perfectly—

Lord P. The—the—son of an old and valued servant

Bob. Female?

Lord P. No—my butler.

Bob. Oh!

Lord P. I promised to—to—protect—to educate—my—I mean, his child—and confided the responsibility to Bribe's charge.

Bob. [*Aside.*] Oho!—the Earl has been a gay deceiver in his youth—ahem!—not much of the Lothario left!

Lord P. I—I left England shortly after this occurrence, as ambassador to the court of Lisbon—since my return—business—a—

Bob. Of course. I see.—Oh, yes—I know the boy—a fine fellow he has grown—an universal favourite.

Lord P. Indeed!

Bob. His name is Robert, but we call him Bob, familiarly.

Lord P. Yes, yes.

Bob. I do assure you, there's no one for whom I possess a higher esteem—whose interest I have more at heart.

Lord P. It does you honour.

Bob. I got him into the service of Mr. Littleton Coke.

Lord P. Coke! what a strange coincidence.

Bob. But, to-day he has obtained the situation of groom to a Miss Rocket.

Lord P. Miss Rocket! why, that lady is now in this house.

Bob. Indeed! then so is Bob.

Lord P. Could I—I—see him?

Bob. Of course; permit me to ring. [*Rings bell on* L. *table.*] By the way, if you will excuse the idea, I can't help thinking that there is a considerable resemblance between his features and those of your son—our candidate.

Lord P. Ha! ha! what a strange notion.—[*Aside.*] Can it be so striking as to betray me?

Enter SERVANT, L.

Bob. Tell Miss Rocket's new groom to step up.

[*Exit Servant,* L.

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[*Aside.*] So, Lord Charles, you roasted me once, now I'll give you a turn.

Lord P. [*Aside.*] How agitated I feel.

Enter LORD CHARLES *dressed as a groom, with his moustachios and beard cut, and his hair cropped.*

Bob. Step forward, young man—my lord, this is Bob.

Roe. [*Aside.*] My father—the devil— [*Threatens Bob.*

Lord P. [*Aside.*] I dare not look at him—

Bob. His lordship is good enough to take an interest in you, Bob—for which you will feel duly grateful—ahem—I've no doubt that he will even do something handsome for you—you see the reward of virtue:—I promised you, that by steady and persevering conduct, I should be able to give you a turn when you least expected it.

Roe. [*Aside.*] Expected it—the fellow is roasting me now with a vengeance!

Bob. Do you hear?

Roe. I—I heartily thank his lordship.

Lord P. [*Aside.*] The voice—the Pompion voice—I could swear to its haughty tones amongst a million.—[*Looks at him.*] Mercy! he will betray me. Blindness would know him to be Charles's brother.

Bob. Bob, are you ready to experience his lordship's generosity?

Lord P. Young man—I—take some—little interest in your—Robert—I—[*Checks himself.*] Mr. Crawl, you will expend this hundred pounds for Robert's benefit.

[*Gives money.*

Bob. I feel it as a gift to myself—every shilling of it shall be conscientiously spent on that individual. Bob, have you no tongue? mercy on me—no gratitude—there you stand—do you see, sir, 'tis one hundred pounds—thank his lordship.

Roe. [*Aside.*] Oh, the scoundrel!

Bob. Thank him on your knees, sir.

Roe. [*Bowing.*] Oh, you—your—lordship—I—I—scarcely know how to—[*Aside.*] Damn that fellow's impudence.

Lord P. Farewell, Mr. Crawl; you will let me hear of this young man from time to time. [*Takes a last look at Roebuck from the door.*] Fatal image—poor boy—Sarah Jane—oh, memory! [*Exit,* R. C.

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Roe. [*Sits across a chair and looks at Bob, after a pause.*] So, sir you have the daring impudence not only to ring me up for your special amusement, but to rob my father before my face.

Bob. Perquisites, my lord, nothing more; besides, if I am to injure my character by adopting that of a lawyer for half an hour—the least I may be spared is the lawful plunder of the profession. Consider the risk.

Enter RURAL, L. C.

Rur. I can't find him anywhere.

Roe. Mr. Rural.

Bob. The old money-lender—he has dogged us—the bailiff can't be far off—I must find my master.

[*Exit Bob, cautiously,* L. C.

Rur. Why—surely—

Roe. [*Aside.*] He detects me—better make him a confidant, or he may betray me.—Yes—yes—he—he—you look surprised—this dress—

Rur. But where's all this? [*Touching his chin.*

Roe. Ha! sir! my judicious compliment to the court of Versailles—hush!—I'll tell you—it's a freak—

Rur. Law!

Roe. Nothing more—[*Aside to Rural,*] you see—[*Aside.*] aid me, Mercury, god of lies.—[*Aloud.*] I told you I was assisting Coke to the hand of Miss Rocket.

Rur. You did—so am I.

Roe. They—they are off to-night.

Rur. I know it—ha!

Roe. The deuce you do—well—I'm going to ride postillion, that's all.

Rur. Going down as his groom?

Roe. No! as her's—but hush—I implore—not a syllable—could I but find Kate, without meeting my father—I have secured the servants. [*Goes up,* C., *and off,* L.

Rur. Well, I had heard of young noblemen turning coachmen—but this is the first instance of one turning groom—I—

Re-enter LORD POMPION, R. C.

Lord P. They have gone, sir—the persons who were here this instant, do you know have they left the house?

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Rur. You saw them?

Lord P. Certainly!

Rur. [*Aside.*] Oh! then he is in the secret.—You know, then—you are aware—

Lord P. Of what?

Rur. That Miss Rocket has got another groom.

Lord P. Y—e—s.

Rur. A new character for your rogue of a son.

Lord P. Ah! hush! [*Seizes his arm, and looks round.*

Rur. Eh! what's the matter?

Lord P. My dear sir, you have gained, I know not by what accident, the possession of a secret of the deepest importance.—Yes, I confess it—the person who is now engaged in the menial capacity you mention, *is* my son.

Rur. Of course, he is—he is going to, ha! ha! ride postillion; what will he do next?

Lord P. You will conceal this secret?

Rur. If you desire it, certainly; I had suspicions that Miss Rocket was in love with him, but—

Lord P. Miss Rocket! is it possible—my dear, dear sir, you transport me—could you but conclude a match between them.

Rur. Good gracious!

Lord P. [*Aside.*] Young ladies have eloped with their grooms before now.

Rur. Why, my lord.

Lord P. I know—you would start objections, I anticipate them. Listen—should this desirable event take place, it may be politic for me to show some temper, you understand—

Rur. Certainly not.

Lord P. To be angry—but do not heed it—'twill only be in compliment to the colonel, and to conceal my relationship—[*Crosses to* L.] Remember, there's a valuable benefice in my gift: it is just vacant. All I can say is—consummate my hopes, and ask me for what you will, it shall be yours. [*Exit,* L.

Rur. But, my lord—Lady Alice, what can this mean—an hour ago he told me that he designed Lord Charles for Lady Hawthorn, now he would give anything to see him married to Miss Rocket. This is all very strange—if he agree to the match between his son and her ladyship, and the colonel consent to Littleton's proposals, and

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the young people love each other—why make any mystery? Ha! here is my boy—he seems annoyed—a—

[*Seats himself*, c., *and watches*, L.

Enter Littleton Coke, L., *he walks up and down after a pause.*

Lit. I don't think there was a fool in the house whom she did not flirt with through her opera-glass. Every one noticed it—she swept over the stalls, smiling at every eager eye that was fixed on her—damme, she appears intimate with the whole subscription—and then the omnibus boxes—oh, that was awful—why, every man in 'em went round into her box—they went by two's, relieving each other every five minutes, like sentries before Whitehall. She made herself the focus for every lorgnette in the pit—and not content with that, she goes round into Lady Pompion's box, turns her back full upon the stage and me, and flirts with Tom, as if she had only six hours to live. I was obliged to groan in the middle of one of Grisi's finest arias—and nearly got turned out.

Rur. (L.) Littleton, fortune smiles on you—my dear boy, I give you joy—she is yours.

Lit. (R.) Is she?

Rur. The colonel says, his carriage and house are at your service, and that the affair ought to be settled before breakfast to-morrow.

Lit. [*Aside.*] In all this excitement I had almost forgotten my election, and the colonel—of course! Roebuck told me he was violently opposed to his politics, he will aid my return—I'll accept his offer.

Rur. His carriage will be at the door in an hour.

Lit. Then it shall bear me from this fatal scene of enchantment, and you will accompany me.

Rur. May I—oh! what, with you! [*Embracing him.*

Lit. Forgive me, if in my moments of passion I have slighted your affection.

Rur. Slighted! let me hear any one say you slighted—my dear boy, you have been all love, and—let's go—[*Aside.*] I'll write to Tom to follow, ha! ha!

Enter Tom Coke *and* Lady Alice Hawthorn, *with letters, laughing*, L.

Lit. Ha! they follow to outrage me even here. I'll remain. [*Retires up*, R.

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Lady A. [C.—*To Littleton.*] Oh! Mr. Coke, did you hear Lablache in the finale? ha! ha!

Lit. [*Aside.*] She must have seen me leave the house in disgust before it; I felt every eye was upon me.

Lady A. Ha! ha! he was too droll to bear. I would not hear or see any thing after that—'twould be a sacrilege.

Lit. [*Aside.*] She can be amused, too!

Tom. [*Aside.*] She loves me—I felt it—I am too full of happiness to remain unforgiving: my heart has been knocking against my will all day long. I could not look at him wi'out a blush.—Brother Littleton, a word wi' you.

[*Littleton Coke bows aside, and advances a little—Tom hesitates.*

Lady A. [*Aside to Rural.*] Go, leave them to me.

Rur. Bless you, angel that you are—that is—that you will be—join those young hearts and gain an old man's last prayers. [*Rur. and Lady A. retire into the inner room.*

Tom. Brother, a'm not goin to reproach you, but—but—no matter what you've been—forgive and forget. Littleton, we are brothers—flesh and blood do tingle against our parting this way—you are my father's son—the child of my mother—don't look from me, brother Littleton—because there are tears in ma eyes that a'm not ashamed of—you tremble—so do I—'ave got my hand out, though you don't see it—you'll take it?

Lit. This charity seems strangely sudden—to what do I owe it?

Tom. (L.) To her.

Lit. Lady Alice!

Lady A. Well! [*Coming down,* C.

Lit. [R.—*Aside.*] She loves him.

Lady A. I've taken a fancy to see you two shake hands: whoever begins shall be rewarded with my waist for the first polka at Rochester House to-night; do you hear, you statue? [*She goes to Littleton, who is standing,* R., *with his back towards his brother Tom.*] Come, give me your hand.

Lit. His hand will suffice your ladyship for the present.

Lady A. [*Aside.*] Aha! have I reduced you to submission? now I'll try on him if I have learned, by heart, the lesson he taught me an hour ago. [*Aloud to Tom.*] Will

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you favour me with a moment's *tête-à-tête* with this amusing creature?

Tom. You command me. [*Exit*, c.

Lit. Will your ladyship excuse me?

Lady A. No—I want you—don't go, I beg.

Lit. [*Aside.*] She entreats—she repents.

[*He pauses, she draws out a letter.*

She takes a letter from her breast—'tis to me. [*She opens it.*] No—she opens it—she reads it—[*She sighs,*] she is affected—what can it mean?

Lady A. Mr. Coke—I—I hurt my hand this evening, and am unable to write—would you have the kindness to answer, for me, this letter, and write as I tell you?

Lit. Write as!—[*Aside.*] What does she—perhaps 'tis from Tom—it is—I—

Lady A. [*Having settled the writing materials for him.*] Pray be seated. [*He sits.*] Now, will you promise me to write as I tell you?

Lit. [*Aside.*] She smiles, ah!—[*Aloud.*] I'll swear it.

Lady A. "My dear"—let's see—yes—"dear sir"—

Lit. Two adjectives?

Lady A. Ye—s! "If [*Reading letter,*] fondest hopes"—poor fellow!—"if you imagine my treatment of you to be cruel"—

Lit. [*Aside.*] Damme, if she isn't making me write a love letter to somebody; oh, that's too good!

[*Rises and throws down pen.*

Lady A. Bad pen? don't stir, here's another. [*Offers a pen, he looks at her, and sneaks back.*] "You will forgive me, your letter now before me, so full of deep affection"—[*Reads letter,*] mad affection—ah!—"has touched me to the heart."

Lit. If I write that, may I—

Lady A. Your promise, sir!

Lit. Go on—your ladyship is very kind—proceed.

Lady A. "Let me confess, that I am at this moment inflicting upon you a torture, which, although you deserve, I am too feeling to continue. Rather than see you suffer longer, let me own myself, for ever, your's."

Lit. Is there any more?

Lady A. Yes, the direction.

Lit. Ha! who's the inf—gentleman?

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Lady A. "To Littleton Coke, Esq."

Lit. [*Starting up.*] Myself—could you—

Lady A. Ha! ha! ha! [*Crosses to* R.

Lit. That letter—

Lady A. Take it.

Lit. Blank!—ha! my own to Miss Rocket.

Lady A. Ha! ha! ha!

Lit. And you love me?

Lady A. Let me sign that letter.

Lit. Which?—a—this—oh! yes, true.

Lady A. [*Looking over it.*] Why, it's blank, too: you did not write a line, then?

Lit. Not a syllable; and for such a document I would have given my life; stop, we'll begin again.

Lady A. No, no! had you kept your promise, you would now have possessed mine to be for ever yours.

[*Goes to table,* L., *and sits, ready to write.*

Lit. I won't occupy you long; we'll come to "I'll be for ever, your's" at once; eh! sign a new lease of life to me.

Lady A. No, leave the document for me to look over.

Lit. While suspense is making me feel like one great pulse.

Lady A. There is a prescribed time to wear mourning for a husband, and a certain time to wear reserve to a lover. I cannot throw it off so early—think how short is our acquaintance.

Lit. But how much can be done in it, by hearts like ours; you are no slave to society, nor am I.

[*Embraces her.*

Lady A. You impetuous wretch—release me.

Lit. One word, then.

Lady A. Hush!—some one.

Enter BOB, L.

Lit. Bob!

Bob. [*Aside to him.*] Sir—sir—Craft's—

Lit. Craft!

Bob. On the premises, saw him myself, and dressed like a gentleman—so he's serious, and means to have you—get out of the house.

Lit. But now?

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Bob. By any way but the hall door; it's old Scriven's debt.

Lit. And it's above £20. Ruin!—in twelve hours I should have been a Member of Parliament, and free. Bob! go to the top of the staircase—watch—prevent him from coming up, by any means, tumble on him, pitch him over the banisters accidentally, any way. [*Bob goes out*, L.

Lady A. Who is that?

Lit. A—a—my agent; he tells me that I must start for Closeborough immediately—every moment's delay is an agony to him.

Lady A. Closeborough!

Lit. Yes—the poll takes place to-morrow. I must be there to-night.

Lady A. An election without me—that's enough to unseat the candidate—and only a few miles from town, too.

Lit. 'Tis not too late—with your voice in my favour.

Lady A. Oh, if I could but escape! the Earl considers me bound to canvass for you, Charles—ha! ha! fancy me stealing a march on Pompey, turning Closeborough into a modern Pharsalia, to run away, like Cleopatra, when the battle began, and leave Pompey in the minority. Ha! ha! ha!

Lit. Not run away, only desert to the enemy.

Lady A. That's true—I'll do it—consider yourself M. P. for Closeborough—ha! ha! ha! I'll be off at once.

Lit. Hark! your carriage is driving round into the stables.

Lady A. Let the horses be kept in it; I shall be ready before the earl can return.

Lit. Can you afford Mr. Rural a seat?

Lady A. With pleasure.

Lit. And me?

Lady A. Impertinent!—certainly not.

Lit. Outside?

Lady A. Don't dare to approach me, by a mile.

Lit. But you go to Ghuznee Lodge, where I am invited also.

Lady A. Then you must occupy the village inn, while I am there. Now the fellow pouts again; listen: must I not preserve my reputation intact, even from you, before

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marriage, or you may call it in question with yourself after it? Send to me your dear old friend—good bye.

Lit. But stop one moment, this letter—

Lady A. Well?

Lit. 'Twas written and directed, but unsealed—

Lady A. You want my ring again—love defunct.

Lit. No, I'm alive—thus [*Kisses her hand,*] Paradise is regained. [*Exit Lady Alice,* c.] She loves me, there is not the slightest doubt on the point—I am beloved by an angel and five thousand a-year—do I remember awaking this morning?

Enter ROEBUCK, *in a postillion's jacket and cap,* L.

Charles!—what's this?

Roe. Old Rocket's carriage has just driven up to the door—a thought struck me—I'll use it to elope with his daughter.

Lit. Where to?

Roe. To Closeborough; I have not the courage to argue with my father, or with her's. I'll make a demonstration—I'll ask Lady Alice to accompany her; for form's sake I shall leave her at the Lodge, and to preserve the reputation I prize beyond my own. I will not compromise it by showing myself to the servants, but, without dismounting, return to the Rocket Arms, in the village.

Lit. You're five minutes too late: she's engaged to me on the same road.

Roe. To elope?

Lit. Very near—own brother to the fact.

Roe. Ha! ha! you're jealous of my speed in love—you're distanced—look, this is a suit of our family livery: I'll rattle down to Ghuznee Lodge in two hours and forty minutes.

Enter BOB, L.

Lit. [*Crosses to Bob.*] Run down to the stables, and slip a saddle on the near-horse in the Brougham fly.—[*Exit Bob,* L.] All right. Lady Alice is going down on my interest with Rural—she refused me a seat inside her carriage: damme, I'll take one outside her horse, and give Craft the slip—this is glorious—where is the livery?—in the harness-room? I know—all right.

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Enter RURAL, L. C.

My dear old friend, give me your hand. [*Shakes it violently.*] You said fortune smiled upon me—a mistake—she roars—don't ask me to explain—I couldn't. There's Roebuck—ask him—he's in his senses—shall I survive it? [*Runs out,* L. *Rural approaches Roebuck, who is walking hastily up and down.*

Rur. Tell me, what does it mean?

Roe. It means rapture—success—madness.

Rur. Yes, I see that—but—

Roe. You—you take Lady Alice down to her carriage, and mum—do you understand?

Rur. Not quite! but never mind.

Roe. While the colonel's carriage waits below.

Rur. I know it does, for his lovely daughter—yes.

Roe. [*Aside.*] Ha! the old gentleman is deeper than I thought—he sees through our plot.—Then, my dear sir, two of the happiest dogs in London, will whirl down two of its loveliest denizens to Closeborough.

Rur. What an extraordinary preface to marriage. Had I not heard of its approval from the lips of the old gentleman, I should have considered it too wonderful to be correct.

Enter BOB, L., *breathlessly.*

Bob It's all ready, sir; saddled complete.

Roe. To your conduct is confided Miss Rocket.

Bob. [*Aside.*] Oh! I thought it was an elopement my master was about.

Roe. Hush! she is here; run to her lady's maid, and get her shawl; I'll not give hesitation a chance.

Enter MISS ROCKET, L. C.

Bob. [*Looking off.*] Oh, that's the lady—well—he has my consent. [*Exit Bob,* L.

Rur. This appears very strange.

Roe. My dearest Kate!

Kate. Charles! and in this dress!

Roe. Do not waste our precious time in wonder; I will explain it presently.

Kate. I have suspected you unworthily, wickedly, but Alice has made me ashamed of my folly; let me suffer something to gain your pardon.

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Roe. I will. Your carriage waits: suffer me to fly with you.

Kate. Fly!

Roe. Only to your own house—'Twill be enough tc show our tyrants that their opposition would be vain.—Bob will conduct you to your carriage.

Kate. Bob!

Roe. Ha! oh! I never. Crawl, Bob Crawl—Alice is going—

Kate. To elope—

Roe. With Coke.—[*Aside.*] Nothing convinces a woman or a judge like a precedent.

Kate. I dare not—how—to—

Roe. I will waft you both down like a zephyr. [*To Rural, who is coming down,* c.] My dear sir, join your prayers to mine—she refuses to go.

Kate. But my father?—

Rur. My dear young lady, if that's all, your father desires it—commands it—declares that the affair must be settled before breakfast to-morrow.

Kate. That's he—I must credit you.

Rur. He ordered the carriage—have no scruples—he assured me that you would not.

Kate. Can I believe my ears?

Rur. You may; it's extraordinary, but you may.

Re-enter BOB, *with the shawl and bonnet,* L.

Bob. Here they are, sir: only cost me a kiss and a few promises.

Kate. I'm in a dream!

Rur. So am I!

[*Rural, with Kate and Roebuck, go up stage.*

Bob. [*Aside.*] The old money-lender here, and on such a job—ah! gets his bill out of her fortune. I must make something. Excellent! a paragraph in the Morning Post. Elopement in high life—Littleton Coke, Esq., with the great heiress and lovely daughter of Colonel Rocket. Bilious father—it's in time for to-morrow's impression—they'll make an express of it. Let's see, I'll ask a small per centage on the magnitude of her fortune—I'll try twenty thousand a-year. I may get five pounds; besides, 'twill civilize the creditors.

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Roe. [*Coming down.*] Be assured, dearest; confide in my devoted love, and farewell. Enough—I leave her to your care; farewell, dearest—now for the saddle, and I'm off—hurra for the road! [*Exit*, L.

Lit. [*Appearing at* R., *in the dress of a postillion.*] Is she ready?

Bob. Very near, sir: all right.

Lit. Make haste!

Bob. That's for you to do, sir—

Lit. True—I'll introduce the turnpikes to fourteen miles an hour. [*Exit*, L.

Kate. I tremble—

Rur. So do I, my dear child.

Enter LADY ALICE HAWTHORN, L., *dressed.*

Lady A. Kate!

Kate. Alice!

Bob. [*Aside.*] Hollo! here's—

Lady A. What does this mean?

Rur. Exactly—now—we'll have it.

Kate. My meaning, I believe, is yours.

Lady A. I—I—I'm—give me a kiss, Kate; we are both a pair of fools, dear.

Rur. Well, 'tis no clearer now—my dear—he waits.

Bob. [*Aside.*] Extraordinary express—another elopement. Lord Charles Roebuck with the Lady Alice Hawthorn. Ten pounds—

Rur. 'Tis no clearer now. [*Lady Alice takes his arm.*

Bob. This way. [*Conducts Miss Rocket*, L. *Rural goes up with Lady Alice*, L. C.

Rur. I wish you—both—farewell.

Kate. [*Going with Bob*, L.] Alice, what will become of me?

Lady A. You will get married, dear.

Kate. Farewell.

Rur. I wish you happy—farewell! [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT IV.

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ACT V.

Scene I.—*Ghuznee Lodge.—The house is a villa, with an Indian character apparently forced upon it—the lawn and shrubberies extend out,* C. F., *hrubberies,* R. *and* L., *with a pagoda summer-house,* L. 3*d* E.—*a broad carriage entrance leads off,* L.—*extreme entrance—a sentry box is discovered* C., *in a bush.* Stripe *is discovered standing in* C. *at the back, directing a field-glass down the avenue—a* Veteran, *in Bombay cavalry uniform, walks as if keeping guard.*

Stripe. No signs of the colonel, yet his orders were for us to be in readiness to receive him at two this morning, and here's half-past eleven—I've despatched Wilcox with the old howitzer to the top of the hill, to give us a signal; hollo! whom have we here? good light cavalry figure.

Enter Littleton Coke *down the avenue,* L.

Aid-de-camp with despatches from head-quarters, perhaps.

Lit. I've leftB ob addressing the free and independent electors of Closeborough from the hustings. [*Very distant shouts,* L.] There's another shout, elicited by his rhetoric. I believe the rascal has compromised me with every opinion on the political creed; 'twas useless arguing with him—he said, 'twas no good in losing a vote for a mere promise—so, damn the fellow, if he didn't promise every thing to everybody. [*Distant shouts,* R. U. E.] Whether I am whig, tory, or radical, will puzzle the *Times* to discover.

Enter Rural *from the house,* R.

Rur. (L.) My dear boy, I don't know what's the matter inside, but something has gone wrong; Lady Hawthorn won't hear a word from me.

Lit. [*Aside.*] She has discovered my disguise; no matter, she will readily forgive it.

Rur. Just now, she and Miss Rocket flew upon me; but all they could say was, "Explain, sir, explain."

Lit. And you?

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Rur. I—I ran away, because, you see, explain was just the thing I couldn't do.

Lit. [*Aside.*] He is in the dark still; 'twill be safer to keep him so. My dear old friend, 'tis all a freak, a—a—

Rur. Ah! ah! come, now, you are at some of your old tricks—oh! oh! I know you are!

Lit. We have planned a surprise, by which the old colonel and the earl will find that our young hearts have outmanœuvred their old heads—but 'tis a secret.

Rur. Oh, let me into it!

Lit. When the colonel arrives, and discovers Roebuck, he may storm a little.

Rur. What for? have I not his orders that you should use his carriage?

Lit. You will never mind his temper.

Rur. Not a bit, ha! ha!

Lit. The earl may possibly be annoyed—

Rur. Annoyed!—he'll be enraged!—ha! ha!—he said he would, oho! and you—now, this is all your plot, you rogue, you know it is, isn't it?

Lit. It is—but hush! here they come—leave us.

Rur. Oh, you wild, mischievous dog—oh, just what you were, when you played me those tricks in the poultry yard; when, ha! ha! you tied a gosling to my coat tail, and when I walked off, the gander was nearly the death of me—oh! ha! ha! ha! you villain!

Lit. But go, I beseech.

Rur. [*Going, returns.*] And, that fifth of November too, when—

Lit. I remember, there—

Rur. A squib in my snuff-box—oh, you little rogue, oh! bless you! oh! a squib in my snuff-box!

[*Exit behind house,* R., *chuckling.*

Lit. And bless you, for the simplest, kindest soul alive.

[*Littleton goes up,* R. C.

Enter from the house, R., LADY ALICE HAWTHORN, *with a newspaper, and* MISS ROCKET, *followed by* ROEBUCK.

Roe. But hear me.

Lady A. Not a word—here's a fine catastrophe to your clever intrigues! here's an *exposée*—I shouldn't wonder if they put the whole affair into a novel, or on the stage,

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Fancy my follies published in penny numbers, with illustrations; or your blunders enjoying a run at the Haymarket. Bah!—I could laugh my life out at you both, if I wasn't mad with rage.

Lit. But my dearest—

Lady A. No, sir, you have precluded the possibility of my ever being so—

Lit. Charles, what *does* this mean?

Roe. Hang me if I know. I have only been here a few minutes, but I found them both fulminating over that *Post.*

Kate. Do you pretend ignorance, my lord?

Lady A. Listen—you precious intriguers, listen:—[*Reads.*] "*Express.—Elopement in high life.—Enormous fortune won by a young barrister.—We understand, from the best authority, that an elopement took place last night from the opera. The imprudent pair are—Mr. Littleton Coke, of qui tam celebrity, and the great heiress, Miss Rocket—whose fortune is said to exceed* 20,000*l. a-year.*"

Lit. The idiots—what could have caused—

Kate. Go on.

Lady A. "*Second edition—extraordinary express—another elopement in high life. Last night, the young and eccentric Lady Alice Hawthorn, whose meteoric course through the fashionable world has been greeted with such admiration, eloped from Lord Pompion's house, with her cousin, Lord Charles Roebuck. It is stated, one of the parties rode postillion; our authority omits to mention which.*"

Lit. The dolts: by what mistake could this have happened?

Lady A. By none.

Roe. How?

Lady A. 'Tis true.

Roe. & Lit. How! true!

Kate. Quite.

Lady A. You thought to outwit me and the old people—and thus you set about it. [*To Coke.*] The lady, before whom you spurred and thrashed, sir, was Miss Rocket; [*To Roebuck,*] and the humble individual who admired your equitation for three hours, was your obliged servant.

Lit. What! and—I—Miss—and he—you—eh!

Roe Coke!

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Lit. I didn't—I— [*They look at each other astonished.*

Roe. Oh! but surely this mysterious blunder is not so serious—it can be mended by—

Lady A. What, sir—when all London know that my cousin ran away with—or rather, they don't know which of us ran away with the other—ah! you wretch!—and in the middle of the night, too—and—no—I must marry Charley after all! [*Crosses to Roebuck, and cries.*

Kate. And you—sir—you—

Lit. I suppose I must marry you, then, after all.

Lady A. And all your cunning to outwit the governors has just effected their purposes.

Roe. But Kate—surely—you will not, by marrying him to save your character, condemn yourself to eternal misery?

Lit. [*Crosses to Roebuck.*] Eternal what, sir? let me tell you, my lord, that this is your fault, your blunder—had I been there, I—

Roe. Mine, sir, mine!

Lit. Yes, your's.

Roe. 'Tis false, sir.

Lit. False! very well, my lord.

Roe. I repeat, sir, that—

Lit. Enough, the word suffices; but for this presence, I feel you would have substituted a stronger term, but—

[*They speak apart as they go up,* R.

Kate. My dear Alice, they are quarrelling.

Lady A. No!

Kate. They are. I've seen so many men do it—I know it in a minute—they'll fight.

Lady A. A duel, and on our account! no more is required to complete our destruction. Mr. Coke—Charles—will you listen? [*Lord Roebuck goes up.*] There's nothing so like a mad bull as a man in a rage. Charles—Mr. Coke, you shall not quarrel; you have not the excuse of a long dinner; will you hear me?

Roe. I repeat, that it was his trusting to Mr. Rural that has caused this dreadful catastrophe—and to prove it, I will find him. [*Exit into house,* R.

Lit. Rural, could it—it is. Oh, my folly and weakness! Why did I entrust so dear a confidence to him? he must exonerate me from this fatal blunder—where shall I find

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him? [*Goes up, meets Stripe, who is crossing—speaks in dumb show. Stripe points* L. *Exit Littleton Coke,* R. *and Stripe,* L.

Kate. Alice, dear, what's to be done?

Lady A. They must not fight, because we can't spare either of them.

Kate. But, do you—do you think, dear, we shall have to—to—exchange them?

Lady A. I don't know, love; but it's very likely; I never was run away with before: but, I believe, people in such predicaments always do marry, dear, if they can.—[*A distant gun.*] What's that?

Enter STRIPE, L.

Stripe. Ready, guard, the Colonel comes—that's the signal

Kate. Oh, Alice, I dare not meet him.

Lady A. And I am ashamed!

Rock. [*Outside.*] Guard—

Kate. Here, in this pagoda. Quick!

[*They enter the pagoda,* R.

Enter COLONEL ROCKET, L., *followed by* TOM COKE, LORD POMPION, *and* LADY POMPION.

Rock. So! good! guard, turn in. [*Exeunt the men,* L.] Stripe! [*Crosses to* R.

Stripe. Colonel!

Rock. [*With suppressed rage.*] The reports?

Stripe. Nothing, sir, particular, till past two this morning.

Rock. And then—

Stripe. Two carriages arrived half an hour apart.

Rock. Whom did they contain?

Stripe. The first, Miss Rocket, and an old gentleman, in the last, only a lady.

Lady P. My niece! I knew that girl would come to some shocking end.

Tom. But she was alone.

Stripe. Alone!

Tom. [*Aside.*] There's a sovereign for you.

Rock. Stripe—dismiss. [*Stripe salutes and exit,* L.—*They all look at each other.*

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Tom. [*Aside.*] I feel as if my heart was returned to my body. [*Retires up stage.*

Lord P. Calm yourself, my dear Colonel—observe my imperturbability. Your daughter has, unfortunately, eloped with her own groom; a buzz—three days' amusing variations of the story, and it is forgotten. Perhaps you will be kind enough to tell my niece that we await her here.

Rock. As for the rascally footboy, I'll kick him into Chodah—Kate will keep, but let me only catch that old intriguer. Excuse me, your ladyship—till I've found him I'm not fit to play the host. [*Goes into the house*, R.

Lady P. Where can Charles be?

Lord P. I heard the shouts as we passed—perhaps they are chairing him.

Lady P. Mr. Coke, favour me with your arm—the excitement has quite unnerved me.

[*Tom and Lady Pompion go up, and into the house*, R.

Lord P. 'Tis done—they are wedded—I'm sure of it.

Enter LORD ROEBUCK, R.

Roe. Where can this old—my father!

Lord P. Charles, or is it a—

Roe. Of course, my lord, you have discovered all—if not, I am not in the vein to deceive you longer.

Lord P. What do you mean?

Roe. That to achieve the hopes of my heart, I was induced to assume the disguise in which we met last night.

Lord P. Then you were—

Roe. The groom to Miss Rocket.

Lord P. And you are—are married to her?

Roe. I—I—

Lord P. Don't speak, sir—I know—I've been duped, and by my own son. Lord Charles! what excuse—what—what—Where's that meddling old fellow? This is his doing—his work—I'll find him—and let him know the consequences of thwarting a minister of state, and a peer of the realm. [*Exit Lord Pompion into house*, R.

Roe. And I, to show him how his folly has severed two young hearts for ever. [*Exit Roebuck into house*, R.

Enter RURAL, *at the back*, R. U. E.

Rur. Bless me, what a run I've had—joy has given me

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youth again, and I really did have a scamper—yes—but—[*Staggers.*] Ah! these old limbs—these old limbs.

[*Sits on a garden chair,* C

Re-enter LORD POMPION *from house,* R.

Lord P. Oh!—at last—I have found you, sir!

COLONEL ROCKET *rushes down from the house,* R.

Rock. Aha! Here you are, are you?

Rur. Yes, my dear friends, here I am.

Rock. Let me contain myself, and respect his age and his profession. Harkye, sir, are you not ashamed of yourself?

Rur. [*Aside.*] Oh, here come the reproaches.—Yes;—ha! ha!—I am—I am.

Lord P. To connive at the abduction of a young lady by her own groom.

Rur. Ha! ha!—[*Aside.*] He told me not to heed his anger—that he would assume it for policy—I won't.—[*Aloud, and in Lord Pompion's face.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Lord P. And by what authority did you marry my son, sir?

Rur. [*Aside.*] Ha! ha! ha! and he told me to do it—oh, the hypocrite.—[*Aloud.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Rock. I respect your position, sir, but—

Rur. Ha! ha! ha!

Lord P. Mr. Rural, this is indecent.

Rur. Ha! ha! ha! ha! [*Retires up,* L., *with Lord P.*

Rock. If I remain, I shall forget myself.

Enter LADY ALICE HAWTHORN, LITTLETON COKE, MISS ROCKET, *and* ROEBUCK, R. U. E.

Rur. Aha! at last, they are here, my blest ones, and I am free—give me your hands. [*Crosses to Roebuck.*

Roe. When you have severed our hearts for ever?

Rur. Eh?

Kate. Oh, sir, you have destroyed the only hope of my existence.

Rur. What!

Lady A. What could have actuated you to such a deed? or did you betray us to the Earl and the Colonel, and agree to compromise us into obedience.

Rur. Bless me—Littleton—

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Lit. Do not look to me for help.

Rur. I—ah—[*Aside,*] the rascal is keeping up the joke, because the old people are here.

Lady A. Exonerate yourself, sir.

Rur. Ha!

Roe. What excuse can you—

Rur. Ha! ha!

Kate. You could not have mistaken.

Rur. Ha! ha! ha!

Lit. Can you not see, sir, this is reality?

Rur. Ha! ha!—[*Chokes a laugh,*] ha!

Lit. Is my ruin a subject for your mirth?

Rur. Ha! ha! [*In wonder, but continuing to laugh.*

Lady A. It is inhuman!

Rur. Ha! ha! ha!

Lit. Or have you—yes, her suspicions are true, and you have betrayed me.

Rur. Ha! ha! ha!

Lit. And over such a deed, you can laugh—farewell for ever!

[*Rural bursts into a paroxysm of hysterical and convulsive laughter, Lady Alice Hawthorn runs to Rural on one side, Miss Rocket on the other, while Roebuck and Littleton Coke walk up and down on opposite sides.*

Lady A. Don't weep, it was no fault of your's—you would have aided our love if our foolish young hearts had not puzzled your kind old head.

Rur. He's gone! he's gone!

Lit. No, my dear friend, [*Littleton goes to Rural and embraces him,*] pardon my cruelty to you: I have slighted your affection, [*Looking at Lady A.*] and for what?

Rur. Bless my heart! but I have ruined you.

Lit. No!

Rur. I have, I know I have.—I have ruined my child—my—oh, forgive me, will you, Littleton?

Lit. How shall I forgive myself; come, we will leave this place. [*Rural gets up and clings to him.*] Lady Alice, one word, before I go.

Lady A. You shall not, till you have forgiven me.

Lit. Forgiven!

Kate. Charles, I do repent my cruelty.

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[*Rural goes up with Littleton, Roebuck, and Miss Rocket,* R., *Colonel Rocket and the Earl speak,* R.

Enter TOM COKE *from the house,* R.

Rock. I trust, my lord, you do not suspect I had any hand in this affair?

Lord P. Let us make the best of it. I have reasons for wishing that the particulars should not be investigated.

Rock. There, Kate, I don't forgive you for outflanking your old father; but, [*Whispers,*] damme, girl, you're right, he's a dashing fellow.

[*Crosses to Kate, and goes up,* C.

Tom. May I beg a moment of your ladyship's attention?

Lady A. Certainly. [*They advance, the rest retire a little.*

Tom. A'm—a—a man of few words, and I don't think you loike me less for being honest. A've none of the ways that the gay young fellows about town cultivate to win women's hearts with—because I never in my life intended to win but one, and I meant that should be my wife's.

Lady A. I believe you.

Tom. A—ahem.—[*Aside.*] This wants more than honesty, I find. [*Pauses—at last loud and bluntly.*] A've two estates in Yorkshire—a've twenty coal pits, and an iron hole—a've—a've four thousand honest pounds a-year to spend, and a've a true English heart, very much at your ladyship's service—and a've—a've—that's all—[*A pause,*] coom—don't hesitate—be honest, as I am—say yes—or —or—no.

Lady A. Honestly—I must say—no.

Tom. Well—a—that—is—at—least—honest. Yes—it is—it is—[*He is affected,*] and [*Huskily,*] may I ask you a straightforward question?

Lady A. Yes.

Tom. Do you love another?

Lady A. I do.

Tom. That's honest, too—oh, I loike it—and—ahem, that other—

Lady A. Is your brother.

Tom. Littleton?

Lady A. Yes.

Tom. Thank you—I—that is—thank you [*She retires,*]

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wi' my brother—wi—very well—and—yes—I'll do't—I —will—I *oul.* [*Calls.*] Brother Littleton. [*Coke advances* R.] You—love—a—that lady?

Lit. Yes.

Tom. Am not surprised at it—and a suppose you know that she loves you—she told me so—but would you, for her sake, quit gay London?—would you live for her only?

Lit. I would, and will.

Tom. She's worthy of a prince's throne. Brother, oh give her, then, an honest heart, love her as I—as she—loves you, ahem! [*Pauses.*] I—Littleton, here is every paper you ever signed to me; 'ave never counted them, for they sickened me to look at. A brought them doon here thinking to restore them to you on my—but—no matter, turn a foolish vanity and—[*Becomes abstracted, after a pause, passes his hand across his eyes,*]—'tis past—take them, Littleton, take back my father's gift—no—I'll buy no brother's birthright wi' a mess of pottage; and besides, it wouldn't do for you to go to your rich wife a beggar, and—and—Littleton, I—[*Chokedly and whispering.*] God bless you! [*Shakes his hand.*

Lit. Tom—brother—my friends, I—

Tom. [*Seizing his hand.*] Hush!—h—[*Points to the paper,*] between ourselves, not a word, not even to minister; such things should be sacred, as our mother's grave —not a word. [*They go up affectionately.*

Lord P. I'll hear no more. I disapprove of the match —the young man is a pauper, and possesses no rank to entitle him.

Lit. My lord!

Tom. Not quite a pauper either—my lord, since he possesses nigh two thousand pounds a-year—and is, and ever will be, my only heir to twice as much again.

[*Shouts without,* L.

Enter BOB, L.

Bob. They're waiting to chair the member.

Lord P. Lord Charles—make haste!

Bob. Not at all. [*Loud shouts outside—"Hurrah for Coke! Coke!"*

Bob. Do you hear?

Lord P. Impossible! what's the state of the poll?

Bob. Here it is, at the close, Coke, 218, Roebuck, 2.

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Lord P. I've been—[*Aside,*] stop, I may gain over the new member.—[*Aloud.*] Mr. Coke, my hasty expression—

Roe. How's this, not married yet?

Lord P. Ha! Can it be possible? then I may save him yet. Colonel, things have assumed an aspect, which—

Enter LADY POMPION *from house.*

Lady P. What is all this?

Bob. [*Aside to Roebuck.*] All right, my lord; [*Crosses to the Earl,*] see, settle the Earl.—[*Aloud.*] If your lordship will allow me to explain our interview last evening to the countess.

Lord P. Not a word.

Bob. The boy, Robert—

Lord P. I beseech—my dear children, may heaven bless your felicitous union.

Rur. May I unite 'em, may I? come here, [*Calls Lady Alice* R., *and Miss Rocket,* L., *takes them under his arms,*] bless your young faces, your smiles fall like sunshine on my old heart; this is a delicious moment!—[*Turns round, thereby bringing Miss Rocket to* R., *and Lady Alice* L., *pushes them towards their wrong lovers; then he turns to the audience.*] There! bless you! may heaven shower its blessings on you, as it now does on me. [*Roebuck and Littleton Coke exchange Miss Rocket and Lady Alice behind Rural's back.*] Here's a feast of joy! look at this happiness! [*Turns round to Roebuck,* L., *sees him embracing Miss Rocket.*] Hollo! bless me! [*Turns round,* R., *and sees Littleton Coke embracing Lady Alice.*] Good gracious me! ha! what, have I mistaken?—and—you—ah! I see—old heads and young hearts! well, no matter—bless you that way. [*To audience.*] I see many young hearts before me, I hope you're all in love—I do—and that I could unite you all. Well, I bequeath you to the conduct of the old heads; and to them I would say, did you ever see a little child leading an old blind man?—how can age best repay such a charity? why, by guiding the blindness of youth, which is love: this is the last debt due from an old head to a young heart.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

TOM. LADY P. LORD P. LIT. LADY A. RURAL. KATE. ROE.
[R. L.]

THE END.

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MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

No. LXIII.

THE MOUNTAINEERS

A Play

IN THREE ACTS.

BY GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW-YORK:
WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO.,
No. 18 ANN-STREET.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

"The Mountaineers" is from the prolific pen of the younger Colman. It was produced in 1793 at his own theatre, the Haymarket, London, with triumphant success; and it still continues its place upon the stage, as a popular acting piece.

This drama is among the first of those hybrid productions of the stage, which, combining tragedy and comedy, with operatic embellishments, still retain their hold upon modern audiences, with undiminished attraction, notwithstanding the mutations that time and taste have produced in other branches of dramatic composition.

These productions first made their appearance on the English stage, when the drama had sunk into an apathetic insipidity, that required some peculiar galvanic process to revive it. Tragedy had become almost extinct, and comedy, dressed in sentimental weeds, was lachrymose and mawkish.

Colman stands first among the dramatic writers of the period who may be said to have resuscitated the English drama, at this particular crisis. Having early in life become the manager of his father's theatre in the Haymarket, he threw himself into the duties of his vocation, with all the ardor of youth, and the fervor of a highly cultivated and poetical imagination; and it may with justice be said, that "no modern dramatist has added so many stock-pieces to the theatre as Colman, or imparted so much genuine mirth and humour to all play-goers." The muse of Colman was essentially comic, even to exaggeration; but he combined with the flights of his comic fancy powers of a more serious cast, which he knew how to blend together with great effect; and possessing as he did, an intimate knowledge of the stage, the characters, incidents, and dramatic action of his pieces, presented together an irrisistible charm, that made them the favourites of his own time, and have secured for them a permanent place in the modern acting drama.

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Colman has been charged with drawing the subjects of his plots from cotemporary authors. In the "Mountaineers" he is indebted to Cervantes for the chief character in his piece; *Octavian* being but an adaptation of *Cardenio* in "Don Quixote." It must be confessed, however, that if Colman adopted this practice of stealing his plots, or characters, (a practice common with most of our leading dramatists,) yet he uses both the incidents and the characters he purloins, with such consummate skill in the transformation, and invests them so completely with the native genius of his own fertile imagination, that they stand out as almost new creations, under the touch of his magic and transforming pencil. *Octavian*, too, in all the higher attributes of his character, and even in his physical conformation, is supposed to have owed much of its merit from being a faithful likeness of John Kemble. The following passage, in which *Floranthe* describes *Octavian*, is supposed to have been intended by the author for a portrait of the great actor:

"Lovely as day he was—but envious clouds
Have dimmed his lustre. He is as a rock,
Opposed to the rude sea that beats against it;
Worn by the waves, yet still o'ertopping them,
In sullen majesty.—Rugged, now, his look
For out, alas! calamity has blurred
The fairest pile of manly comeliness
That ever reared its lofty head to heaven!
'Tis not of late that I have heard his voice;
But if it be not changed—I think it cannot—
There is a melody in every tone
Would charm the towering eagle in her flight,
And tame a hungry lion."

The play owed much of its original success to the exquisite performance of Kemble in *Octavian*. He completely realized the poet's conception, and was, indeed, all the author has embodied in the description we have quoted.

We saw this great actor only in the wane of his powers, but we can readily imagine the effect he must have produced in the part. We have heard his acting of the scene with *Floranthe*, in the third act, described to us, as being one of the most powerful efforts of his mighty genius. Elliston, in the meridian of his fame, succeeded Kemble in the character, and drew crowded and admiring audiences. Kean, also, acquired some degree of celebrity in *Octavian*, but it was too melo-dramatic in its style.

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Booth still plays it occasionally, with even less effect than Kean; indeed, we are almost inclined to believe, with Mrs. Inchbald, that the character of *Octavian* almost lived and died with Kemble.

The comic portions of this drama are effective on the stage, although they are not strikingly marked by any literary merit, or originality in the conception. The introduction of an Irishman in this piece, has been well remarked by Mrs. Inchbald, as striking an auditor as "neither to accord in tone or manner with the dialogue or scene of the play,"—but Irish Johnstone was an eminent actor of the time—a member of the Haymarket company, and the acute manager knew that he must avail himself of the services of a favourite actor. *Killmallock* may be said to owe his birth to Johnstone, as *Octavian* did to Kemble.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Original Cast.	*Bowery* 1847.
Octavian	Mr. Kemble	Mr. W. Marshall
Virolet	" Barrymore	" Dunn
Kilmallock	" Johnstone	" J. Greene
Roque	" Aikin	" Tilton
Lope Tocho	" Parsons	" Bellamy
Perequillo	" Comerford	" Rose
Muleteers	" Bannister, " Davies, " Bland, " Benson, " Palmer, " Barrett	" Keene, " Gouldson, " Byrnes, " Jordan
Goatherds	" Ledger, " Waldron, " Burton	" Rose, &c.
Bulcazin Muley	" Bensley	" Ellis
Ganem	" Evatt	" Venue
Pacha	" Wewitzer	
Ali Beg	" Abbot	
Sadi	" Bannister, jun.	" Burke
Yusef	" Usher	" W. Gouldson
Selim	" Cook	" Gorman
Zorayda	Mrs. Kemble	Miss Fanny Gordon
Floranthe	" Goodall	Mrs. Wilkinson
Agnes	" Bland	Mrs. Booth

Moorish Guards, Pastoral Characters, &c.

Scene.—Spain, partly in the town and kingdom of Granada, partly in Andalusia.

COSTUMES

OCTAVIAN.—Fleshings, arms, and legs, torn and tattered Spanish doublet, trunk and cloak, long hair and beard, goat-skin shoes, tied on with a bit of rope, &c.
VIROLET.—White trousers and body, red fly, turban, russet boots.
KILMALLOCK.—Ditto, ditto.
ROQUE.—Brown Spanish doublet, trunks, and cloak, hat, sword and belt, red hose russet boots, collar.
LOPE TOCHO.—Dark green doublet, trunks, and cloak, trimmed with red and blue binding, red hose, russet shoes, Spanish collar.
PEREQUILLO.—Leathern doublet, brown trunks, blue hose, russet shoes.
MULETEERS.—Dark green doublets and trunks, large Spanish cloaks and hats, black belts and brass buckles, blue hose, russet boots.
GOATHERDS.—Gray doublets, trunks, and hose, cloaks and caps, russet shoes.
BULCAZIN MULEY.—White satin trowsers, yellow morocco boots, light blue satin tunic, trimmed with gold, purple velvet cloak and ermine, turban, cimetar, and chain.
GANEM.—White trowsers and vest, crimson fly, red boots, turban, sword, and chain.
PACHA.—Ditto, blue fly.
ALI BEG.—Ditto, ditto.
SADI.—Ditto, the same as Ganem's.
YUSEF & SELIM.—Ditto, blue flys.
ZORAYDA.—White satin trowsers, light blue tunic, trimmed with silver, turban, and bird of paradise feather, white silk stockings, white satin shoes, white veil.
FLORANTHE.—Black velvet tunic and cloak, hat and feathers, black silk stockings, black lace-up boots.
AGNES.—White muslin trowsers, light gray tunic, trimmed with black ribbon and bell buttons, red shoes, white silk stockings, turban, white slip, &c.

Passages marked with Inverted Commas are usually omitted in the Representation.

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THE MOUNTAINEERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Moorish Garden in the town of Granada; at one side the Castle of Bulcazin Muley.—A window in one of its towers overlooking the Garden.—A Drawbridge, leading to the Castle Gate.*

VIROLET *and* KILMALLOCK, *habited as slaves, discovered at work.*

Kilm. Count!

Viro. How now, noble Captain Kilmallock?

Kilm. I wonder if the ingenious gentleman that first hit upon digging, tried it with as pleasant a broiling sun over his head as we have? By my shoul, if he went to work with his jacket on, it would have warmed it pretty dacently.

Viro. We are slaves, Kilmallock, and must submit. But we are soldiers of Spain—Christian soldiers—both our faith and our profession, when Providence inflicts calamity, preach patience to us. Murmurs are fruitless, brother soldier. The fickle goddess, Fortune, hears not the complainings of the grief-worn captive.

Kilm. Truly, now, Count Virolet, I always understood the good lady was blind, but I was never before told she was deaf. Faith, and that I take to be the reason she has never been good-natured enough to listen, when I have reminded her what a dirty devil she has been to me. First, I was tossed out of Tipperary into Spain—where I have fought these seven years under Ferdinand the Fifth, King of Castile and Arragon—till the thumps bestowed upon me by his catholic majesty's enemies, and be hanged to 'em, have belaboured me up to the rank of a captain

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Viro. Right:—of Calatrava; of which gallant order I boast myself a member.

Kilm. Faith, and you may boast—for my own part, I never had the knack of it. But I have had the honour, signior, of fighting side by side with you against the Moors of Granada here.

Viro. And bravely, too, good comrade.

Kilm. All's one for that—Well, now I have the honour of being locked up with you, in the garden of an old whisker-faced Arabian. We have been prisoners these three months. And here are a pretty pair of famous knights, that boast themselves of the gallant order of Calatrava, with a bit of a shovel popped into our noble hands, digging away like two planters of potatoes.

Viro. Yet comfort thee, Kilmallock. Granada is close besieged. Our royal master, Ferdinand, has raised and fortified a town near to their walls.

'Tis, as I hear, a well-stocked hive of war,
Teeming with close compacted swarms of soldiery;
Who will so buzz about their Moorship's ears,
Yea, so sting these thin-skinned Mussulmen,
That they will smart to death with't. Noble comrade,
Prove but their arms successful, and 'twill cut
A road to freedom for us. Yet that's doubtful—
There were, indeed, a shorter way. [*Musing.*

Kilm. Och, then, let's be after trudging that. If there are two roads, signior, out of captivity, I am always for travelling the shortest cut, because it bids fair to be the nearest.

Viro. Come, I will trust thee: I do know thee brave;
And in the breast where fire-eyed courage rears
Her rugged throne, sure honour must inhabit.
Yet, dare I trust thee? [*Wavering.*

Kilm. Dare you? look you, Count Virolet! you dare do much!—for you are the first that ever dare tell me, to my teeth, he held my honour in doubt. Och, fire and oons, and Saint Dominick to boot! hark ye, sir don! I never was a hunter after other people's sacrets, as I am not over fond of keeping what doesn't belong to me. But I am an Irishman, mark you me; born a subject of his English majesty—heaven prosper the king and the country, to the end of time!—and if any Spaniard French-

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man, or else, dare trench upon our honour, by my shoul, we'll fillip them soundly for daring to call it in question.

Viro. Friend, were the merits of thy nation scanned
From one particular, and thou the sample,
I should affirm thy countrymen all heart:—
Stuffed with such various manly qualities,
That it does grievously perplex their heads
To find fit seasons when to exercise them.
He who doth take offence, before 'tis meant,
Is, in himself, offending.—Sir, it dwelt not
Within my thought to anger you.

Kilm. It did not?—Give me a shake of your Spanish hand; signor, I entreat your pardon. Beshrew me, Coun., I am as far from giving an insult wrongfully, as I am from taking one. And, if I am the sample you talk of, mark down this for my countrymen, if it please you: If my head mischance to run itself, in the dark, against the feelings of another, my heart bids me go through fire and water for his service, by way of reparation.

Viro. The spirit of thy warm and kindly nature
Shines through thy speech, rough soldier. Hear me, comrade!
Thou know'st the governor—

Kilm. What, the Moor,—Bulcazin Muley, our master, as he calls himself?—as arrant an ould—

Viro. Your patience. This same Moor, who holds us captives,
Has one fair daughter:—beauty's paragon!
Each evening, as the sun begins to sink
Behind the mountain's top, in yonder tower
She'll sit, and in a simple Moorish ditty,
Pour forth a strain of native melody,
That doth enchant the ravished hearer's soul;—
Out-warbling Philomel!

Kilm. And, certain, an afternoon's song is a mighty pretty refreshment for a jontleman who has been turning up the mould for eight hours together. But for the life of me, now, I cannot guess how it will give him strength to squeeze through the fortifications of Granada.

Viro. Yet, 'tis e'en so, Kilmallock: for this chant
Is but the burden of our true love's ballad.
Briefly, to sweet Zorayda am I sworn;

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And she, fair saint, to me.—Some two months back,
Worn with fatigue, and leaning on my spade,
In pensive sort, under the cork-tree's boughs
That wave beneath the sullen turret's window,
A female hand, stretched through the lattice-work,
Let fall a letter to me. Thus it ran.
I am at heart a Christian :—from the slaves,
You have I singled out :—bear me from hence,
And fortune and Zorayda are yours.'

Kilm. Och! the crachure!

Viro. Oft to her window have I stole at dusk;
When from the tower a silken cord was dropped,
And thus, in mute exchange, we have conveyed
Our written vows;—for speech were dangerous.
Her father, chief about the Moorish king,
Holds the town's key in charge.

Kilm. The kays!

Viro. Ay, comrade.—
Our projects ripen. She has willed me bring
A chosen friend, to back my enterprise;—
And thou art he whom I select, Kilmallock.

Kilm. Faith, Count Virolet, and you have chosen as handsomely as heart could desire. For the service of a fair lady, or a small matter of fighting, you may search the world over before you find any better prepared than an Irishman.

Viro. Day wears apace; and the cool evening breeze
Blows fresh and sweetly. [*Zorayda is heard from window.*
Listen!

SONG.—Zorayda.

Bewailing! Bewailing
She sunk, heart-broken, on her pillow!
Her true-love's gone,
Cold, cold as stone:—
Poor Orra now must wear the willow.

Bewailing! all the night bewailing!
He lies in gore!
Her love's no more;—
Poor Orra's tears are unavailing!

Kilm. Och, blessings on her pretty little Moorish throat!—she warbles, for all the world, as natural as a Christian.

[*A hand from the tower waves to Virolet.*

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Viro. Soft.—See, see, she waves me toward the castle. Comrade,
Tarry, I prithee, near this spot awhile.
I'll cross the moat, and at the eastern gate
Try for admission.—I had near forgot—
Should Sadi pass along—the dapper Moor,
Who guards the slaves, and parcels out our labour,
Draw him aside. Zorayda's entreaty,
And love the patch doth bear a female slave,
Have won him to us. Should he play the churl,
As he is wont, then be this ring thy token,
And he will soften straight. Comrade, farewell!
Now fortune be my speed! [*Exit over the drawbridge*

Kilm. What a recreation it is to be in love! it sets the heart aching so delicately, there's no taking a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain. Cupid, as the poets feign, is stone blind: troth, and they feign very truly;—or this lady Moor, no disparagement to the Count, had never cast her eyes of affection on a Spaniard, and let a jontleman of Tipperary stand by, without bestowing a glance on him.—Yonder trots Sadi, head shepherd over the flock of slaves:—'tis near sunset, and he comes to pen us all up in the man fold!

Enter SADI, L. U. E, *followed by* YUSEF *and* SELIM.

Sadi. Out on't! I'm sun-roasted, like an over-ripe fig, till I am ready to drop. It looks well now, that I drudge, and you stand idle. Are not you two placed under me, you lop-eared knaves, you?

Yus. & Sel. We are, good Sadi.

Sadi. Oh, cry you mercy!—It seemed you had forgot the rule of office in all well-governed states.

Yus. What is it, Sadi?

Sadi. What is it, Sadi? marry, this it is, sirrah! and see you note it. When large pay is given for high employment, 'tis the head man's care to take the money, and the deputy's to do the work. Therefore show vigilance in your humble department of labour;—as I, like my brother great men, give example in my more lofty task of receiving the profits. Remember, 'tis the order of our master, Bulcazin Muley, that ye look narrowly to the slaves.

Sel. I did ne'er relax: I hold the Christians in mortal hate: 'tis meat and drink in me to scourge them.

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Sadi. Thou hast indeed, friend, a tolerable twist that way. Thy mind is of the true Mahomet kidney, with the right savage maw of a Mussulman. No one can lay to thy charge the guilt of humanity. Go to—I have noted the diligence of your cruelty; and it will go hard but I will so order it that, ere long, your deserts shall be showered upon you in plentiful thickness.

Sel. I thank thee, Sadi. I shall look for thy remembrance.

Sadi. Content thee, friend. Thou shalt shortly carry the marks on't.—[*To Kilmallock.*] How now, Christian?

Kilm. How now, Moor!

Sadi. You must away with me—the sun is near a-bed.

Kilm. Faith, then, master Sadi, I shall e'en walk this garden a small half hour, till he puts out his candle.

Sadi. Were I to choose now, I would deal with a dozen blustering captives, rather than one Irish or English. There is, as it were, a sort of native kind of a steady, cool method of freedom about these islanders, as if it grew to them, that keeps its dignity better than any other nation of Christendom. Come on, sir,—you must forward.

[*Urging him on.*

Kilm. Mark you me, Mr. Sadi, the Moor—but you must serve me—so you are safe. Indeed, when a man's in captivity, and would seek favour of a rogue, who has two more at his back, I don't hold it altogether wise to thump him into a kindness;—so, as I would be private here,—here are a couple of doubloons, saved from the old plunderer, your master, to leave me to my meditations.

Sadi. Why, look ye, Christian—it pleased Mahomet and my father, when they made me, to make me a Moor—my mother was an humble vassal here, cooped up for life, like an old hen, in the castle; and they found me one morning, hatched in Bulcazin's house, a new bit of his live property. I was brought up from the shell to the business I am put upon. It may not, haply, hit my humour to crow over the captives; but if ever I take wing and fly from the ground of my duty, trust me, Christian, I sha'n't be tempted to it with the scanty gains thrown in my way by the necessities of the unfortunate. Put up your money, Christian.

Kilm. Faith, and I will.—This is the best bantam of

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the whole black brood of Granada! and I would that every gentleman of England discharged his trust with as much honesty and feeling as my friend here of the copper complexion. You will consent then, honest fellow, to my taking a solitary trot here, without remuneration.

Sadi. I dare not. My master is severe—his servants pregnant with jealousy and suspicion. Each is ever a spy upon his fellow. Were I found negligent, upon so slight a ground, too, I could not answer it; 'twere danger of my place, my life, my—[*Kilmallock shows the ring.*]—eh—umph—oh—hum!—stand back, you knaves, or—Zoravda!

[*Whispering.*

Kilm. Count Virolet—on to the castle. [*Whispering.*

Sadi. Fellows, this fool's refractory—I'll along with him to our master at the castle,—follow but to the next turning—then leave me, rogues—I'll manage him from thence, I warrant. Why, how now, sirrah! Face to the moat, you rogue! oh, what, you come about, friend, do you—on, slaves, on!

[*Exeunt, Sadi driving Kilmallock across the drawbridge to the Castle.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Castle of Bulcazin Muley.*

Enter BULCAZIN MULEY *and* GANEM, L.

Bulca. So great the Spaniard's army, say you? why,
By Allah! Ganem, 'tis not credible!
It is a Christian fiction: I've no faith in't:—
I have no faith in anything that's Christian:—
It cannot be.

Ganem. It is most certain, sir:
Our spy is new returned who took their number.
Last night, with 'vantage of the cooling breeze,
That stilly fanned the parched and sun-cracked earth,
King Ferdinand, before his new-built town,
That braves our walls, in person did review
Full fifty thousand Spanish men in arms,—
Lusty and fresh:—their polished coats of mail
Gleamed, in faint pride, beneath the silver moon;
Which hung, in maiden sorrow, o'er their heads,
As looking pale at man, intent on slaughter.

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Bulca. Now may the pestilent dew of vaporous night
Pierce to their marrow!—sap their hated bones!
The flagging air blow hot and moist upon them!
May the high prophet, who protects our battles,
Pour, from the ponderous and scowling clouds,
Deluge on deluge down! till the swollen Darro
O'erflood its limits; and the sodden Christians
Rot, like starved carrion, in the drownéd field.
What, has the king sent for me?

Ganem. Even now.—
He waits your coming, sir, at the Alhambra.

Bulca. Say, I attend his bidding. Stay; come back
Evermore to and fro! evermore care!
Council, despatches, court, mosque, garrison!
Threading the city's avenues, to goad
The sluggish guard to duty; then at night,
Eaves-dropping to entrap the mutineer;
Or plodding by the blue and paly lamp
In painful rumination. This it is
To be a governor!—a dogged mule,
That climbs the craggy mountain with his load,
Enjoys a life of ease to't. I do envy
The vilest beast, that sweats beneath his burden;
For mine's upon the brain.—Dull, thoughtless hound!
Why art not gone?

Ganem. It was your will, so please you,
To call me back again.

Bulca. Oh, true, good Ganem!
Go to Zorayda, my daughter;—tell her,
Ere I go forth I fain would speak with her.
[*Exit Ganem,*
There is another toil!—to guard a daughter!
And watch the youthful shoots of disposition,
In a green growing girl.
She has seemed sad of late; but yesternoon,
As I did question her, in casual talk,
When she had been at mosque, a stealing tear
Dropped from her cheek upon my hand.—At mosque!
The sil y fool is vapourish.—Her mother,
That's dead, was Christian—umph!—oh, Mahomet!
If that I thought 'twere so, my scimetar
Should—pish! it cannot be. Sweet wench, I wrong her.

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Enter ZORAYDA, R.

Zoray. I am here, father; would you aught with me?

Bulca. Come hither, wench—I must to the Alhambra:
Should Giafar arrive ere my return,
There is a writing sealed up in my cabinet,
(This is the key,) you must deliver to him.
—Why dost not take it, dreamer? My Zorayda!
Art thou not well? my child! why dost thou tremble?

Zoray. 'Tis that your sternness terrifies me, father.
My heart's brimful when you are kind to me—
And my eyes, too:—no wonder, then, I tremble,
When you speak angrily.

Bulca. My dear, dear daughter!
Cheer thee, my child:—the duties which of late
Do throng upon me, may go nigh, belike,
To make me somewhat fretful. These vile Christians
Vex thy poor father sore, Zorayda:
Would it not glad thee, wench, to see these dogs
Dragged through our town in chains?

Zoray. No, trust me, father;
For when the captives pass, that dig our garden,
Pining in wretchedness, and spirit-broken,
Poor hearts! I turn my head aside, and weep
To see a sight so piteous. Surely, father,
When heav'n made man, it never was ordained
That he should make his fellow-creatures slaves,
And gall them with such cruelty.

Bulca. How now!
Dost lean to them? observe me well, Zorayda—
I do misdoubt thee heavily; yea, heavily.
These Christians, on whose miseries your eye,
Lavish in baby bounty, drops a tear,
Have been our nation's scourge. This wretched corner
This Moorish kingdom of Granada, here,
A very patch on Spain's broad territory,
Which all was ours, is all that they have left us.
Therefore take heed. I could more readily
Suck poison from a cold and speckled toad,
And, as I drained his venom, think the bees
Distilled their mountain honey on my lip,
Than smother in my breast that rooted hate

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I bear a loathsome Christian. Mark me, girl!
Thou art my heart's dear love: do not prove changeling.
Should'st mingle with my heart's antipathy,
Unmoved I'd see thee drooping on a death-bed,
And let my curse fall bitter on thee. Think on't;
And so farewell. [*Exit*, R.

Zoray. Alas, the day, my father!
Could'st use thy daughter thus! and stab thine enemies
Through thy poor child! those enemies could teach thee
A heaven-born duty in their holy writ,
Unpractised here, called Christian charity,
Worth all the Koran. How now, Agnes?

Enter Agnes, L.

Agnes. Haste you, madam—Count Virolet is uneasy at your stay. He is stalking to and fro your chamber, to give his patience exercise.

Zoray. Softly, beseech you. Why, he knew my father,
Who is but now gone forth to the Alhambra,
Sent for me on the sudden. Tell me, Agnes,
Are Christian lovers ever thus impetuous?
Trust me, I fear them rash and sudden, Agnes.
Will they not tarry?

Agnes. Truly, madam, I'm little skilled in 'em. I! my father kept me close at home, in Andalusia, till I should go as a lay-sister to the Ursulines; and, on that day, as we journeyed thither, the Moors, as you know, madam, pursued my poor father, and made me a slave. None have discoursed to me tenderly but Sadi. I have seen little of Christian love:—but I have often heard say 'tis not of the waiting sort.—Will it please you go, madam?

Zoray. Ay, wench; and further, too, than it may please me.
Girl, here has been my father, loud in anger:
He has so wrung me with unkindly words!
And all about these Christians. Wert thou me,
What course wouldst thou follow, Agnes?

Agnes. I have but a shallow wit to advise, madam; but I would, for my own part, do like other Spanish girls when they have opportunity.

Zoray. And what do they, when fathers are unkind?

Agnes. They run away, madam.

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Zoray. Beshrew me, now, my heart does sink within me—
Yet I can ne'er forget my mother's counsel,
As I watched by her on the night she died.
And there is something here that whispers me,
I shall not be at peace till I am Christian.
Should Virolet's entreaty, and the harshness
I meet with here at home, hasten my flight,
Wouldst follow with me, Agnes?

Agnes. Follow you! Oh, the Virgin! it shows little love to follow you into liberty. Would I had the means to show more!

Zoray. Wherefore, good Agnes?

Agnes. Because you have been kind to me: I was brought here a slave; torn from my poor old father. My heart had broke with sorrow, but for you, lady. You took me to you, and dried the tears that ran trickling down my face, with words of comfort and compassion. My fortunes have been always humble, lady; but I can be grateful and trusty; and I should be a-weary of my life, if I forgot to love those whose charity and goodness had preserved it. I would follow you through the world, lady.

Zora. Sweet heart, I thank thee! listen to me, Agnes;
My father will return anon: meanwhile,
(A chance which never may befal again,)
I have his cabinet in charge—he keeps
The key in't of the little western gate,
Through which in private he is wont to pass
Forth from the city. Virolet has moved me
With reasons strong, and honey-sweet persuasion.
"If zeal and earnest movements of the soul,
"Which bid me shun the path of unbelievers,
"May plead a maid's excuse for leaping thus
"Beyond the pale of seeming, surely, Agnes,
"I may be bold to venture." Oh, my father!
We must away to-night.

Agnes. To-night, lady?

Zoray. Or never, girl.

Agnes. What—and unprotected, madam?

Zoray. No, Agnes; Virolet will guard us.

Agnes. True, madam; yet he is but one—and in the night I am apt to feel disheartened. I could wish, now—

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Zoray. What, girl?

Agnes. Why, of a truth, then, madam, if Sadi went with us, methinks I should feel more valiant.

Zoray. Take heed, good Agnes;—search thy bosom well;
Nor draw this half-converted Moor along,
To swell thy giddy pride, and woman's lightness.
My purposes are pure and solemn, Agnes;
Did not a holy light direct my course,
Not all the love which I do bear to Virolet
Could tear me from a father:—therefore, Agnes,
Probe to thy heart; if thou dost find it steady
Unto this Moor, bring him away with thee;
Else sully not my sacred enterprise,
With ill-beseeming levity. Anon
Thou'lt find me in my chamber. [*Exit*, R.

Agnes. What a world of pains it saves, to have one's mind ready made up to be married at short notice! I had lost, else, the time for my journey, in debating on the fitness of my company. Heigho! I would my Sadi were a shade lighter. No slave-driver in all Granada has a sweeter disposition. Father Sebastian, a captive here, good soul, says that when a Moor turns Christian, faith will work anything. I wonder if it ever whitens the skin? —'bating his complexion, Sadi is a proper man, with the best curled hair of any in Spain. Would the evening muster were over, and the guard placed for the night.

SONG.—Agnes.

When the hollow drum has beat to bed,
When the little fifer hangs his head,
Still and mute
The Moorish flute,
And nodding guards watch wearily;
Then will we,
From prison free,
March out by moonlight cheerily.

When the Moorish cymbals clash by day
When the brazen trumpets shrilly bray
The slave in vain
May then complain
Of tyranny and knavery;
Would he know
His time to go,
And slily slip from slavery—

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'Tis when the hollow drum has beat to bed;
When the little fifer hangs his head;
Still and mute,
The Moorish flute,
And nodding guards watch wearily:
Oh, then must he,
From prison free,
March out by moonlight cheerily!

Enter Sadi, L.

Sadi. Hist, hist, Agnes! whither away?

Agnes. Sadi,—I was going to the lady Zorayda. Thou art come to my very wish.

Sadi. To see what luck is—that the appearance of a man Moor should tickle thus the inclination of a little she Christian!—did'st really wish to see me, Agnes?

Agnes. You have been always welcome to me, Sadi, ever since you brought me the little purse of piastres to send to my father, who is in want, though the lady Zorayda's bounty prevented my taking it. I love thee for thy neart,—dearly, Sadi.

Sadi. I doubt, now, whether that be not the best thing about a man that a wench can take a fancy to, after all.—Should a knave, that could be flinty-hearted to a poor girl in distress, fall in my way, and propose to chop natures with me, I would not change with him, though his face were as white as a cauliflower. Kiss me, Agnes. [*Kisses her.*] 'Tis thus I have been converted.

Agnes. Nay, now—

Sadi. By the mass, 'tis true. Had forty fat monks failed in preaching Mahomet out of me, thy lips, Agnes, would convince me.

Agnes. Prithee, listen.—The lady Zorayda will away tonight.

Sadi. I guessed as much.

Agnes. Ay, marry, why so?

Sadi. There is a captive waits now for Count Virolet—his sworn friend—who is to be partner in the flight. He seems well fitted for danger and secrecy. He is both brawny and faithful. I had brought him hither, but I was told you were here, Agnes.

Agnes. Well, Sadi, thou know'st I am trusted with all.

Sadi. True,—but, to be plain, he is of the Irish nation.

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and when a man would talk of business with a female those of his country are noted for taking off his atten tion.

Agnes. Out on thee! thou would'st turn jealous shortly Well, night is near; and, when I am gone with the lady Zorayda, thou wilt think kinder of me.

Sadi. How!—what!—what, dost thou go with her Agnes?

Agnes. Surely.

Sadi. What, and leave—umph!

Agnes. Would'st have me tarry behind, when my good lady is in danger, and lose, too, the means of freedom? thou know'st that—why, what is it ails thee, Sadi?—art not well?

Sadi. Yes—nothing—'tis a—tis the cholic, Agnes. To-night, said you?

Agnes. Ay, Sadi: and here—I have a little rosary; you shall keep it for my sake: let me tie it on thy neck—so—thou'lt think of me now sometimes, when thou look'st at it, Sadi?

Sadi. Agnes, I—I cannot well speak at present. I thought we had bid fair to stick together through life. I will not upbraid you. Allah bless you, Agnes! and should you meet a lighter-skinned lover, may he be as fond and as faithful as the poor dusky fellow you leave broken-hearted behind you.

Agnes. Nay, but Sadi—

Sadi. Farewell! I looked shortly to have been taken to be christened, had you proved steady to me. I am now neither Moor nor Catholic:—and should thy unkindness wear me to the grave, I can claim little better than piebald burial. Go, Agnes, and happiness be with you.

Agnes. And when I go a step without you, Sadi, may I never know what 'tis to be happy again.

Sadi. Eh!

Agnes. Oh, my poor dear Sadi! forgive the pain I have put thee to; but you seemed jealous of me, Sadi; and in punishing you for't, beshrew me, now, but I have punished myself.

Sadi. Now could I be displeased in my turn, were I not too glad to be angry. Your hand, Agnes—I have offended, and thou carry'st the whip. Do not fear finding

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me guilty again; for thou hast, now, laid it on so tightly, that, were I to live a thousand years, the smart on't would never out of my memory.

Agnes. Comfort thee, Sadi:—The lady Zorayda has consented that thou should'st along with me. Liberty is now before me, and as thou lovest me, let us away. Prepare thee quickly, for night is coming on.

[*Fetches a guitar from* R.

Sadi. Farewell, master! I will pack up straight. With five years' pay, a true heart, three shirts, Christianity in my head, and thee under my arm, will I this night take a long leave of Granada. Hang care, and a guitar at thy back, Agnes, and we'll jog merrily over the mountains into Andalusia.

DUETT.—SADI *and* AGNES.

Sadi. Oh! happy tawny Moor!—when you, love
Climb the mountain with your true love,
Will you by the way,
The music play?
Your sweet guitar a tinkling—Sadi
Listens to his Spanish lady.
Tang, tanki, tanki, tang, tang,
Tanki, tanki, tay.

Agnes. Oh! bonny tawny Moor! together,
As we brave the wind and weather,
Wont you by the way
From Agnes stray?
While their guitars are tinkling—Sadi,
Love no other Spanish lady.
Tang, tanki, tanki, tang, tang
Tanki, tanki, tay.

Sadi. Cease, pretty Agnes, cease:—no beauty
E'er could draw me from my duty.
Let them all the day
Their music play.

Agnes Then my guitar a tinkling—Sadi
Follow now your Spanish lady.
Tang, tanki, tanki, tang, tang
Tanki, tanki, tay.

Both. Then my guitar, &c.
Her sweet guitar a tinkling—Sadi
Follows now his Spanish lady.
Tang, tanki, tanki, tang tang
Tanki, tanki, tay. *Exeunt,* L.

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SCENE III.—*The Market-Place in the Town of Granada.*

Enter the MOORISH GUARD, OFFICERS, *&c., with Standard and Pikes,* R. U. E.

Pacha. Ali Beg!

Ali. Here, my Pacha.

Pacha. Ali, having this day raised thee from the ranks, 'tis fit I do commend the care with which thou hast drawn forth the soldiery. How long hast thou borne arms, Ali?

Ali. Five-and-twenty-years, so please you, the last moon of Moharram.

Pacha. And see, thou art now promoted. Mark, Ali, the advantage of the Mussulman army. While the worn-out Catholic soldier retires, that a younger man may fill his place, then is the happy Moor advanced to all the glorious fatigues of duty. His aching bones never draw upon him the neglect of his officer, who heaps threefold employment upon his aged shoulders, in reward of his past service!—thou hast now, Ali, the full pay of thy deceased predecessor.

Ali. Thy slave thanks thee, noble Pacha.

Pacha. Out of which, Ali, thou hast simply to maintain his four widows left behind him.—Bless thyself, Ali, that thou art born to fight under Moorish leaders; who are distinguished by such charity as is never thought of in a Christian army. Is each man here according to the roll?

Ali. All.

Pacha. I will first address them; then, Ali, march them to their posts for the night.—Moors and soldiers! under the renowned Mahomet Bobadili Chiquito, King of Granada! 'tis the regard of your commander now cautions you that you relax not from your charge. My tenderness bids you be vigilant through the night, that ye may 'scape the bowstring to which I should otherwise sentence you in the morning. The true soldier thinks his duty a pleasure; and none of you, my honest fellows, on pain of death, shall forego the pleasure of your duty. The Spaniards who besiege us are Christians—you are Moors. Remember, then, you fight in the cause of your religion; maintain its amiable doctrines to the last, and show your

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enemies no mercy!—now to your watch, where, out of kindness, I forbid you to fortify your stomachs against the raw air of the night;—for he who lifts wine to his mouth, my worthy friends, speedily loses his head.—Strike, and away!

GRAND CHORUS *of* MOORISH SOLDIERS.

The sun is sunk;—and from afar,
See the bright pale evening star!
Soon the wolf begins to prowl;
Soon the shrilly screeching owl
Through the air her death wing claps,
And at the sick man's window flaps;
While on the rampart strong and steep,
Their silent watch the sentries keep.
Hark to the heavy rolling drum!
The hour of nightly duty's come.
Lusty Moors! obey command!
March to your posts and take your stand!
March! [*Exeunt*, L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Inside of a Venta or Spanish Inn, in Andalusia. A Stable Door in the background—over it a Hay Loft. A Lamp against the Wall. A Fire in the midst of the Room.* MULETEERS *discovered, drinking.*

Enter LOPE TOCHO, R.

Tocho. Bravely pulled, gallants, and merrily! Of all the worthy tuggers at a bottle, give me your noble gentlemen carriers! who while away the heavy hours in the amusing exercise of driving mules over the mountains.

1*st Mule.* Certain, mine host, in respect to deep drinking, we muleteers have hard heads.

Tocho. Nay, that ye have. Ye are a pack of the hardest heads of any in Spain. "Fifteen years have I been "host of this venta, at the foot of the Sierra de Ronda. "Tocho is my name—Lope Tocho of the Province of An- "dalusia. I live by the hunger and thirst of the traveller, "and keep a yearly account of my thanks due to stomachs

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"and throats; and in striking my balance, gentlemen, I find "the generous maw of a gentleman muleteer calls for five "times the food of the best grandee's that journeys the "country.—Worthy signors! I am your sweet throats and "stomachs debtor and servant." [*Drinks.*

2*d Mule.* Harkye, Lope Tocho, mine host.

Tocho. What say you, signor?

2*d Mule.* Methinks, mine host, the kid you gave us at supper, had somewhat of an unsavoury smell with it. It did, as it were, stink most abominably.

Tocho. I know not well how that could be, signor! for I have bestowed wondrous pains on it, these three weeks past, to keep it sweet. For delicate eating, and right Malaga, there's not an inn can match me between this and Antequera—no, verily, not one.

3*d Mule.* 'Tis a wild road thither.

" *Tocho.* You will not set eyes on a house till you reach "the town, signor. 'Tis some league and a half over the 'mountains;—and affords, truly, but indifferent accommo- "dation. Here's to your good entertainment on the way, "signors." [*Drinks.*

1*st Mule.* Hast any news stirring in these parts, honest Lope?

Tocho. War, gentlemen, war with the Moors—we are here on the skirts of their kingdom of Granada—and in the very heart of those skirts, as I may say, King Ferdinand, of Castile and Arragon, does now most closely stick. Saint Iago be his speed, say I! I could never away with these infidels. Their's must be a devil of a religion that forbids the drinking of wine.

2*d Mule.* One cup to the Christian cause, mine host!

Tocho. Right willingly—confusion to the barbarous Moors!—and may the King of a Christian people never want loving subjects to drink his prosperity, and give the enemies of humanity a drubbing. [*All drink.*

4*th Mule.* I prithee, Perez, as we passed through Cordova, didst bethink thee to get my pack-saddle mended for the blind mule?

3*d Mule.* Truly, brother, I cared not to pay five good reals, when I may never chance to see them again.

4*th Mule.* [*Starting up.*] Santa Maria; reflect on the honour of a Spaniard! death and my mustachios! thou shalt not live! [*Draws his Stiletto.*

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Tocho. [*Interposing.*] Nay, gentlemen! here's good work! sweet signor of the mules! you mistake him. Honour is a delicate matter—he could not mean it. Noble driver of the beast, be pacified.

4th Mule. Wound my integrity! 'tis dearer to a Spaniard than life. 'Tis an affront cannot be mended.

Tocho. It shall, honourable signor! and your pack-saddle, too.—Good friend, throw the cold water of your repentance on the fire of his anger. Come, 'twas a hasty speech; say so, and be friends.

3d Mule. Well, I—I meant not to wound his honour.

Tocho. See there, now!

4th Mule. I—I am content:—but remember, in future, brother, what is due to a Spaniard. Insult him, and he will compass the globe for revenge. Your hand: my honour is satisfied: we will clean our mules in fellowship, as usual.

Tocho. By our lady, 'tis sensibly said! many a noble life has been lost upon a point of honour not more difficult to be settled than this! another cup to drown animosity.

1st Mule. Content: and then to rest. 'Tis deep midnight, and we must rise betimes, on our way to Ubeda.

Tocho. Mass! you muleteers, in the way of pleasant travelling, have a wearisome life of it.

4th Mule. The grandee, mine host, that sleeps upon down, dreams little of our hardships. Yet we can be merry, too. Let us troll a round, and then go stretch on the straw.

GLEE.—Muleteers.

You high-born Spanish noblemen, you dons and cavaliers!
Ah, little do you think upon the lowly muleteers!
To earn an honest livelihood, what toil, what cares we know,
Small our gain, great our pain,
O'er the hill, o'er the plain,
Parched with heat, drenched with rain,
Still the muleteer must go!

When darkness overtakes us, our mules to droop begin;
Fatigued and spent, what joy we feel to reach the wished-for inn!
We drain the wine-cup jollily, we toss it to and fro:—
While to sleep as we creep,
Maritornes may weep,
That, when daylight does peep,
Then the muleteer must go.

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[*A knocking at the door of the Venta—a Voice calls without,* 'Soho! within, there! ho!'

Tocho. Travellers, by St. Dominick!—and by the noise, of authority. [*Calls off,* R.] Perequillo! [*Knocking again.*] 'tis ever thus.—I never knew your great man on the wrong side of the house, that ceased his clamour till he got in!

Enter PEREQUILLO, R.

Perequillo, look to the gate. Signors, a good rest. That way to your straw-chamber, gentlemen.

[*Pointing to the Stable door.*

1*st Mule.* 'Tis fit we be called betimes, mine host.

Tocho. Perequillo, knock at the gentleman's stable door by day-break. [*Knocking still—Muleteers go into the stable.*] Out, you gaping rogue, run to the gate!

Per. These travellers rob a good fellow of more sleep than the musquitoes. [*Exit,* L.

Tocho. I fear me, the tough old cock will never crow 'daylight' again. Six years has he served me for a dial; and now must I twist his neck, to give these gallants a supper. Truth is, we are marvellously scant of provisions.

Enter FLORANTHE, L., *dressed as a Cavalier, leaning on* ROQUE.

Roque. So—cheerily, I warrant! come, a seat, now, quickly. Bestir, bestir!

Tocho. Is not his worship well?

Roque. Cannot your worship see?—a chair, you—[*Tocho brings a chair.*] So!

Flor. [*Sitting down.*] I faint, almost, with weariness.

Roque. Plague on your dark nights and foul ways!—why dost not mend them?

Tocho. Truly, gentlemen, there be those, in this quarter, that might better the foul ways—but, for mending the dark nights, we are, I do confess, ill-furnished with workmen.

Roque. Art furnished with a good bed, friend?

Tocho. The best in Spain. We are much and nobly frequented here, signor—we have, this night, a company of some twenty.

Roque. A murrain light on 'em! then they have occupied the bed-chamber.

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Tocho. Why, as luck would have it, they repose in the stable. Each traveller, signor, to his fancy.

Flor. I would to rest, friend—We have journeyed far:
At sunrise we must needs set forth again.
I am nigh sinking with fatigue!

Roque. No wonder, poor heart!—my master's nag, friend, is the roughest pacer in Spain. 'Twould tire a devil.

Tocho. Would not the Signor Cavalier please to refresh? I have the remains of a kid that is delicious—and we are noted here for chicken.

Flor. Oh, I do loathe the very name of food.

Tocho. [*Aside.*] Loathe food! this is a mighty simple youth.

Flor. Prepare my chamber, friend, and fear not you,
Though I betake me supperless to bed,
I will content thee, (for I know the custom,)
As I had banqueted.

Tocho. [*Aside.*] The youth is not altogether so simple as I thought him.—Signor Hidalgo, your chamber shall be prepared straight. For an excellent supper, if you eat it not, 'tis your loss, which is hard: if you pay for it not, 'tis mine, which is harder—for I am a poor man, sir, that would willingly grow richer.

Roque. Away, you knave! and obey orders: see to the chamber—look to the horses, and return, anon, with some wine: my master is faint with travel.

Tocho. I shall, friend. [*Aside.*] This, now, must be a delicate bit of smock-faced nobility. Should Providence rain beards, 'twould do no harm to his face if his chin were thrust out in the shower. [*Exit,* R.

Flor. Now tell me, Roque,—how far is it to the mountain?

Roque. We are nigh the foot on't, lady—we had foun .ered by the way else. Heaven rest those tender joints for they must needs ache with jolting thus from Seville. My tough bones, though well-seasoned in camps and marches, are fairly bumped into a rheumatism.

Flor. I care but little for my aching limbs,
Did not my heart ache with them. The encounter
We look will follow this same pilgrimage,
Makes me most sad and heavy.

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Roque. 'Tis strange, now, the labour some will undergo to encounter melancholy! and truly, I left Don Octavian in poor plight to amend the spirits of those who wish him well. "What between love and loneliness, by living in "the woods he is clean an altered man. I once was ena- "moured of a pin-maker's daughter of Segovia, and found "solitude did but increase my pain;—so I e'en cured my- "self on't, in three weeks, by keeping my mistress com- "pany."

Flor. Was't in the wild part of the mountain, Roque, where late you saw Octavian?

Roque. Good faith, in the very bosom here of the Sierra de Ronde. With a full heart and an empty bottle, I was trudging from Granada to Seville—to bring the sad news of my master, Count Virolet, your ladyship's brother, being taken by the Moors; when, in crossing the mountain here, among other game started by the way, I at last put up a man—(Don Octavian, as your ladyship knows,) who sprung from a thicket, and flew from my sight like a wild duck.

Flor. Alas! for pity, after twelve long months,
To meet him thus again! now hear me, Roque—
I think thou art attached to all our house;
For I have heard my late lost father say,
Ere thou couldst lisp thy service had begun in't.

Roque. If my mother's word may pass, lady, I held my first birthday in't, up four pair of stairs, in the right hand garret that looks over the fishpond: and if ever I prove thankless for being born in the one, I would I might, that moment, be dragged through the other.

"*Flor.* Thou didst first trudge an urchin to the field
"With my poor father: lately thou hast followed
"My brother Virolet. Though trained to arms,
'And a rough soldier, Roque, I think thou canst
'Extend thy honest love of this our family
"E'en to a female of the stock.

"*Roque.* A soldier, lady, can extend his love to the fe- "male of any family. But you, Donna Floranthe, daugh- "ter of my old master, and sister of my young one!—what "would not I give now to see you beset with a good roun l "dozen of your enemies!—well, I am getting in years— "but they should have a taste of old Roque's skill in the "cudgel, yet."

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Flor. I do believe thee, Roque—therefore, good fellow,
To-morrow, when we seek this mountain's gloom,
" Searching its caves, and tangled labyrinths,
" Where the wolf nightly howls against the moon,
" And lawless plunder, on his hungry watch,
" Lurks, meditating murder, then, good Roque,"
Should any ill befal,—and Heaven knows
What may befal me!

Roque. What, Donna Floranthe, and I with you!—they must fight hard, lady, that would harm you. An' you take the road to dying, madam, by your leave, I must go foremost.

Flor. I would not have it so, good Roque. Live thou,
Whate'er betide, to tell my simple story;
Lest slander blot a luckless maiden's fame,
And no one left to clear her memory.

Roque. Truly, madam, I am the worst teller of a story of any in Spain. I can only say, that my old master, your father, bid you love Don Octavian; but as old gentlemen will sometimes change their minds, he, after a while, charged you to love another, which ill suiting Don Octavian's humour, he fairly ran his rival through the body; fled in despair; and hadn't been heard of for a twelvemonth; till I started him here in the woods: when coming to tell you the news, I found my old master, rest his soul! at peace; you single; the wounded man recovered, and married to a rich one-eyed widow of Salamanca.

Flor. 'Twill be a faithful history, old soldier.

Roque. I trust not, madam; for I shall then proceed to specify that you went forth in search of your lover, and died by the way; which I hope, saving your presence, will be one of the roundest lies that ever found passage through the mouth of a soldier.

Enter Lope Tocho, *with a bottle and glass,* R.

Flor. Now, friend, hast thou prepared my chamber?

Tocho. 'Twould ha' done your heart good to see the warming pan slide between the white sheets; you will sleep in aired snow, signor. Would it please you take a whet before you creep betwixt 'em? [*Offering the wine.*

Flor. Not a drop, host; I will to rest; and, Roque,
Get thee to bed. We must away at dawn, host.

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Refresh thee, Roque—and so, good night, good fellow.

[*Exit*, R.

Tocho. Do you not follow your master, to help him undress, friend?

Roque. That is *my* business, friend.

Tocho. By our lady, I never found a gentleman know his own business better, and do it worse! What may thy master be, friend?

Roque. That is *his* business, friend;—but for me, I am a soldier, and have learned somewhat in the wars.

Tocho. Ay, marry—I would fain know what 'tis.

Roque. 'Tis, when I see a knave thrust his nose into the business of another, to tweak it very lustily.

[*Pulls his nose.*

Tocho. Signor, I do reverence a soldier—but I never much cared to see him go through his manœuvres.

Roque. Follow. I shall to the loft and turn in an hour or two. Bring the bottle after me, and place it on the hay truss where I lay me down.

[*Exit up the ladder into the loft.*

Tocho. And if I carry my countenance so near the finger and thumb of such a nose-tweaker again, I would my face might want a handle ever after. Oons! I shall dream of nothing all night but the huge paw of a trooper.—Tweak! well, let him but lie one hour in the loft, and he'll be the best flea-bitten bully in Andalusia. [*Exit*, R.

Scene II.—*The Sierra de Ronda.*

Enter Virolet, Zorayda, *and* Kilmallock, R.

Viro. Love, not a word? good faith, it is no wonder:
Thou must be sadly worn, Zorayda;
Sleep hangs upon those pretty eyes of thine,
And dulls their lustre. Art not wond'rous weary?

Zoray. The spirit, Christian, that did prompt my flight,
Will give me strength, I warrant, to endure it.
'Twere evil in me to forget my father—
But were he now less heavy on my thoughts,
I should be found a stouter traveller.

Kilm. What a sweet little Moor it is! och, she can never be her father's daughter! By St. Dominick, Count, this same escaping fom fatiguing work is mighty hard labour.

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Viro. A few leagues more, and we shall reach the town
That skirts this mountain—there, to horse again;
And thence to Seville; to my friends, Zorayda,
Where the strong power of our holy church
Shall seal my title to the sweetest convert
That ever yet abjured her heresy,
And sheltered in its bosom.

Zoray. Would we were there! for though I have been told
Your duty preaches patience to the sufferer,
I fear this painful march may make me peevish;
And that were sinful. Do not mock me, love;
But I shall prove, I doubt, a sorry Christian.

Kilm. Oh, faith, you'll be as good as the best. I never knew a young Christian lady yet, that was not impatient when she was going to get married. Well, this mountain is what they call the Sierra de Ronda—close to the borders of Andalusia—here we are in the middle of it, with as fine prospect of a dark night, as a traveller could wish to look round upon.

Viro. Would our companions were come up: 'tis strange
They loiter thus!

Zoray. I tremble in these wilds
For my poor Agnes.

Kilm. And that copper devil, Sadi, too! certain, now, our horses foundered at the foot of the mountain, that he might stay behind to look after them: and the girl sat down weeping by his side, to help him.

Zoray. Poor wench! her heart is stored with kindness.

Kilm. Och, it's brimful! But this is the first time I ever heard squatting down to cry, was the way to help a man to pull horses out of the mire.

Viro. Wilt forward, sweet? or shall we tarry for them?

Zoray. Sooth, I am weary now—yet I could on—
And yet I could not. Shall I tell thee, love;
I could not leave this honest wench behind,
And sleep in quiet. She is humble born;
But trust me, Christian, I do see no cause
Why I should blush in feeling for the lowly.
The peasant pining on his bed of straw,

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Should draw as warm a tear from melting pity,
As when a monarch suffers.

Viro. Lovely excellence!
Virtue, all sweet before, steals o'er thy lip,
" As the soft breeze that bends the modest rose,
" Grown sweeter in its passage. Thou may'st preach
" When rigid schoolmen fail, and win with gentleness;
" Cause even shame to spread the proud man's cheek,
" And make the world in love with charity."

[*Drums beat at a distance.*

Hark! heard you not a distant drum, Kilmallock?

Kilm. Faith, and it is a drum! it does a soldier's heart good to hear it thump—though, to be sure, now, it is not quite so convanient. These Moors, though they are most of 'em penned up in Granada, keep skirmishing and trotting all over the province. Friends or enemies, it isn't civil in 'em to keep a clatter at this time o' night, and disturb us lodgers in the mountain.

Zoray. I sink with terror.

Kilm. Nay, that you shall not. It never shall be said that a woman sank in the hour of distress, while a man stands by that can hold up her chin.

Zoray. Let us not forward now, beseech you, Virolet.
Trust me, there's danger in't.—Poor Agnes, too!
Seek me some covert in this tufted mountain,
Where, till the day appears, I may repose,
And rest in safety.

Viro. Come, Zorayda!
And the next bank o'ercanopied with trees
Must now, perforce, be thy rude lodging, sweet!
I and my comrade will watch near thee. Cheerly!
So—cheerly!—all will yet be well.

[*Exeunt Virolet and Zorayda,* R.

Kilm. I'll hover about here, as an out-post.—When a man watches in the dark, by himself, on a mountain, he's rather apt to be lonesome; but if he chances to be upon duty there, to serve a friend and guard female innocence, he needs but call in his own thoughts to be mighty agreeable company. This love makes havoc with man, woman, and child! though, of a truth, the passion is somewhat blunted in me, since I left Tipperary.

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SONG.—Kilmallock.

At sixteen years old you could get little good of me,
Then I saw Norah,—who soon understood of me,
I was in love—but myself, for the blood of me,
Could not tell of me what I did ail.
'Twas dear, dear! what can the matter be!
Och, blood and ouns! what can the matter be!
Och, gramachree! what can the matter be!
Bothered from head to the tail.

I went to confess me to Father O'Flanagan;
Told him my case,—made an end—then began again:
Father, says I, make me soon my own man again,
If you find out what I ail.
Dear, dear! says he, what can the matter be!
Och, blood and ouns! what can the matter be!
Both cried out, what can the matter be!
Bothered from head to the tail!

Soon I fell sick—I did bellow and curse again,—
Norah took pity to see me at nurse again:
Gave me a kiss;—och, zounds, that threw me worse again!
Well she knew what I did ail:
But dear, dear! says she, what can the matter be!
Och, blood and ouns! my lass, what can the matter be!
Both cried out, what can the matter be!
Bothered from head to the tail.

'Tis long ago now since I left Tipperary;
How strange, growing older, our nature should vary!
All symptoms are gone of my ancient quandary—
I cannot tell now what I ail.
Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
Och! blood and ouns! what can the matter be?
Och, gramachree! what can the matter be?
I'm bothered from head to the tail. [*Exit*, L.

Scene III.—*Another Part of the Sierra de Ronda.—A Cave covered with bushes*, L. 3*d* E.—*A rude Bank, with stumps of trees*, R.—*Daybreak.*

Enter two Goatherds, L.

First G. See yonder, where day peeps! Here is the cave, father; hang your wine-keg at the mouth on't, and then away to tend your goats.

Second G. Poor gentleman! a sup on't may cheer his heart. [*Hangs the keg at the mouth of the cave*, L. 3*d* E.] 'Tis sorry lodging to be a tenant of this cave for a twelvemonth, as he has been, and trust to Providence and us

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goatherds for board. That a civil, well-favoured cavalier should come to this pass!

First G. Civil!—Plague on him! When a' met me i' the dusk, as a' straggled a league from this, a' snatched a brown loaf from my hand, and gave me a shower of thwacks on the shoulders for payment.

Second G. Alas, boy! that was in his mood—his melancholy. 'Twill, as thou know'st, trouble him sore at times, but it rarely lasts.

First G. Flesh! I know 'twill at times trouble others, and the soreness lasts a week after it. What affairs should call a melancholy gentleman like him to our wild mountains?

Second G. Diego, I think I have hit on't: I do think 'tis love has put him beside himself. Ask thy mother, boy, when she crossed me in wooing, how I would sometimes start from reason.

First G. Troth, father, you have that trick still: I fear me, you have been ill-cured.

Second G. Out, graceless! Hush! dost not hear him stir?

First G. Nay, then, come away, father, and leave your charity behind you. An' he should be in his mood, now, we might as well meet the devil. Run, old man, or Melancholy will cudgel thee! Away! father, away!

[*Exeunt*, R.

Enter Octavian *from the cave*, L. 3*d* E.

Oct. I cannot sleep. The leaves are newly pulled
And, as my burning body presses them,
Their freshness mocks my misery. That frets me!
And then I could outwatch the lynx. 'Tis dawn.
Thou hot and rolling sun! I rise before thee;
For I have twice thy scorching flames within me,
And am more restless. Now to seek my willow,
That droops his mournful head across the brook:
He is my calendar; I'll score his trunk
With one more long—long day of solitude!
I shall lose count else in my wretchedness,
And that were pity. Oh, Octavian!
Where are the times thy ardent nature painted,
When fortune smiled upon thy lusty youth,

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And all was sunshine? Where the looked-for years
Gaily bedecked with fancy's imagery,
When the high blood ran frolic through thy veins,
And boyhood made thee sanguine? Let them vanish!
Prosperity's a cheat—Despair is honest,
And will stick by me steadily! I'll hug it,—
Will glut on't! Why, the gray-beard tore her from me,
Even in my soul's fond dotage! Oh! 'tis pastime
To see men, now, tug at each other's hearts!
I fear not, for my strings are cracked already.
I will go prowl, but look I meet no fathers!
Now, willow. Oh, Floranthe! [*Exit*, R.

Enter SADI *and* AGNES, L.

Sadi. A plague on all horses, mountains, and quagmires! Nay, keep a good heart, Agnes. Of all the roads to Christendom, this is the vilest that ever good fellow travelled. How fares it, Agnes?

Agnes. Oh, Sadi, I shall never live through this mountain!

Sadi. Nay, I warrant we'll do well. Do not flag—do not give way thus—for my sake. Consider, I must support you, Agnes; and to see you thus, I can scarce support myself. I have had my load of vexation ere now, but this is the first time I ever carried double; and I know not well how to bear it.

Agnes. Good faith, I do my best, Sadi; and I have one comfort left me still.

Sadi. Ay, I warrant: what is it, Agnes?

Agnes. Why, you are with me, Sadi. Should fatigue weary me, and should I die in these wilds, you would close the eyes of your poor Agnes! and I should go in peace, with one near me who has been so faithful to me.

Sadi. No, truly, Agnes, I could never do thee that office. Close thy eyes! I should have so much need to lift the napkin to my own, I could never see to perform it. What, thou art not faint, Agnes?

Agnes. Trust me, very faint, Sadi; and sick—sick at heart.

Sadi. With fasting, poor soul! These mountains would tease hunger into a fever: there are eatables perched upon every bush, but not a morsel that isn't alive.

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Agnes. Fainter and fainter!

Sadi. [*Seating her on the bank,* R.] Rest you on this clump, Agnes; and if anything may be found near us to comfort thee, I'll fight for it through a—Eh! a cave, and a keg hung at the mouth on't! [*Taking it down.*] Wine, by the Koran! To see what Providence will do for a Christian! Were a Mussulman fainting to death, this is the first thing Mahomet would kick out of his way.—Drink, drink, Agnes: and much good may it do thy little heart! [*Holding the keg to her mouth.*] How dost now?

Agnes. Sooth, it has cheered me; but—

Sadi. Well!

Agnes. Will you not drink, too, Sadi?

Sadi. Now does conscience make a stir within me, to know whether I am qualified to sup this liquor or not.—Dost think, Agnes, I am Christian enough yet to venture?

Agnes. Go to, man; thou needest it, and there is much virtue in good wine.

Sadi. Nay, an' there be virtue in't—[*Drinking.*] By St. Francis, Agnes, thy religion is marvellous comfortable! Would we were safe settled in Andalusia! I shall make as chopping a subject for a christening, as ever nurse put into the hands of a friar. Canst journey onward, think you, Agnes?

Agnes. Shall we overtake the Lady Zorayda?

Sadi. Nay, that's hopeless. We are bewildered here in the woods, and must e'en give up thoughts of seeing her till we reach Seville.

Agnes. Heaven send the dear lady be safe! I would fain, then, rest me, Sadi; for, in sooth, my legs fail me sadly.

Sadi. And here stands a cave yawning, as it would invite sleep. In, Agnes, and I'll keep guard.

Agnes. You will not quit me now?

Sadi. I would quit life first.

[*Puts Agnes into cave,* L. 3*d* E.

Re-enter Octavian, R.

Oct. How now?

Sadi. [*Aside.*] This, now, by the costliness of his robes, must be lord of this mansion. [*Aloud.*] What would you?

Oct. I would pass

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Deep in yon cave, to hide me from the sun.
His rising beams have tipped the trees with gold
He gladdens men, but I do bask in sorrow.
Give way.

Sadi. Mark you: I do respect sorrow too much to do it wilful injury. I am a Moor, 'tis true; that is, I am not quite a Christian; but I never yet saw man bending under misfortune, that I did not think it pleasure to lighten his load. Strive to pass here, and I must add blows to your burden, and that might haply break your back; for, to say truth, I have now a treasure in this cave, that, while I can hinder it, sorrow shall never come nigh.

Oct. Death! must I burrow here with brutes, and find
My haunts broke in upon? my cares disturbed?
Reptile! I'll dash thy body o'er the rocks,
And leave thee to the vultures!

Sadi. Friend, you'll find me too tough to be served up to 'em. [*They struggle.*

Re-enter AGNES *from the cave, and running between them.*

Agnes. (C.) Oh, Sadi—for my sake!—Gentleman—hold!

Oct. (L.) Woman!

Sadi. (R.) Ay! and touch her at your peril!

Oct. Not for the worth of worlds! Thou lovest her? Mark:
He who would cut the knot that does entwine
And link two loving hearts in unison,
May have man's form; but at his birth—be sure on't—
Some devil thrust sweet nature's hand aside,
Ere she had poured her balm within his breast,
To warm his gross and earthly mould with pity.

Sadi. [*Aside.*] This fellow, now, is like a great melon, with a rough outside, and much sweetness under it. [*To Octavian.*] It seems as thou wert sent, ragged ambassador, here from a strange nation, to treat with the four-foot citizens of this mountain; and as we are unknown in these parts, we will even throw ourselves on thy protection.

Oct. Some paces hence there is goatherd's cot,
Begirt with brake and bush, and weather-proof.

Agnes. Let us thither, Sadi.

Sadi. Content.

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Oct. I'll lead thee to't; [*Crossing*, R.] for I am high in office
In Cupid's cabinet: I bear the torch
Before the little god; and 'tis my care
To shield from peril true love's votaries.

Sadi. [*Aside.*] I knew he was a great man; but I never heard mention before of such a place of dignity. [*Aloud.*] Along, good fellow, and we'll follow thee.

Oct. They shall not part you; for I know what 'tis,
When worldly knaves step in, with silver beards,
To poison bliss, and pluck young souls asunder.
Oh! wander, boundless Love, across the wild!
Give thy free passion scope, and range the wilderness!
Crib not thyself in cities, for 'tis there
The thrifty, gray philosopher inhabits,
To check thy glowing impulse in his child!
Gain is the old man's god: he offers up
His issue to't, and mercenary wedlock
Murders his offspring's peace! They murdered mine!
They tore it from my bosom by the roots,
And with it plucked out hope! Well, well- no matter!
Despair burns high within me, and its fire
Serves me for heat, to keep my clay in motion.
Follow my footsteps.

Agnes. Out, alas! his wits are turned. Do not venture with him, Sadi; he will do us a mischief.

Sadi. Truly, the tenement of his brain seems somewhat out of repair. Wilt lead us safe now?

Oct Be sure on't.

Sadi. Tuck thyself under my arm, Agnes. Now out, cimetar! Bring us to this same goatherd's, and thou shalt have the best acknowledgments gratitude can give thee. If thou venturest to harm her, I'll quickly stir the fire in thy bosom thou talkest of, and this [*Showing the cimetar,*] shall serve for the poker.

Oct. Should the gaunt wolf cross lovers in their path,
I'd rend his rugged jaws, and he should bay
The moon no more with howling! Thread the thicket,—
Follow Love's messengers! [*Exeunt*, R.

Enter Goatherds, *and male and female Spanish Pastoral Characters*, L.

Third G. (R. C.) On, brother goatherds! By the mass,

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'tis broad day, and the blazing sun cries sluggard upon us! Up to the pens! our goats will choke else: they have needed drink an hour ago.

Fourth G. (c.) Troth, brother, and so have we. When man has a call for refreshment, 'tis but fit beast should tarry till his better be served before him. We have walked a good half league from home: let us whet our whistles, and then we will think on the horns and long beards of our old cuckoldy cattle.

SONG AND CHORUS.—GOATHERDS, &c.

First G. Brother goatherd, mark you me,—
Pledge me when I drink to thee;
Let us drain the skins of wine,
Till our ruby noses shine.
Mountain grapes and mountain cheer
Warm the merry mountaineer.

Second G. Let us push the wine about,
Till the last—last drop is out;
Then each Spanish man go
And dance the fandango:
When jigging with lasses,
How sweet the time passes!
When mountain grapes and mountain cheer
Have warmed the merry mountaineer.

Female. Sluggish goatherds, haste away:
The drooping cattle mourn your stay.
Labour till the sloping sun
Tells you that your work is done;
Then your rough brows with chaplets deck,
And trimly dance to the rebeck.
Then each Spanish man go
And move the fandango:
When jigging with lasses,
How sweet the time passes!
When work is done, and mountain cheer
Warms the merry mountaineer! [*Exeunt* S.

END OF ACT II.

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ACT III.

Scene I.—*The Sierra de Ronda.*

Enter Bulcazin Muley, Ganem, *and Moorish Soldiers,* r

Ganem. (r.) In truth, the men must rest, sir.
Bulca. (c.) Must?
Ganem. Perforce,
This long and hurried march has made them faint
We are all nigh to drop.
Bulca. Here sink and rot, then!—I will on alone.
Sluggard! the blisters now that gall thy feet
Work upwark to thy heart, and fester there!
Then thou wilt feel some touch of anguish in't,
Like that which thou hast fixed in mine! Thou base,
Unmindful slave! who, in thy master's absence,
Should'st mark each fly that buzzes through his portal,
Thy vigilance must nod upon its post,
While a vile Christian steals away my daughter!
Ganem. Believe me, sir—
Bul. I will not, wretch, believe thee!
Thou art—Yes, Ganem—yes, I will believe thee.
'Twas all my daughter's doings; 'twas her nature's,—
Her sex's wicked, wanton, subtle nature!
To fly me!
To fly her father! and so kind a father!
If somewhat rough, that was the trick of battles,
Where I was bred. She knew I doated on her:
When I have thought on what could charm the sense,
Till it would almost ache with tenderness,
Great Alla knows I have named thee, Zorayda!
Then leave me thus, and break my poor old heart!
And with a Christian, too! Oh, death and shame!
Should she now cross me, though she smiled upon me
Like twenty dimpled cherubim, my rage
Would tear her limb from limb, and her sweet form
Should scatter piece-meal through the desert! [*Crosses,* r.
Gan. Sir,
I pray you, be advised: think what is best
To cheer your fainting people on the march.
Your pardon, sir; but this same flow of passion,

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Unnerving you, and harassing your men,
Defeats the purpose of your enterprise.
" *Bulca.* Check my full passion! happy, happy fool!
" Thou know'st not a fond parent's agony,
" Deserted by his loved, ungrateful child!
" Oh, my Zorayda! dear, shameless girl!
" Thou art delicious poison to my sense,
" Most sweet, and yet most deadly. Out upon thee,
" In stern and rugged justice; and affection
" Would throw the weeping father on his knees,
" To kiss the wound the much-wronged judge had made."
Ganem. Beseech you, sir, give order for your soldiery.
Bulca. A pestilence upon thee!—Thou'rt a fiend,
That grudges me my sorrow's luxury,
And goad'st me when I would indulge in torture!
Tell me again of what these filth endure,
I'll cleave thy body downward from thy head,
To teach them how to labour and be silent!
Ganem. Think, sir, it is in care alone for you
I pour unpleasing truth into your ear;
Which, like a nauseous drug to the diseased,
Is given to work your welfare. 'Tis my duty
Sooth, sir, they cannot on.
Bulca. Mad, senseless liar!
Thou gallest me past endurance, and hast pulled
Thy death upon thee! [*Draws his cimeter*
Ganem. [*Kneeling.*] Oh, sir, take my life!
It is not worth the keeping. I have followed you
From infancy, till now, in honest zeal:
'Twould grieve me, sir, to seek another master:
And, as my truth is grown displeasing to you,
'Twere best you bring my service to a close,
And e'en dispatch me here at once.
Bulca. [*Softened.*] Why, Ganem!
I tell thee, Ganem—Psha! when we are formed,
So much of mother marks our composition,
It mars our manly resolution. Ganem,
I have a daughter—think on that, good Ganem!
And she has fled me. I do think thy counsel
Is kindly meant; but spare it now, good fellow;
My passions cannot brook it. Have we strayed?
Do we pursue the track?

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Ganem. The peasant, sir,
Whom we did question at the mountain's foot,
Pointed this path to Ronda. Thitherward
Your daughter, as we trace it, must have journeyed.
Bulca. They shall not rest! [*Crosses*, L.
By Mahomet, I swear, if I do hear
A single Moor bewailing the fatigue,
His coward body suffers on the instant!
My cimetar shall search his body through!
March, slaves! away! [*Exeunt*, L.

Scene II.—*The Outside of a Goatherd's Cottage.*

Sadi, L., *and* Agnes, R., *discovered before the door*, C. F., *at table, eating and drinking.*

Sadi. Truly, eating is a mighty refreshing invention! —This olla podrida of our friend, the goatherd's here, has a strange quality in't of raising the spirits. What is the reason on't, Agnes? I never swallowed a meal before that made me so merry.

Agnes. Out, you goose! 'tis the wine that thou hast drank. Wine, thou knowest, comforts man, makes him light of heart, Sadi.

Sadi. What an advantage 'tis to a Catholic to be able thus to cork up comfort, and carry his happiness about with him under his arm, in a flagon! Pour some of this light-heartedness down thy sweet throat, Agnes. Had I a hundred vintages of welfare, I would leave them all untapped, if thou wert not by to share them with me.
[*Fills and drinks.*

Agnes. 'Tis sufficient, Sadi. [*They rise.*] Thou knowest not the strength of liquor; too much on't would work to thy brain, and weaken reason.

Sadi. That must be because my skull is not yet altogether Christian: it would never happen to a regular head to grow weak with having strength crammed into it. Didst repose well here at the goatherd's, Agnes?

Agnes. Trust me, did I; but it had better pleased me had you not sat and watched in the corner of the hut, while I rested.

Sadi. I could watch twenty years, like a cat, to see you sleep so sweetly. What a pretty thing it is to be near the

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woman one loves, when she's taking a nap, and check one's inclination of kissing her eyelids, for fear of awaking her? Should'st thou ever slumber at night, with thy head upon my shoulder, Agnes, I would not stir to disturb thee, though I were bit all over by a million of musquitos.

Agnes. Away, you giddy pate! Thou wilt be a right follower of the bottle shortly. When the liquor mounts, then thou wilt flatter me, and prate nonsense, like the best Christian toper of them all.

Sadi. Why, look thee, sweet: ere I loved a bottle, I loved a woman; and I am told, he that sticks fairly to the one, seldom behaves like a knave to the other. My love for wine is but of a few hours' growth; yet, though I am enamoured at first taste, I mean to stick by it with true Christian constancy; for it has let me into a secret, Agnes: every drop I take of it makes me find out how much delight I have in thy company; I grow fonder and fonder at every tipple.

Agnes. Ay, so it would happen were any other present but I.

Sadi. No, by Mahom—Pish! that's a Mussulman oath, and disgraces a mouth that has been washed with wine. By St. Dominick, then, sweet Agnes, should all the beauties of Spain be collected together, like a huge row of filberts, I would pick thee from the cluster, nor think another nut in the whole grove worth cracking.

Agnes. Will thy love hold fast, now, after we are married, Sadi?

Sadi. Ay, marry, will it, and never let go. 'Tis in my nature, wench: you might as soon think to scour me white, as scrub my love out of me. 'Tis of the lasting kind, Agnes, like my countenance.

Agnes. And if thy skin grows dusky as thy love strengthens, Sadi, I should think thee pretty, though thy cheeks were as dark as a raven.

Sadi. There is no accounting for the taste of a female. Were all women of thy mind, Agnes, what a number of vain copper-faced gentlemen would strut about among the girls in Christian countries! We should frisk it through the towns as merry as dogs in the market; and dingy puppies would be as plenty as those of a lighter complexion!

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Enter FLORANTHE *and* ROQUE, L.

Roque. Stand!
Art not a Moor, and an enemy?

Sadi. I have now near two full flagons of Christianity within me, but I am somewhat Moorish as to impatience; therefore, parley courteously, lest you get nothing but dry blows in exchange.

Flor. Peace, peace! good Roque, and let me question him.
Tell me, beseech you, as you journeyed on,
Has it so chanced that there should cross your path
A man—Good faith, it cuts my heart in twain
How to describe him!—what kind of man

Sadi. Lovely as the day he was, but envious clouds
Have dimmed his lustre. He is as a rock
Opposed to the rude sea that beats against it;
Worn by the waves, yet still o'ertopping them
In sullen majesty. Rugged now his look;
For, out, alas! calamity has blurred
The fairest pile of manly comeliness
That ever reared its lofty head to heaven!
'Tis not of late that I have heard his voice;
But if it be not changed—I think it cannot—
There is a melody in every tone
Would charm the towering eagle in her flight,
And tame a hungry lion.

Agnes. Never trust me, Sadi, if he means not our guide.

Sadi. [*To Flor.*] Answer me to one point, and I can satisfy you: is he crazy?

Roque. Crazy!—Now do my fingers itch to beat this unmannerly morsel of dinginess!

Sadi. Hark ye, rough sir: should occasion serve, I can go to cuffs with as good will as another.

Agnes. Nay, Sadi!

Sadi. I'll cuff him!

Agnes. Good Sadi!

Sadi. Well, then, I won't cuff him.

Flor. Pr'ythee, be calm, Roque. [*To Sadi.*] Now to answer thee.
He whom we seek, through wayward circumstance
And crosses of the time—though in the main,

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His reason is most clear—will in some sort
(We learn it on the skirts here of this mountain,)
Start into passion; and his matter then,
Though method ever tempers his discourse,
May seem, I fear, to those who know him not,
Like idle phantasy.

Sadi. Well, such a man have I seen; such a man, in pure kindness, has conducted us hither; and such a man is now within, in the hut here.

Flor. Here!—Mercy, Heaven!

Roque. [*Apart to Floranthe.*] Nay, nay; bear up, lady. Our labour now will soon have an end; all will be well, I warrant. [*To Sadi.*] Lead us in, my good fellow.

Sadi. [*Aside.*] Good fellow!—This is one of your weathercock knaves, now, that points always as the wind veers. A sudden puff of my information has blown him round to civility. [*To Roque.*] In, and we'll follow you; we must wait awhile, however, in the outward nook of the hovel; for to thrust ourselves suddenly into the presence of so moody a gentleman, might haply offend his dignity. [*Exeunt Roque and Floranthe,* C. D. F.] Come, Agnes.

Agnes. Have with you, Sadi.

Sadi. Nay, I would not budge an inch without you, sweet. I say, Agnes, this snug little cabin of the goatherd's, with good cheer and excellent Malaga, is better than trudging over the mountains with tired legs and empty stomachs.

DUET.—SADI *and* AGNES.

Faint and wearily, the way-worn traveller
Plods, uncheerily, afraid to stop;
Waud'ring, drearily, a sad unraveller
Of the mazes tow'rd the mountain's top.
Doubting, fearing,
While his course he's steering;
Cottages appearing
When he's nigh to drop:
Oh! how briskly then the way-worn traveller
Threads the mazes tow rd the mountain's top!

Though so melancholy day has passed by,
'Twould be folly now to think on't more
Blithe and jolly, he the keg holds fast by,
As he's sitting at the goatherd's door:
Eating, quaffing,

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At past labour laughing;
Better far, by half, in
Spirits than before.
Oh! how merry then the rested traveller
Seems, while sitting at the goatherd's door! [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE III.—*The Inside of a Goatherd's Cottage.*

Enter OCTAVIAN *and a* GOATHERD, R. S. E.

Goat. Neither food nor repose!—Well, 'tis strange!—Will nothing persuade you to take refreshment, gentle sir!

Oct. Nothing that thou canst say. Why, thou art old;
And 'tis the trick of age to proffer gifts,
Merely to tease the wretch that would accept them.

Goat. Nay, by our lady!

Oct. Hark ye: ere now, there came a hoary cheat,
And placed before my eyes the richest fare
That ever tempted glutton. What dost think?
When I would taste, he whipped it from the board,
And thrust me forth to starve. But he was fooled;
For then I drank huge draughts of sorrow down,
And banqueted on tears.

Goat. Mass! 'twas a sorry method of regaling! Were I given to revelry, I would look for liquor of another brewage.

Oct. Thou'dst look for anything to swell thy store,
Though thy full bags were bursting. Were the road
To one poor ducat paved with youthful hearts,
Sprinkle gray hairs upon a fellow's pate,
He'd trample o'er them all to catch at it.
Where are thy children?

Goat. I have but one—one only daughter; and, alas! she has gone I know not whither. Pedro had had my consent to woo her, had he not been altogether poor; and now she has strayed away in despair, because I would not see her wed unhappily.

Oct. Why, 'twas well done!—'Twas justice on thy avarice,
To doom thyself to living purgatory,
And fix within thy breast the gnawing thought
That thou hast driven forth thy innocent child,
Through the wide globe a friendless wanderer.
Oh! thou wilt thrive now in the shuffling crowd

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Of this world's traffic! When the drover comes,
Sell him thy rotten goats, and rate them sound
As those of highest market. Cheat thy neighbour;
Fleece him, and fear not! Glut thyself on plunder;
For thou art sunk so low in hell for this,
There is no guilt in vice's catalogue
Can plunge thee deeper! [*A knocking without*, L.
See who it is that knocks.

Goat. I will, sir; but I am not as you would picture me, for all your saying. I have not lived forty years on the credit of my cattle, to offer rotten rams for sale at this time of day, and pass them current. I shall to the door, sir. [*Exit*, L.

Oct. [*Pulling a miniature from his bosom.*] Out, bauble!
Let me kiss thee!—Sweet Floranthe!
When the cold limner drew thy semblance here,
How charmed I sat, to mark the modest flush
That virgin nature threw into thy face,
As the dull cold unmoved did stare upon thee,
To pencil out thy features' character!
Those times are past, Floranthe; yet 'tis comfort
To bring remembrance full upon the eye;
'Tis soothing to a fond and care-worn heart
To drop a tear on the loved lineaments
Of her it ne'er must hope to meet again!

Enter Roque, L.

Roque. [*Aside.*] Now know not I how to accost him. Poor gentleman! times are sadly changed with him since I saw him, fresh and well caparisoned, gazing on my young lady, in my old master's mansion at Seville! [*Aloud.*] Signior, do you not remember my countenance?

Oct. No; Providence has slubbered it in haste;
'Tis one of her unmeaning compositions
She manufactures when she makes a gross.
She'll form a million such, and all alike;
Then send them forth ashamed of her own work,
And set no mark upon them. Get thee gone!

Roque. Get me gone! Ah, signior! the time has been when you would question old Roque kindly after his health, as he lifted up the latch to give you admittance to poor Donna Floranthe!

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Oct. Thou hast shot lightning through me!
The sound was thrilling music! Oh, Floranthe!
I thought not even the magic of thy name
Could make a heart, so long benumbed with misery,
Leap as 'twould burst its prison! Do not mock me:
If thou dost juggle now, I'll tear thee—Hold!
Ay, I remember thee; and, as I peruse thee,
Past times rush in upon me with thy face;
And many a thought of happiness gone by
Does flash across my brain. Let me not wander:
Give me thy hand, Roque. I do know thy errand;
And 'tis of import, when thou journey'st thus
The trackless desert, to seek sorrow out.
Thou com'st to tell me my Floranthe's dead:
But we will meet again, sweet! I will back
With thee, old Honesty, and lay me down,
Heart-broke at last, beside her shrouded corse,
Kiss her cold cheek, then fly to her in Heaven!

Roque. [*Aside.*] An' this hold, I shall blubber outright, like a female baby. I must muster my own resolution, that I may rally his. [*Aloud.*] Why, how now, signior:—Shame on this weakness!—Were all to bend like you, when they meet disappointment, I know not who in this jostling life would walk upright. Pluck up your manly spirits, signior: your Floranthe lives—ay, and is true to you! Now, by Saint Dominick, I bring tidings that will glad you!

Oct. I pray you, do not sport with me, old man,—
Jeer not the wretched. I have worn away
Twelve weary months in anguish: I have sat,
Darkling, by day in caverns; and, at night,
Have fixed my eyes so long upon the moon,
That I do fear my senses are in part
Swayed by her influence. I'm past jesting with.

Roque. I never, signior, was much given to jesting; and he who sports with the misfortunes of another, though he may bring his head into repute for fancy, does his heart little credit for feeling. Rest you quiet, signior: here is one waiting without, that I have brought along with me, who will comfort you. Nay, I pray you, now, be patient. [*Aside.*] If this be the work of bringing lovers together, Heaven give him joy who makes a trade on't!—for, in fif-

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ty years that Time has clapped his saddle on my back, he never so sorely galled my old withers as now! [*Exit*, L.

Oct. Habit does much. I do begin to think,
Since grief has been so close an inmate with me,
That I have strained her nearer to my bosom
Than I had pressed her, had the chequered scene,
Which rouses man who mixes with his kind,
Kept me from dotage on her. Our affections
Must have a rest! and sorrow, when secluded,
Grows strong in weakness.—"Pen the body up
"In solitary durance, and, in time,
"The human soul will idly fix its fancy
"E'en on some peg stuck in the prison's wall,
"And sigh to quit it."

Re-enter ROQUE, L., *conducting* FLORANTHE—*he points out Octavian, and withdraws*, L.

Sure I am not mad!
Floranthe's lost; and, since my stubborn frame
Will stand the tug, I'll to the heated world,
Fit mingler in the throng miscalled society.
[*A pause—he gazes on Floranthe for some time.*
What art thou?—Speak!—That face—yet this attire!
Floranthe?—No, it cannot—Oh, good Heaven!
Vex not a poor creature thus!—Floranthe!
How my sight thickens!—Speak!

Flor. Octavian!

Oct. That voice!—It is—so long, too!—Let me clasp thee!
[*Runs to meet her, staggers, and falls on his face.*

Flor. Oh! I did fear this. My Octavian!
To see thee thus! [*Calling off.*] Why, Roque!—Alas! Octavian!
Revive, or thou wilt kill me!—'Tis Floranthe,—
Thy own Floranthe!

Re-enter ROQUE, L.—*He assists Octavian to rise.*

Oct. [*Recovering.*] It has chanced before
That I have dreamed this; and, when I awoke,
Big drops did stand upon my clay-cold front,
As they do now, the vision did so shake me.
'Tis there again!—Brain! brain!—Why, ay, that hand,—

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Pray, let me kiss it. Oh, 'tis she! 'tis real!
For my strong pulse is still so sensible
To every touch of thine, that the sweet contact
Strikes certain to it; and now it throbs intelligence.
How comes this?—Are you here to scoff me, lady?
Alas, Floranthe! I am sadly changed
Since last we parted!

Flor. Scoff thee, Octavian!—Ah! thou little know'st
How often I have wept away the night
With thinking on thy fortunes; but, alas!
I ne'er thought this! Oh! what hast thou endured!
Wand'ring, exposed, unsheltered!

Oct. Pish! that's nothing,—
I heeded not the storm. Why, I remember,
When last the forkéd lightning struck me down,
I lay upon the rock, and smiled to see
The feeble malice of the elements.
'Tis here—[*Pointing to his breast.*]—here, only, I am vulnerable.
I have been galled too deep within, Floranthe,
To think upon the petty sufferance
Felt by a holiday and silken fool,
When the rough tempest beats against his body.

Flor. Pray you, be comforted:
I will pour balm into thy bleeding wounds,
And heal them up forever.

Oct. Get thee back!
He who would snatch thee from me, though he fell,—
Fell by this arm, met not his death by me.
I had not fled three days ere I did learn it.
And, sure, thy father, whose delight it is
To torture faithful love, has given thee to him.
The thought does mad me!—Get thee to thy husband!
[*Crosses,* R.

Flor. Then let me greet him here!—For here, Octavian,
In firm and maiden holiness I swear,
If thou dost never lead me to the altar,
My life shall waste in cloistered solitude;
And when the passing bell proclaims me dead,
Our convent's votaries will chant their dirge,
To grace a virgin sister's funeral.

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Oct. How's this?—What! has thy father, then—Impossible!
Does he relent?
Flor. Alas! he is no more!
I needs must grieve, for still he was my father.
And he who stood between thy love and thee,
Is wedded to another.
Oct. Art thou mine, then?
[*Bursts into hysterical laughter.*
Faith, I am very weak: pray pardon me.
'Tis somewhat sudden, this: I am unused
To any touch of joy, and it o'ercomes me.
I shall weep soon, and then I shall be better.
Flor. Nay, calm thy spirits—pr'ythee, now!
Oct. Well, well!
Look on me, sweet—my own beloved Floranthe!
Oh! many a time, in anguish, have I brought
That angel form before my fancy's eye,
Till my hot brain has driven me through the wild,
Daring by night the precipice's edge,
To clasp thy airy phantom. This repays me!
Oh! plunge me deep in Ætna's smoky gulf,
And I could wallow calmly in her fires,
Like lazy shepherds basking in the sun,
To hold thee thus at last!
Flor. Restrain this passion:
These starts do wear thee sadly. We will leave this gloom.
Oct. Let us on.
As I do cool, I shudder at myself;
And look with horror back upon this waste,
Where, cheerless, I have strayed, shut out from man,
A solitary wild inhabitant.
Have with thee, sweet! I know each turn and thicket.
Already have I felt what 'tis to lose thee:
They take my life who tear thee from me now;
For death alone shall part us. Come, Floranthe!
[*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE IV.—*The Sierra de Ronda.*

Enter VIROLET, ZORAYDA, *and* KILMALLOCK, R.

Viro. I tell thee, thou dost lead us wrong, Kilmallock:

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See here—we measure back the self-same steps
That we have trod before.

Kilm. Faith, Count, then this falls out according to my old luck. How hard it is upon industrious travellers, who follow their noses on a journey, to find out they have been only walking backwards after all! If the world do go round, as they say, certain it has taken a twist extraordinary in the night; else the two sides of the mountain could never have fairly changed places.

Viro. [*To Zorayda.*] I pr'ythee, be of comfort.

Zoray. I will strive
To keep my heart from sinking; yet these perils
Might shake a firmer spirit. As I slept,
I dreamt my father came to me in wrath,
And held a dagger o'er me.

Kilm. I seldom knew a woman to go to sleep, that she did not dream upon mischief. "Of a truth, though, when "a grim fellow flourishes his dagger before the closed "eyes of a lady, it must make her lie a little uneasy."—Well, 'tis no wonder we have, at last, lost our road; for the devil of anything like one is there in this whole abominable Sierra de Ronda.

Viro. Yon rock, which rises in a rugged spire,
O'ertopping his bleak fellows, does appear
The mountain's utmost summit. Could we climb it,
Perchance we might descry some distant town,
To serve us as a beacon on our way.

Kilm. By my soul, now, you have hit on't! What an advantage it is to a head to be gifted with brains! I had pondered all day ere I had stumbled on such an expedient, which carries with it only one small objection.

Viro. What is't, Kilmallock?

Kilm. 'Tis so steep and perpendicular, that old Satan himself could never get up.

Viro. Tut, man! I warrant—we'll assist each other.

Kilm. Faith, and that's true again; but I defy any human creature living to master it alone, but a cat or a monkey.

Viro. Sure, naught can harm her here. Sweet, rest awhile:
Straight we will both return, and bring, I trust,
The clue to wind thee, ere the sun has set,

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From this same briary labyrinth.
Come, honest comrade, and I swear to thee,
On a rough soldier's word, I know not how
E'er to requite thy friendship.

Kilm. Pish, Count! What, for scrambling up a rock! When I was a greenhorn, I would have gone as far after a bird's nest. Oh, St. Iago! may the man that falters to risk his neck for a friend and a female in a mountain, break it while he's a boy climbing for eggs in an orchard!

[*Exeunt Virolet and Kilmallock*, L.

Zoray. I know not why it is, at this our parting,
My blood should flow so chilly through my veins.
"'Tis not fatigue, for I have slept—is't fear?
"Sure no, for I do now most firmly trust
"There is a power to throw its sacred shield
"Before the zealous follower of its laws,
"And ward off every danger." I will rest me
Till they come back again; for there is something
Strange and unwonted weighs upon my spirit,
Till my weary body totters. [*Rests on a bank*, R. S. E.

Enter Bulcazin Muley, R.

Bulca. Curses on them!
Fortune has poured her dregs of malice on me,
And packed these weak and halting knaves together,
To check my expedition. Every Moor
Measures his swarthy length upon the ground:
Beneath each bush there lies a fainting soldier.
That Ganem, too, should droop! "Oh, could I blow
"One spark of a wronged father's rage among them,
"The lusty band would march the world about,
"As vigorously as the mountain deer
"Will bound away a league." Still I will forward.
Should I o'ertake the changeling, plodding now
Her way with this same Christian runagate,
Were every limb unstrung with lassitude,
I think the loathsome sight would nerve my arm
To strike her dead before me! [*Seeing Zorayda.*] Soft!
By Mahomet,
'Tis she! alone, too!—She seems weak and sinking.
Oh, my poor child! my stubborn, wayward child!
Shame on't! I shall forget my injuries!
Zorayda!

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Zoray. [*Rising.*] Oh, heaven and earth! my father!
Bulca. Ay, look on me. Thou canst not. Well, that's something:
There still is left some touch of shame within thee.
Tell me, thou viper!—What is't chokes me thus?
Oh! thou hast broke thy poor old father's heart!
My curses on thee!—Thy ingratitude,—
Thy infamy—What made thee fly me?
Zoray. Conscience,—
The holy zeal that led me from thy house
Burns high within me now: that frown, my father,
Would kill me else. 'Tis true, I am your child:
Stab me!—I'll kiss the hand that gives me death!
But I would languish ages out in torture,
Ere I would quit that heaven-directed path,
The strong resistless movements of my soul
Do bid me follow.
Bulca. "Why, 'tis bravely said—
"Down, passion, down!—our parley shall be brief:"
One point, and I have done. Tell me, Zorayda—
I have it from thy lips—for circumstance
May hang a doubt upon't,—and tell me true,
Is there a—Psha! I cannot utter it?
Hast thou a companion in thy flight?
Zoray. My father,
I should disgrace the faith I follow now
To utter falsehood to thee. "There is one
"Whose form and gallant bearing, I confess,
"Captured my maiden fancy;" he has strayed
Across this mountain with me; yet I swear,
I had ne'er followed him,
Had he not proved himself well schooled in honour,
And a right Christian.
Bulca. Pestilence and torture!
Dost own it, wretch? Thou hast disgraced in thee
Thy father's blood; and justice, which has slept,
Now rouses, and will shed it!
[*Draws his cimetar and offers to kill her.*

Enter Floranthe, Octavian, *and* Roque, L.

Oct Ruffian, hold!
Advance thine arm the tithe part of a hair

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To injure helpless woman, by my soul,
(Prove but my weapon true,) thy turbaned head
Shall roll a trunkless ball upon the ground,
For crows to peck at!

Bulca. Busy fools! begone!
Ye do seem Christian, and it shocks my sight
To look on any of your tribe. Get hence!
Nor cross a father's vengeance on his child.
I could have pardoned her, had she not stopped
To mingle with thy herd; but she has fled
Our holy prophet's laws,—fled, like a wanton,
To wander with a dog of thy persuasion!

Oct. Love and Religion mingled! Brighter flames
Ne'er glowed within a virgin beauty's bosom;
And thou wouldst smother them!—Thou'rt a true father!
Wretch! did the savage spirit that gives strength
To twenty thousand Moors now brace thy sinews,
I'd grapple with thee thus, [*Seizing him,*] nor quit my hold
Till I had offered thee a sacrifice
On injured Love's pure altar!

[*They struggle—Octavian overthrows Bulcazin, and wrenches the cimetar from him.*

Zoray. Oh, heaven! My father, my dear father!—Save him!

Re-enter VIROLET *and* KILMALLOCK, L.

Viro. Zorayda! her father! [*To Octavian.*] Stop thy hand!
'Twere better thou didst plunge thy weapon here,
Home to my very heart, than let it fall
On him thou hast o'erthrown. By heaven! it is
The lost Octavian!

Oct. Thy word can charm me:
Thou art Floranthe's brother; and, I swear,
For no man else could I restrain the transport
That gushes on my soul, when I have pulled
At last one flinty father to my feet,
Who tears the bands of love asunder,
And strews his children's path with thorns!

[*Gives the cimetar to Virolet, and retires up with Floranthe,* L.

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Viro. (c.) [*To Bulcazin.*] Sir, this which I restore into your hand,
I fear me, in my absence, has been raised
(Receive it now) against a daughter's life.
He, for whose sake you would bereave her of it,
Is bred in Christian faith! and it does teach him
To shelter yours, and, in the hour of anguish,
To offer succour to his enemy.

Kilm. Spoke, Count, like a noble gentleman. Oh! let a Christian alone for a good action: he'll do you twenty in a breath, without preaching, when a Mussulman will shut up his Koran, to go kick his fellow-creatures about like a parcel of foot-balls.

Bulca. [*To Virolet.*] Christian, it seems I owe my life to thee.
'Tis a vast debt that thou hast heaped upon me;
And I have now a something working here,
Does urge me to requite thee. Trust me, Christian,
The rough and dusky bosom of a Moor
Does carry feeling in it. My Zorayda!
My child! come hither to me. Oh, this struggle!
Zorayda, thy mother once was Catholic;
Her nature haply rises in thee. Well,
I see 'twere vain to check it. Take her, Christian,
But speak not to me now—my heart is full.
I will as far as Ronda with thee; there
We may confer more calmly.

Zoray. Oh, my father!

Viro. This is a gift indeed!

Enter SADI *and* AGNES, R.

Sadi. Nay, come on, Agnes. With thee under one arm, and a flagon under t'other, a fig for mountains, and let the world wag!

Agnes. Mercy! here's goodly company!—The Lady Zorayda!—Oh, happy day!

Sadi. And my old master, the Moor, by all the saints in Christendom!

Viro. Peace, honest fellow; now thou meet'st all friends: let that content you.

Sadi. An' a man be not content when he meets all friends, I know not what will satisfy him; and that friends

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may not sunder again, here comes a whole posse of goat herds at our heels, going our road towards the foot of the mountain.

Enter Male and Female GOATHERDS, *and other Pastora Characters*, R. *and* L.

Oct. [*Coming forward*, c.] Then let us on; and when the shepherd tunes
His rustic pipe along the mountain's side,
We will beguile the way, as we recount
Each turn that fortune, in her sport, has marked,
As she has led us through Love's labyrinth.

FINALE AND CHORUS.

As we goatherds trudge along,
O'er the mountains bleak and brown,
Merrily we troll the song,
Till we reach the distant town.
With scrip and wine that sparkling smiles,
The dreary journey each beguiles;
Through cold and heat, through sun, through snow
We sing to market as we go.

Chorus. As we goatherds, &c.

And each a female by his side,
Wedded wife or wished-for bride,
Cheerily descends the dale,
Whisp'ring soft a true-love tale.

Chorus. As we goatherds, &c.

Blessed be every faithful pair!
May no rigid sires control,
In the bosom of the fair,
The pure emotions of the soul!

Chorus. Thus we goatherds, &c.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Male and Female

Goatherds. *Goatherds.* *Goatherds.*

AGNES. SADI. VIRO. MULEY. OCT. FLOR. ROQUE KILM R.] [L.

THE END.

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MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

No. LXIV.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE

A Comedy

IN TWO ACTS.

BY ARTHUR MURPHY.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW-YORK:
WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO.,
No. 18 ANN-STREET.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

THIS amusing *Comedietta*, although exclusively a production of the "old school," retains its place upon the stage, despite the mutations of public taste, that has consigned to oblivion most of the sterling pieces which were the favourite entertainments of our ancestors.

"Three Weeks After Marriage," is from the pen of Arthur Murphy, Esq., a prolific and successful Dramatic author of the last century. Murphy was born near Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, Ireland, Dec. 27, 1730; he was educated at St. Omer's. On leaving college, he entered a mercantile office in London; but a taste for theatricals led him to venture upon the arduous life of a Player. His success was but moderate, and after a probation of a few months he relinquished the pursuit, and became the Editor of a political paper called the "Test;" he also engaged as a writer in the famous "North Briton," and likewise published a weekly periodical called the "Auditor." In addition to these literary occupations, he became a Dramatic author.

"The Way to Keep Him;" "All in the Wrong;" "Know your own Mind;" "The Old Maid;" "The Apprentice;" the Tragedy of the "Grecian Daughter," and "Three Weeks after Marriage," may be considered as standard productions. They still hold a place in the stock lists of acting plays.

The capricious taste of the public condemned this lively little comedy, on its first representation in 1764, under the title of "What we must all come to;" but in 1775, Mr. Lewis, the celebrated high comedian, produced it for his benefit, with its present name, and it became at once an established stock favourite.

The merit of this piece does not consist in dramatic incidents and overwrought farcical situation, but is indebted to the delinea

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tion of character and a sprightly dialogue for its success. It can scarcely be classed in the rank of a farce, for in the point and finish of its language, it might rank as a comedy.

It is also a graphic picture of the manners of the last century, somewhat caricatured, perhaps, yet not so much as to destroy its actual resemblance to the classes of society, of which the Dramatis Personæ are supposed to be the representative. The vulgarity and simplicity of *Drugget* and his wife, found their original, in actual life at that period, among the retired "cits" of London; and the fashionable *Sir Charles Racket*, and his equally "tonnish" lady, may be considered fair specimens of the leaders of fashion of that period.

"Three Weeks After Marriage," affords ample display for the talents of the actors. It was delightfully played at the Park a season or two since. Mr. George Barrett was inimitably fine in *Sir Charles*—flippant, yet gentlemanly; and Mrs. Bland, in *Lady Racket*, ably supported the broad good-humoured vulgarity of Bass, in *Old Drugget*, and will be remembered with delight by every play-goer; whilst Mrs. Vernon was the very beau ideal of the simple-hearted, affectionate, but ignorant *Mrs. Drugget*. H.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Drury Lane.	*Park*, 1847.	*Broadway*, 1848.
Sir Charles Racket .	Mr. Elliston.	Mr. G. Barrett.	Mr. Barrett.
Druggt	" Dowton.	" Bass.	" Vaché.
Woodley	" Vining.	" McDouall	" Kingsley.
Lady Racket	Mrs. Edwin.	Mrs. Hunt.	Miss Telbin.
Mrs. Druggt	" Harlow.	" Vernon.	Mrs. Winstanley.
Nancy	" Hughes.	Miss Gordon.	" Sergeant.
Dimity	" Orger.	Mrs. Dyott.	" Watts.

COSTUMES.

SIR CHARLES RACKET.—Blue coat, white waistcoat and breeches.
DRUGGET.—Brown coat, flowered silk waistcoat, black velvet breeches.
WOODLEY.—Blue coat, white waistcoat, and buff breeches.
LADY RACKET.—White satin dress, trimmed with silver.
MRS. DRUGGET.—Brown silk gown, white satin quilted petticoat, muslin apron and handkerchief.
NANCY.—White muslin frock.
DIMITY.—A smart coloured gown, black silk apron.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

Passages marked with Inverted Commas are usually omitted in the Representation.

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THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

ACT I.

Scene I.—*A Room.*

Enter Woodley *and* Dimity, L.

Dim. Poh! poh!—no such thing, I tell you, Mr. Woodley; you are a mere novice in these affairs.

Wood. Nay, but listen to reason, Mrs. Dimity;—has not your master, Mr. Drugget, invited me down to his country seat, in order to give me his daughter Nancy in marriage; and with what pretence can he now break off?

Dim. What pretence!—you put a body out of all patience—But go on your own way, sir; my advice is all lost upon you.

Wood. You do me injustice, Mrs. Dimity—your advice has governed my whole conduct. Have not I fixed an interest in the young lady's heart?

Dim. An interest in a fiddlestick!—you ought to have made love to the father and mother!—What, do you think the way to get a wife, at this time of day, is by speaking fine things to the lady you have a fancy for?—That was the practice, indeed; but things are altered now:—you must address the old people, sir; and never trouble your head about your mistress.—None of your letters, and verses, and soft looks, and fine speeches,—"Have compassion, thou angelic creature, on a poor dying"—Pshaw! stuff! nonsense! all out of fashion!—Go your ways to the old curmudgeon; humour his whims—"I shall esteem it an honour, sir, to be allied to a gentleman of your rank and taste."—"Upon my word, he's a pretty young gentleman."—Then wheel about to the mother: "Your

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daughter, ma'am, is the very model of you, and I shall adore her for your sake."—"Here, come hither, Nancy, take this gentleman for better or worse." "La, mamma, I can never consent!"—"I should not have thought of your consent—the consent of your relations is enough: why, now now, hussey!" So away you go to church, the knot is tied, an agreeable honeymoon follows, the charm is then dissolved; you go to all the clubs in St. James's street: your lady goes to the Coterie; and, in a little time, you both go to Doctors' Commons! and, if faults on both sides prevent a divorce, you'll quarrel like contrary elements all the rest of your lives: That's the way of the world now.

Wood. But you know, my dear Dimity, the old couple have received every mark of attention from me.

Dim. Attention! to be sure you did not fall asleep in their company; but what then? You should have entered into their characters, played with their humours, and sacrificed to their absurdities.

Wood. But if my temper is too frank—

Dim. Frank, indeed! yes, you have been frank enough to ruin yourself.—Have you not to do with a rich old shopkeeper, retired from business with an hundred thousand pounds in his pocket, to enjoy the dust of the London road, which he calls living in the country—and yet you must find fault with his situation!—What if he has made a ridiculous gimcrack of his house and gardens, you know his heart is set upon it; and could not you commend his taste? But you must be too frank!—"Those walks and alleys are too regular,—those evergreens should not be cut into such fantastic shapes,"—and thus you advise a poor old mechanic, who delights in everything that's monstrous, to follow nature!—Oh, you are likely to be a successful lover!

Wood. But why should I not save a father-in-law from being a laughing-stock?

Dim. Make him your father-in-law first.

Wood. Why, he can't open his windows for the dust—he stands all day looking through a pane of glass, at the carts and stage coaches as they pass by; and he calls that living in the fresh air, and enjoying his own thoughts!

Dim. And could you not let him go on his own way? You have ruined yourself by talking sense to him; and

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all your nonsense to the daughter won't make amends for it. And then the mother: how have you played your cards in that quarter?—She wants a tinsel man of fashion for her second daughter—"Don't you see," says she, "how happy my eldest girl is made by marrying Sir Charles Racket? She has been married three entire weeks, and not so much as one angry word has passed between them.—Nancy shall have a man of quality, too!"

Wood. And yet I know Sir Charles Racket perfectly well.

Dim. Yes, so do I; and I know he'll make his lady wretched at last—but what then? You should have humoured the old folks,—you should have been a talking, empty fop, to the good old lady; and to the old gentleman, an admirer of his taste in gardening. But you have lost him—he is grown fond of his beau Lovelace, who is here in the house with him: the coxcomb ingratiates himself by flattery, and you are undone by frankness.

Wood. And yet, Dimity, I won't despair.

Dim. And yet you have reason to despair; a million of reasons. To-morrow is fixed for the wedding-day; Sir Charles and his lady are to be here this very night—they are engaged, indeed, at a great rout in town, but they take a bed here, notwithstanding; the family is sitting up for them; Mr. Drugget will keep you all up in the next room there, till they arrive; and to-morrow the business is over—and yet you don't despair! Hush!—hold your tongue; here comes Lovelace. Step in, and I'll advise something, I warrant you. [*Exit Woodley*, M. D.] The old folks shall not have their own way;—'tis enough to vex a body, to see an old father and mother marrying their daughter as they please, in spite of all I can do.

[*Exit*, M. D.

Enter DRUGGET *and* LOVELACE, L.

Drug. And so you like my house and gardens, Mr. Lovelace?

Love. Oh! perfectly, sir; they gratify my taste of all things. One sees villas where nature reigns in a wild kind of simplicity; but then they have no appearance of art,—no art at all.

Drug. Very true, rightly distinguished;—now mine is all art; no wild nature here; I did it myself.

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Love. What! had you none of the great proficients in gardening to assist you?

Drug. Lack-a-day! no,—ha! ha! I understand these things:—I love my garden. The front of my house, Mr. Lovelace—is not that very pretty?

Love. Elegant to a degree!

Drug. Don't you like the sun-dial, placed just by my dining-room windows?

Love. A perfect beauty!

Drug. I knew you'd like it; and the motto is so well adapted.—*Tempus edax and index rerum.* And I know the meaning of it:—Time eateth and discovereth all things,—ha! ha! pretty, Mr. Lovelace!—I have seen people so stare at it as they pass by,—ha! ha!

Love. Why, now, I don't believe there's a nobleman in the kingdom has such a thing.

Drug. Oh, no;—they have got into a false taste. I bought that bit of ground the other side of the road,—and it looks very pretty.—I made a duck-pond there, for the sake of the prospect.

Love. Charmingly imagined!

Drug. My leaden images are well—

Love. They exceed ancient statuary.

Drug. I love to be surprised at the turning of a walk with an inanimate figure, that looks you full in the face, and can say nothing to you, while one is enjoying one's own thoughts—ha! ha!—Mr. Lovelace, I'll point out a beauty to you. Just by the haw-haw, at the end of my ground, there is a fine Dutch figure with a scythe in his hand, and a pipe in his mouth;—that's a jewel, Mr. Lovelace.

Love. That escaped me: a thousand thanks for pointing it out—I observe you have two very fine yew-trees before the house.

Drug. Lack-a-day, sir, they look uncouth;—I have a design about them:—I intend,—ha! ha! it will be very pretty, Mr. Lovelace—I intend to have them cut into the shape of the two giants at Guildhall—ha! ha!

Love. Nobody understands these things like you, Mr. Drugget.

Drug. Lack-a-day! it's all my delight now;—this is what I have been working for. I have a great improve-

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ment to make still,—I propose to have my evergreens cut into fortifications; and then I shall have the Moro Castle, and the Havanna; and then near it shall be ships of myrtle, sailing upon seas of box to attack the town: won't that make my place look very rural, Mr. Lovelace?

Love. Why, you have the most fertile invention, Mr. Drugget—

Drug. Ha! ha! this is what I have been working for. I love my garden,—but I must beg your pardon for a few moments;—I must step and speak with a famous nurseryman, who is come to offer me some choice things.—Do go and join the company, Mr. Lovelace,—my daughter Racket and Sir Charles will be here presently;—I shan't go to bed till I see 'em—ha! ha!—My place is prettily variegated,—this is what I have been working for;—I fined for sheriff to enjoy these things—ha! ha! [*Exit*, R.

Love. Poor Mr. Drugget! Mynheer Van Thundertentrunck, in his little box at the side of a dyke, has as much taste and elegance.—However, if I can but carry off his daughter, if I can but rob his garden of that flower—why, I then shall say, "This is what I have been working for."

Enter DIMITY, M. D.

Dim. Do lend us your assistance, Mr. Lovelace;—you're a sweet gentleman, and love a good-natured action.

Love. Why, how now! what's the matter?

Dim. My master is going to cut the two yew-trees into the shape of two devils, I believe; and my poor mistress is breaking her heart for it. Do run and advise him against it;—she is your friend, you know she is, sir.

Love. Oh, if that's all,—I'll make that matter easy directly.

Dim. My mistress will be for ever obliged to you; and you'll marry her daughter in the morning.

Love. Oh, my rhetoric shall dissuade him.

Dim. And, sir, put him against dealing with that nurseryman; Mrs. Drugget hates him.

Love. Does she?

Dim. Mortally.

Love. Say no more—the business is done. [*Exit*, R.

Dim. If he says one word, old Drugget will never forgive him.—My brain was at its last shift; but if this plot takes—So, here comes our Nancy.

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Enter Nancy, L.

Nan. Well, Dimity, what's to become of me?

Dim. My stars! what makes you up, Miss?—I thought you were gone to bed!

Nan. What should I go to bed for? Only to tumble and toss, and fret, and be uneasy—they are going to marry me, and I am frightened out of my wits!

Dim. Why, then, you're the only young lady within fifty miles round, that would be frightened at such a thing.

Nan. Ah! if they would let me choose for myself.

Dim. Don't you like Mr. Lovelace?

Nan. My mamma does, but I don't! I don't mind his being a man of fashion, not I.

Dim. And, pray, can you do better than follow the fashion?

Nan. Ah! I know there is a fashion for new bonnets, and a fashion for dressing the hair;—but I never heard of a fashion for the heart.

Dim. Why, then, my dear, the heart mostly follows the fashion now.

Nan. Does it?—pray, who sets the fashion of the heart?

Dim. All the fine ladies in London, o' my conscience.

Nan. And what's the last new fashion, pray?

Dim. Why, to marry any fop that has a few deceitful agreeable appearances about him; something of a pert phrase, a good operator for the teeth, and a tolerable tailor.

Nan. And do they marry without loving?

Dim. Oh! marrying for love has been a great while out of fashion.

Nan. Why, then, I'll wait till that fashion comes up again.

Dim. And then, Mr. Lovelace, I reckon—

Nan. Pshaw! I don't like him: he talks to me as if he was the most miserable man in the world, and the confident thing looks so pleased with himself all the while.—I want to marry for love, and not for card-playing—I should not be able to bear the life my sister leads with Sir Charles Racket—and I'll forfeit my new cap, if they don't quarrel soon.

Dim. Oh, fie! no! they won't quarrel yet awhile.—A

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quarrel in three weeks after marriage, would be somewhat of the quickest—By and by we shall hear of their whims and their humours—Well, but if you don't like Mr. Lovelace, what say you to Mr. Woodley?

Nan. Ah! I don't know what to say.

Enter WOODLEY, M. D.

Wood. My sweetest angel! I have heard all, and my heart overflows with love and gratitude.

Nan. Ah! but I did not know you was listening. You should not have betrayed me so, Dimity: I shall be angry with you.

Dim. Well, I'll take my chance for that.—Run both into my room, and say all your pretty things to one another there, for here comes the old gentleman—make haste away. [*Exeunt Woodley and Nancy,* M. D.

Enter DRUGGET, R.

Drug. A forward, presuming coxcomb!—Dimity, do you step to Mrs. Drugget, and send her hither.

Dim. Yes, sir;—it works upon him, I see. [*Exit,* L.

Drug. The yew-trees ought not to be cut, because they'll help to keep off the dust, and I am too near the road already—a sorry, ignorant fop!—When I am in so fine a situation, and can see every carriage that goes by. And then to abuse the nurseryman's rarities!—A finer sucking pig in lavender, with sage growing in his belly, was never seen!—And yet he wants me not to have it—But have it I will.—There's a fine tree of knowledge, too, with Adam and Eve in juniper; Eve's nose is not quite grown, but it is thought in the spring will be very forward—I'll have that, too, with the serpent in ground ivy—two poets in wormwood—I'll have them both. Ay; and there's a Lord Mayor's feast in honey-suckle; and the whole Court of Aldermen in hornbeam: they all shall be in my garden, with the Dragon of Wantley, in box—all—all—I'll have 'em all, let my wife and Mr. Lovelace say what they will—

Enter MRS. DRUGGET, L.

Mrs. D. Did you send for me, lovey?

Drug. The yew-trees shall be cut into the giants of Guildhall, whether you will or not.

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Mrs. D. Sure, my own dear will do as he pleases.

Drug. And the pond, though you praise the green banks, shall be walled round, and I'll have a little fat boy in marble, spouting up water in the middle.

Mrs. D. My sweet, who hinders you?

Drug. Yes, and I'll buy the nurseryman's whole catalogue;—Do you think, after retiring to live all the way here, almost four miles from London, that I won't do as I please in my own garden?

Mrs. D. My dear, but why are you in such a passion?

Drug. I'll have the lavender pig, and the Adam and Eve, and the Dragon of Wantley, and all of 'em—and there shan't be a more romantic spot on the London road than mine.

Mrs. D. I'm sure it's as pretty as hands can make it.

Drug. I did it all myself, and I'll do more—And Mr. Lovelace shan't have my daughter.

Mrs. D. No! what's the matter now, Mr. Drugget?

Drug. He shall learn better manners than to abuse my house and gardens.—You put him in the head of it, but I'll disappoint you both—And so you may go and tell Mr. Lovelace that the match is quite off.

Mrs. D. I can't comprehend all this, not I,—but I'll tell him so, if you please, my dear—I am willing to give myself pain, if it will give you pleasure: must I give myself pain?—Don't ask me, pray don't:—I don't like pain.

Drug. I am resolved, and it shall be so.

Mrs. D. Let it be so, then. [*Cries.*] Oh! oh! cruel man! I shall break my heart if the match is broke off;—if it is not concluded to-morrow, send for an undertaker, and bury me the next day.

Drug. How! I don't want that, neither—

Mrs. D. Oh! oh!—

Drug. I am your lord and master, my dear, but not your executioner—Before George, it must never be said, that my wife died of too much compliance—Cheer up, my love—and this affair shall be settled as soon as Sir Charles and Lady Racket arrive.

Mrs. D. You bring me to life again—You know, my sweet, what a happy couple Sir Charles and his lady are—Why should not we make our Nancy as happy?

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Enter DIMITY, R.

Dim. Sir Charles and his lady, ma'am.

Mrs. D. Oh! charming! I'm transported with joy!—Where are they? I long to see 'em! [*Exit*, R.

Dim. Well, sir; the happy couple are arrived.

Drug. Yes, they do live happy, indeed.

Dim. But how long will it last?

Drug. How long! don't forebode any ill, you jade!—don't, I say—it will last during their lives, I hope.

Dim. Well, mark the end of it—Sir Charles, I know, is gay and good humoured—but he can't bear the least contradiction, no, not in the merest trifle.

Drug. Hold your tongue—hold your tongue.

Dim. Yes, sir, I have done:—and yet there is in the composition of Sir Charles a certain humour, which, like the flying gout, gives no disturbance to the family till it settles in the head;—When once it fixes there, mercy on everybody about him! but here he comes! [*Exit*, L.

Enter SIR CHARLES, R.

Sir C. My dear sir, I kiss your hand—but why stand on ceremony? To find you up thus late, mortifies me beyond expression.

Drug. 'Tis but once in a way, Sir Charles.

Sir C. My obligations to you are inexpressible; you have given me the most amiable of girls; our tempers accord like unisons in music.

Drug. Ah! that's what makes me happy, in my old days; my children and my garden are all my care.

Sir C. And my friend Lovelace—he is to have our sister Nancy, I find.

Drug. Why, my wife is so minded.

Sir C. Oh! by all means, let her be made happy—A very pretty fellow, Lovelace—And as to that Mr.—Woodley, I think you call him—he is but a plain, underbred, ill-fashioned sort of a—nobody knows him!—he is not one of us.—Oh, by all means, marry her to one of us.

[*Crosses to* L.

Drug. I believe it must be so.—Would you take any refreshment?

Sir C. Nothing in nature,—it is time to retire.

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Drug. Well, well! good night, then, Sir Charles—Ha! here comes my daughter.—Good night, Sir Charles.

Sir C. Bon repos.

Drug. [*Going out,* R.] My Lady Racket, I'm glad to hear how happy you are; I won't detain you now—there's your good man waiting for you—good night, my girl.

Sir C. I must humour this old putt, in order to be remembered in his will.

Enter LADY RACKET, R.

Lady R. Oh, la!—I'm quite fatigued;—I can hardly move;—why don't you help me, you barbarous man?

Sir C. There; take my arm—"Was ever thing so pretty made to walk?"

Lady R. But I won't be laughed at—I don't love you!

Sir C. Don't you?

Lady R. No—dear me! this glove! why don't you help me off with my glove? Pshaw! you awkward thing, let it alone; you an't fit to be about me; I might as well not be married, for any use you are of—reach me a chair—you have no compassion for me—I am so glad to sit down—why do you drag me to routs?—You know I hate them!

Sir C. Oh! there's no existing, no breathing, unless one does as other people of fashion do.

Lady R. But I'm out of humour; I lost all my money.

Sir C. How much?

Lady R. Three hundred.

Sir C. Never fret for that—I don't value three hundred pounds to contribute to your happiness.

Lady R. Don't you?—not value three hundred pounds to pleasure me?

Sir C. You know I don't!

Lady R. Ah! you fond fool—But I hate gaming—It almost metamorphoses a woman into a fury—Do you know, that I was frightened at myself several times to-night?—I had a huge oath at the very tip of my tongue!

Sir C. Had ye?

Lady R. I caught myself at it—and so I bit my lips—and then I was crammed up in a corner of the room with such a strange party at a whist-table, looking at black and red spots—did you mind them?

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Sir C. You know I was busy elsewhere.

Lady R. There was that strange, unaccountable woman, Mrs. Nightshade.—She behaved so strangely to her husband, a poor, inoffensive, good-natured, good sort of a good-for-nothing man,—but she so teazed him,—"How could you play that card?—Ah, you've a head, and so has a pin—You're a numscull, you know you are—Ma'am, he has the poorest head in the world; he does not know what he is about, you know you don't—Ah, fie! I'm ashamed of you!"

Sir C. She has served to divert you, I see.

Lady R. And then, to crown all—there was my Lady Clackit, who runs on with an eternal volubility of nothing, out of all season, time, and place—In the very midst of the game she begins—"Lard, ma'am, I was apprehensive I should not be able to wait on your la'ship—my poor little dog, Pompey—the sweetest thing in the world—a spade led!—there's the knave—I was fetching a walk, me'm, the other morning in the Park—a fine frosty morning it was—I love frosty weather of all things—let me look at the last trick—and so, me'm, little Pompey—and if your la'ship was to see the dear creature pinched with the frost, and mincing his steps along the Mall—with his pretty little innocent face—I vow I don't know what to play—and so, me'm, while I was talking to Captain Flimsey—your la'ship knows Captain Flimsey—nothing but rubbish in my hand—I can't help it—and so, me'm, five odious frights of dogs beset my poor little Pompey—the dear creature has the heart of a lion, but, but who can resist five at once?—And so Pompey barked for assistance—the hurt he received was upon his chest—the doctor would not advise him to venture out till the wound was healed, for fear of an inflammation—Pray, what's trumps?"

Sir C. My dear, you'd make a most excellent actress.

Lady R. Well, now let's go to rest;—but, Sir Charles, how shockingly you played that last rubber, when I stood looking over you!

Sir C. My love, I played the truth of the game.

Lady R. No, indeed, my dear, you played it wrong.

Sir C. Pho! nonsense! you don't understand it!

Lady R. I beg your pardon, I'm allowed to play better than you!

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Sir C. All conceit, my dear, I was perfectly right.

Lady R. No such thing, Sir Charles, the diamond was the play.

Sir C. Pho! pho! ridiculous! the club was the card against the world!

Lady R. Oh! no, no, no—I say it was the diamond!

Sir C. Zounds! madam, I say it was the club!

Lady R. What do you fly into such a passion for?

Sir C. 'Sdeath and fury! do you think I don't know what I'm about? I tell you once more, the club was the judgment of it!

Lady R. May be so;—have it your own way!

[*Walks about and sings.*

Sir C. Vexation! you're the strangest woman that ever lived! there's no conversing with you!—Look'ye here, my Lady Racket—it's the clearest case in the world, I'll make it plain in a moment.

Lady R. Well, sir! ha! ha! ha!

[*With a sneering laugh.*

Sir C. I had four cards left—a trump was led—they were six;—no, no, no, they were seven, and we nine;—then you know—the beauty of the play was to—

Lady R. Well, now it's amazing to me that you can't see it!—give me leave, Sir Charles,—your left hand adversary had led his last trump,—and he had before finessed the club, and roughed the diamond;—now if you had put on your diamond—

Sir C. Zounds! madam, but we played for the odd trick.

Lady R. And sure the play for the odd trick—

Sir C. Death and fury! can't you hear me?

Lady R. Go on, sir.

Sir C. Zounds! hear me, I say!—Will you hear me?

Lady R. I never heard the like in my life!

[*Hums a tune, and walks about fretfully.*

Sir C. Why, then, you are enough to provoke the patience of a stoic. [*Looks at her, and she walks about, and laughs uneasily.*] Very well, madam;—you know no more of the game than your father's leaden Hercules, on the top of the house.—You know no more of whist, than he does of gardening.

Lady R. Ha! ha! ha!

[*Takes out a glass, and settles her hair.*

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Sir C. You're a vile woman, and I'll not sleep another night under the same roof with you!

Lady R. As you please, sir.

Sir C. Madam, it shall be as I please!—I'll order my chariot this moment—[*Going*, R.]—I know how the cards should be played as well as any man in England, that let me tell you! [*Going*, R.] And when your family were standing behind counters, measuring out tape, and bartering for Whitechapel needles, my ancestors, madam, my ancestors were squandering away whole estates at cards; whole estates, my Lady Racket. [*She hums a tune, and he looks at her.*] Why, then, by all that's dear to me, I'll never exchange another word with you, good, bad, or indifferent!—Look'ye, my Lady Racket, thus it stood—the trump being led, it was then my business—

Lady R. To play the diamond, to be sure.

Sir C. Damn it! I have done with you for ever, and so you may tell your father! [*Exit*, R.

Lady R. What a passion the gentleman's in! ha! ha! [*Laughs in a peevish manner*]—I promise him, I'll not give up my judgment.

Re-enter SIR CHARLES, R.

Sir C. My Lady Racket, look'ye, ma'am;—once more, out of pure good-nature—

Lady R. Sir, I am convinced of your good-nature.

Sir C. That, and that only, prevails with me to tell you, the club was the play.

Lady R. Well, be it so;—I have no objection.

Sir C. It's the clearest point in the world;—we were nine, and—

Lady R. And for that very reason:—You know the club was the best in the house.

Sir C. There is no such thing as talking to you,—You're a base woman!—I'll part from you for ever; you may live here with your father, and admire his fantastical evergreens, till you grow as fantastical yourself—I'll set out for London this instant! [*Stops at the door.*] The club was not the best in the house.

Lady R. How calm you are! Well! I'll go to bed;—will you come?—You had better,—come, then;—you shall come to bed.—Not come to bed, when I ask you? Poor Sir Charles! [*Looks and laughs, then Exit*, L.

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Sir C. That ease is provoking! [*Crosses to* L.] I tell you the diamond was not the play, and here I take my final leave of you. [*Walks back as fast as he can.*] I am resolved upon it, and I know the club was not the best in the house. [*Exit,* R.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

Scene I.—*A Room.*

Enter Dimity, R.

Dim. Ha! ha! ha! Oh! heavens! I shall expire in a fit of laughing;—this is the modish couple that were so happy—such a quarrel as they have had,—the whole house is in an uproar—ha! ha! a rare proof of the happiness they enjoy in high life! I shall never hear people of fashion mentioned again, but I shall be ready to die in a fit of laughter;—ho! ho! ho!—This is Three Weeks After Marriage, I think.

Enter Drugget, R.

Drug. Hey! how! What's the matter, Dimity?—What am I called down stairs for?

Dim. Why, there's two people of fashion—

[*Stifles a laugh.*

Drug. Why, you saucy minx!—Explain, this moment!

Dim. The fond couple have been together by the ears this half hour:—Are you satisfied now?

Drug. Eh!—What, have they quarrelled?—What was it about?

Dim. Something above my comprehension, and yours too, I believe. People in high life understand their own forms best:—And here comes one that can unriddle the whole affair. [*Exit,* L.

Enter Sir Charles, R.

Sir C. [*To the people within.*] I say, let the horses be put to this moment.—So, Mr. Drugget—

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Drug. Sir Charles, here's a terrible bustle.—I did not expect this.—What can be the matter?

Sir C. I have been used by your daughter in so base, so contemptuous a manner, that I am determined not to stay in this house to-night.

Drug. This is a thunderbolt to me! after seeing how elegantly and fashionably you lived together, to find now all sunshine vanished! Do, Sir Charles, let me heal this breach, if possible.

Sir C. Sir, 'tis impossible!—I'll not live with her a day longer!

Drug. Nay, nay, don't be over hasty, let me entreat you—go to bed and sleep upon it,—in the morning, when you're cool—

Sir C. Oh, sir, I am very cool, I assure you, ha! ha!—it is not in her power, sir, to—a—a—to disturb the serenity of my temper.—Don't imagine that I'm in a passion!—I'm not so easily ruffled as you may imagine!—But, quietly and deliberately, I can repay the injuries done me by a false, ungrateful, deceitful wife.

Drug. The injuries done you by a false, ungrateful wife! Not my daughter, I hope?

Sir C. Her character is now fully known to me;—she's a vile woman! that's all I have to say, sir.

Drug. Hey! how!—A vile woman?—What has she done?—I hope she is not capable—

Sir C. I shall enter into no detail, Mr. Drugget; the time and circumstances won't allow it at present. But, depend upon it, I have done with her;—a low, unpolished, uneducated, false, imposing—See if the horses are put to. [*Calling off*, R.

Drug Mercy on me! in my old days to hear this!

Enter MRS. DRUGGET, L.

Mrs. D. Deliver me! I am all over in such a tremble! Sir Charles, I shall break my heart if there's anything amiss.

Sir C. Madam, I am very sorry, for your sake;—but there is no possibility of living with her.

Mrs. D. My poor, dear girl! what can she have done!

Sir C. What all her sex can do; the very spirit of them all.

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Drug. Ay! ay! ay!—She's bringing foul disgrace upon us.—This comes of her marrying a man of fashion!

Sir C. Fashion, sir!—that should have instructed her better;—she might have been sensible of her happiness. Whatever you may think of the fortune you gave her, my rank commands respect—claims obedience, attention, truth, and love, from one raised in the world, as she has been, by an alliance with me.

Drug. And let me tell you, however you may estimate your quality, my daughter is dear to me.

Sir C. And, sir, my character is dear to me.

Drug. Yet you must give me leave to tell you—

Sir C. I won't hear a word.

Drug. Not in behalf of my own daughter?

Sir C. No! no! no!

Drug. But, sir, I have a right to ask—

Mrs. D. Patience, my dear, be a little calm.

Drug. Mrs. Drugget, do you have patience—I must and will inquire.

Mrs. D. Don't be so hasty, my love; have some respect for Sir Charles's rank; don't be violent with a man of his fashion.

Drug. Hold your tongue, woman, I say—you're not a person of fashion, at least. [*To Sir C.*] My daughter was ever a good girl.

Sir C. I have found her out.

Drug. Oh! then it is all over—and it does not signify arguing about it.

Mrs. D. That ever I should live to see this hour!—How the unfortunate girl could take such wickedness in her head, I can't imagine—I'll go and speak to the unhappy creature this moment. [*Exit, L.*

Sir C. She stands detected now—detected in her truest colours.

Drug. Well, grievous as it may be, let me hear the circumstances of this unhappy business.

Sir C. Mr. Drugget, I have not leisure now—but her behaviour has been so exasperating, that I shall make the best of my way to town. My mind is fixed—she sees me no more; and so, your servant, sir. [*Exit, R.*

Drug. What a calamity has here befallen us!—a good girl, and so well disposed, till the evil communication of high life, and fashionable vices, turned her to folly.

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Enter LOVELACE, L.

Love. Joy! joy! Mr. Drugget, I give you joy!

Drug. Don't insult me, sir! I desire you won't.

Love. Insult you, sir! is there anything insulting, my dear sir, if I take the liberty to congratulate you on—

Drug. There! there! the manners of high life for you! He thinks there's nothing in all this—the ill behaviour of a wife he thinks an ornament to her character!—Mr. Lovelace, you shall have no daughter of mine.

Love. My dear sir, never bear malice.—I have reconsidered the thing, and curse catch me, if I don't think your notion of the Guildhall giants, and the Court of Aldermen in hornbeam—

Drug. Well! well! well! there may be people at the court end of the town in hornbeam, too.

Love. Yes, faith, so there may—and I believe I could recommend you to a tolerable collection. However, with your daughter I am ready to venture—

Drug. But I am not ready—I'll not venture my girl with you;—no more daughters of mine shall have their minds depraved by polite vices.

Enter WOODLEY, R.

Mr. Woodley, you shall have Nancy to your wife, as I promised you—take her to-morrow morning.

Wood. Sir, I have not words to express—

Love. What the devil is the matter with the old haberdasher now?

Drug. And hark ye, Mr. Woodley—I'll make you a present, for your garden, of a coronation dinner in greens, with the champion riding on horseback, and the sword will be full grown before April next.

Wood. I shall receive it, sir, as your favour.

Drug. Ay, ay! I see my error in wanting an alliance with great folks. I had rather have you, Mr. Woodley, for my son-in-law, than any courtly fop of 'em all. Is this man gone?—Is Sir Charles gone?

Wood. Not yet—he makes a bawling yonder for his horses.—I'll step and call him to you. [*Exit*, R.

Drug. I am out of all patience—I am out of my senses—I must see him once more. Mr. Lovelace, neither you

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nor any person of fashion, shall ruin another daughter of mine. [*Exit*, R.

Love. Droll, this! damned droll! and every syllable of it Arabic to me:—the queer old putt is as whimsical in his notions of life as of gardening. If this be the case, I'll brush, and leave him to his exotics. [*Exit*, R.

Enter LADY RACKET, MRS. DRUGGET, *and* DIMITY, L.

Lady R. A cruel, barbarous man! to quarrel in this unaccountable manner; to alarm the whole house, and expose me and himself too.

Mrs. D. Oh! child, I never thought it would have come to this—your shame won't end here! it will be all over St. James's parish before to-morrow morning.

Lady R. Well, if it must be so, there's one comfort—the story will tell more to his disgrace than mine.

Dim. As I'm a sinner, so it will, madam. He deserves what he has met with, I think.

Mrs. D. Dimity, don't you encourage her—you shock me to hear you speak so—I did not think you had been so hardened.

Lady R. Hardened, do you call it?—I have lived in the world to very little purpose, if such trifles as these are to disturb my rest.

Mrs. D. You wicked girl!—Do you call it a trifle to be guilty of a falsehood to your husband?

Lady R. How! [*Turns short, and stares at her.*] Well, I protest and vow I don't comprehend all this. Has Sir Charles accused me of any impropriety in my conduct?

Mrs. D. Oh! too true, he has—he has found you out, and you have behaved basely, he says.

Lady R. Madam!

Mrs. D. You have fallen into frailty, like many others of your sex, he says; and he is resolved to come to a separation directly.

Lady R. Why, then, if he is so base a wretch as to dishonour me in that manner, his heart shall ache before I live with him again.

Dim. Hold to that, ma'am, and let his head ache into the bargain.

Lady R. Then let your doors be opened for him this very moment.—Let him return to London—if he does

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not, I'll lock myself up, and the false one shan't approach me, though he beg on his knees at my very door—a base, injurious man! [*Exit*, L.

Mrs. D. Dimity, do follow, and hear what she has to say for herself.

Dim. She has excuse enough, I warrant her.—What a noise is here, indeed! I have lived in polite families, where there was no such bustle made about nothing.

[*Exit*, L.

Enter SIR CHARLES *and* DRUGGET, R.

Sir C. 'Tis in vain, sir: my resolution is taken.

Drug. Well, but consider, I am her father—indulge me only till we hear what the girl has to say in her defence.

Sir C. She can have nothing to say—no excuse can palliate such behaviour.

Drug. Don't be too positive—there may be some mistake.

Sir C. No mistake—did I not see her, hear her myself?

Drug. Lackaday! then I am an unfortunate man!

Sir C. She will be unfortunate, too—with all my heart—she may thank herself—she might have been happy, had she been so disposed.

Drug. Why, truly, I think she might.

Mrs. D. I wish you'd moderate your anger a little, and let us talk over this affair with temper—my daughter denies every tittle of your charge.

Sir C. Denies it! denies it!

Mrs. D. She does, indeed.

Sir C. And that aggravates her fault.

Mrs. D. She vows you never found her out in anything that was wrong.

Sir C. So! she does not allow it to be wrong, then?—Ma'am, I tell you again, I know her thoroughly; I say, I have found her out, and I am now acquainted with her character.

Mrs. D. Then you are in opposite stories—she swears, my dear Mr. Drugget, the poor girl swears she never was guilty of the smallest infidelity to her husband in her born days.

Sir C. And what then?—what if she does say so?

Mrs. D. And if she says truly, it is hard her character should be blown upon without just cause.

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Sir C. And is she, therefore, to behave ill in other respects? I never charged her with infidelity to me, madam—there I allow her innocent.

Drug. And did you not charge her, then?

Sir C. No, sir! I never dreamt of such a thing.

Drug. Why, then, if she's innocent, let me tell you, you are a scandalous person.

Mrs. D. Prythee, my dear—

Drug. Be quiet.—Though he is a man of quality, I will tell him of it. Did I not fine for sheriff?—Yes, you are a scandalous person, to defame an honest man's daughter.

Sir C. What have you taken into your head now?

Drug. You charged her with falsehood to your bed.

Sir C. No; never, never!

Drug. But I say you did: you called yourself a cuckold—did not he, wife?

Mrs. D. Yes, lovey, I'm witness.

Sir C. Absurd! I said no such thing.

Drug. But I aver you did.

Mrs. D. You did, indeed, sir.

Sir C. But I tell you no—positively, no!

Drug. & Mrs. D. And I say, yes—positively, yes!

Sir C. 'Sdeath, this is all madness—

Drug. You said she followed the ways of most of her sex.

Sir C. I said so—and what then?

Drug. There, he owns it—owns that he called himself a cuckold—and without rhyme or reason, into the bargain.

Sir C. I never owned any such thing!

Drug. You owned it even now—now—now!

Enter DIMITY, L., *in a fit of laughing.*

Dim. What do you think it was all about?—ha! ha! the whole secret is come out, ha! ha!—It was all about a game of cards—ha! ha!—

Drug. A game of cards!

Dim. [*Laughing.*] It was all about a club and a diamond. [*Runs out laughing,* R.

Drug. And was that all, Sir Charles?

Sir C. And enough, too, sir—

Drug. And was that what you found her out in?

Sir C. I can't bear to be contradicted, when I'm clear that I'm in the right.

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Drug. I never heard such a heap of nonsense in all my life! Why does he not go and beg her pardon, then?

Sir C. I beg her pardon! I won't debase myself to any of you—I shan't forgive her, you may rest assured.

[*Exit*, R.

Drug. Now, there—there's a pretty fellow for you!

Mrs. D. I'll step and prevail on my Lady Racket to speak to him—then all will be well. [*Exit*, L.

Drug. A ridiculous fop! I'm glad it's no worse, however.

Enter NANCY, L.

So, Nancy—you seem in confusion, my girl!

Nan. How can one help it?—with all this noise in the house; and you are going to marry me as ill as my sister. I hate Mr. Lovelace.

Drug. Why so, child?

Non. I know these people of quality despise us all out of pride, and would be glad to marry us out of avarice.

Drug. The girl's right.

Nan. They marry one woman, live with another, and love only themselves—

Drug. And then quarrel about a card.

Nan. I don't want to be a gay lady—I want to be happy.

Drug. And so you shall—don't fright yourself, child,—step to your sister; bid her make herself easy—go, and comfort her—go.

Nan. Yes, sir. [*Exit*, L.

Drug. I'll step and settle the matter with Mr. Woodley this moment. [*Exit*, R.

SCENE II.—*A Room.*

SIR CHARLES *discovered seated at a Table, with a pack of cards in his hand.*

Sir C. Never was anything like her behaviour.—I can pick out the very cards I had in my hand, and then 'tis as plain as the sun—there, now—there;—no, damn it;—no—no—there it was—now let's see—they had four by honours—and we played for the odd trick—damnation!—honours were divided—ay!—honours were divided—and then a trump was led—and the other side had the—con-

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fusion!—this preposterous woman has put it all out of my head! [*Puts the cards into his pocket.*] Mighty well, madam; I have done with you.

Enter Mrs. Drugget, L.

Mrs. D. Come, Sir Charles, let me prevail—come with me, and speak to her.

Sir C. I don't desire to see her face.

Mrs. D. If you were to see her all bathed in tears, I am sure it would melt your very heart.

Sir C. Madam, it shall be my fault if ever I am treated so again—I'll have nothing to say to her. [*Going*, R., *stops.*] Does she give up the point?

Mrs. D. She does: she agrees to anything.

Sir C. Does she allow that the club was the play?

Mrs. D. Just as you please—she's all submission.

Sir C. Does she own that the club was not the best in the house?

Mrs. D. She does—she does.

Sir C. Then I'll step and speak to her.—I never was clearer in anything in my life. [*Exit*, L.

Mrs. D. Lord love 'em, they'll make it up now—and then they'll be as happy as ever. [*Exit*, L.

Enter Drugget, R., *and* Dimity, L.

Drug. So! Any news from above stairs? Is this absurd quarrel at an end? Have they made it up?

Dim. Oh! a mere bagatelle, sir—these little fracas among the better sort of people, never last long—elegant trifles cause elegant disputes, and they come together elegantly again—as you see—for here they come, in perfect good humour. [*Exit*, L.

Enter Sir Charles, Lady Racket, *and* Mrs. Drugget, L.

Sir C. Mr. Drugget, I embrace you: Sir, you see me now in the most perfect harmony of spirits.

Drug. What, all reconciled again?

Lady R. All made up, sir—I knew how to bring him to my lure. This is the first difference, I think, we ever had, Sir Charles.

Sir C. And I'll be sworn it shall be the last.

Drug. I am happy at last. Sir Charles, I can spare

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you an image, to put on the top of your house in London

Sir C. Infinitely obliged to you.

Drug. Well! well!—it's time to retire, now—I am glad to see you reconciled—and now I'll wish you a good night, Sir Charles—fare ye well, both—I am glad your quarrels are at an end. This way.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. D.*, R.

Lady R. Ah! you're a sad man, Sir Charles, to be have to me as you have done.

Sir C. My dear, I grant it—and such an absurd quarrel, too—ha! ha!

Lady R. Yes—ha! ha!—about such a trifle!

Sir C. It's pleasant how we could both fall into such an error—ha! ha!

Lady R. Ridiculous beyond expression—ha! ha!

Sir C. And then the mistake your father and mother fell into—ha! ha!

Lady R. That, too, is a diverting part of the story—ha! ha!—But, Sir Charles, must I stay and live with my father till I grow as fantastical as his own evergreens?

Sir C. No, no; prythee, don't remind me of my folly.

Lady R. Ah! "my relations were all standing behind counters, selling Whitechapel needles, while your family were spending great estates."

Sir C. Nay, nay, spare my blushes.

Lady R. How could you say so harsh a thing?—I don't ove you.

Sir C. It was indelicate, I grant it.

Lady R. Am I a "vile woman?"

Sir C. How can you, my angel—

Lady R. I shan't forgive you!—I'll have you on your knees for this. [*Sings, and plays with him.*] "Go, naughty man."—Ah! Sir Charles.

Sir C. The rest of my life shall aim at convincing you now sincerely I love—

Lady R. [*Sings.*] "Go, naughty man, I can't abide you." Well; come, let us go to rest. [*Going*, L.] Ah! Sir Charles, now it is all over, the diamond was the play.

Sir C. Oh! no, no, no, my dear—ha! ha! ha!—it was the club, indeed.

Lady R. Indeed, my love, you're mistaken.

Sir C. No! no, no, no!

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Lady R. But I say, yes, yes, yes! [*Both laughing.*

Sir C. Pshaw! no such thing—ha! ha!

Lady R. 'Tis so, indeed—ha! ha!

Sir C. No, no, no—you'll make me die with laughing.

Lady R. Ay, and you make me laugh, too—ha! ha! [*Toying with him.*

Enter FOOTMAN, R.

Foot. Your honour's cap and slippers.

Sir C. Ay, lay down my night-cap—and here, take these shoes off. [*He takes them off, and leaves them at a distance.*] Indeed, my Lady Racket, you make me ready to expire with laughing—ha! ha!

Lady R. You may laugh—but I'm right, notwithstanding.

Sir C. How can you say so?

Lady R. How can you say otherwise?

Sir C. Well, now mind me, my Lady Racket—we can now talk of this matter in good humour—we can discuss it coolly—

Lady R. So we can, and it's for that reason I venture to speak to you—are these the ruffles I bought for you?

Sir C. They are, my dear.

Lady R. They are very pretty—but, indeed, you played the wrong card.

Sir C. How can you talk so! [*Somewhat peevish.*

Lady R. See there, now—

Sir C. Listen to me—this was the affair—

Lady R. Pshaw! fiddlestick! hear me first.

Sir C. Pho—no—damn it, let me speak!

Lady R. Very well, sir; fly out again.

Sir C. Look here, now—here's a pack of cards—now you shall be convinced—

Lady R. You may talk till to-morrow; I know I'm right. [*Walks about.*

Sir C. Why, then, by all that's perverse, you are the most headstrong—Can't you look here, now?—here are the very cards.

Lady R. Go on; you'll find it out at last.

Sir C. Damn it! will you let a man show you? Pho! it's all nonsense—I'll talk no more about it. [*Puts up the cards.*] Come, we'll go to bed. [*Going.*] Now, only stay

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a moment. [*Takes out the cards.*] Now, mind me—see here—

Lady R. No, it does not signify—your head will be clearer in the morning—I'll go to bed.

Sir C. Stay a moment, can't ye?

Lady R. No—my head begins to ache. [*Affectedly.*

Sir C. Why, then, damn the cards—there—there—[*Throwing the cards about.*] And there, and there.—You may go to bed by yourself; and confusion seize me, if I live a moment longer with you! [*Putting his shoes on again.*] No, never, madam!

Lady R. Take your own way, sir.

Sir C. Now, then, I'll tell you once more, you are a vile woman! Will you sit down quietly and let me convince you? [*Sits.*

Lady R. I'm disposed to walk about, sir.

Sir C. Why, then, may I perish, if ever—a blockhead—an idiot I was to marry! [*Walks about.*] Such a provoking—impertinent—[*She sits down.*]—Damnation!—I am so clear in the thing—she is not worth my notice—[*Sits down, turns his back, and looks uneasy.*] I'll take no more pains about it. [*Pauses for some time, then looks at her.*] Is it not very strange that you won't hear me?

Lady R. Sir, I am very ready to hear you.

Sir C. Very well, then—very well—my dear—you remember how the game stood.

Lady R. I wish you'd untie my necklace, it hurts me.

Sir C. Why can't you listen?

Lady R. I tell you, it hurts me terribly.

Sir C. Why, then, you may be as wrong as you please, for I'll be cursed if I ever endeavour to set you right again. [*Exit,* R.

Enter MR. *and* MRS. DRUGGET, WOODLEY, *and* NANCY, L.

Drug. What's here to do, now?

Lady R. Never was such a man born. I did not say a word to the gentleman—and yet he has been raving about the room like a madman.

Drug. And about a club again, I suppose. Come hither, Nancy: Mr. Woodley, she is yours for life.

Mrs. D. My dear, how can you be so—

Drug. It shall be so—take her for life, Mr. Woodley.

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Wood. My whole life shall be devoted to her happiness.

Lady R. Oh! this is only one of those polite disputes, which people of quality, who have nothing else to differ about, must always be liable to—this will all be made up.

Drug. Never tell me—it's too late now.—Mr. Woodley, I recommend my girl to your care—I shall have nothing now to think of but my greens, and my images, and my shrubbery—though, mercy on all married folks, say I! for these wranglings are, I am afraid, *What we must all come to.*

LADY RACKET, *coming forward.*

What we must all come to?—What?—Come to what?
Must broils and quarrels be the marriage lot?
If that's the wise, deep meaning of our poet,
The man's a fool! a blockhead! and I'll show it.
What could induce him, in an age so nice,
So famed for virtue, so refined from vice,
To form a plan so trivial, false, and low,
As if a belle could quarrel with a beau?
Shun strife, ye fair, and once a contest o'er,
Wake to a blaze the dying flame no more.

THE END.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN

DRUG. MRS. D. LADY R. WOOD. NANCY.

R.] [L.

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